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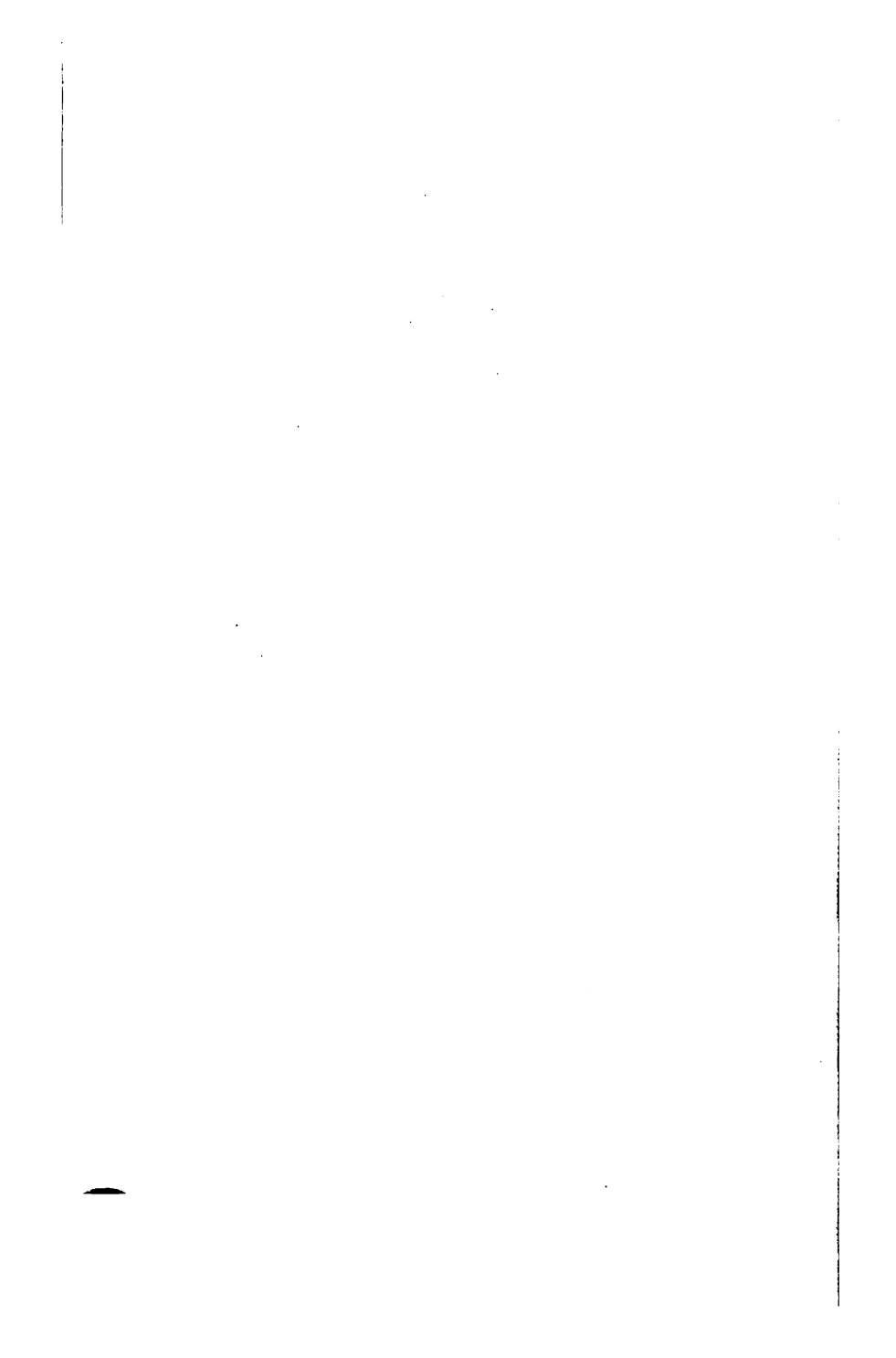
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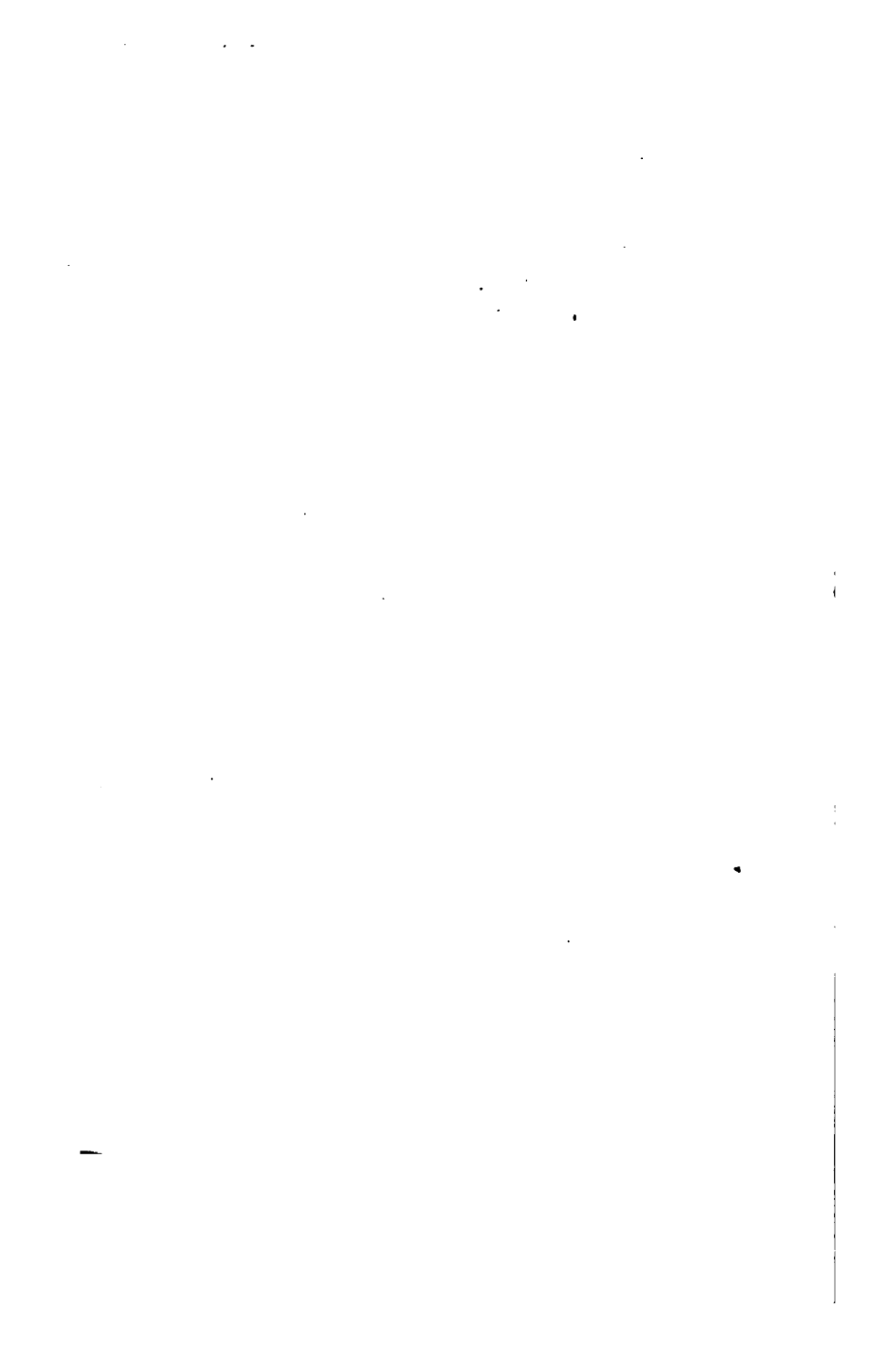
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BY

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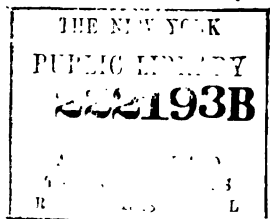
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PREFATORY NOTICE.

To the Biography here presented to the public, the Author has pleasure in annexing some valuable selections from Dr. ANDERSON'S Discourses, the Rev. GEORGE BROOKS' discriminating paper on his old friend, Dr. ANDERSON'S Jubilee Speech, and some of the comments on it by the Press.

The Author has to thank the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, Birkenhead, for Reminiscences of his Colleague, parts of which have been quoted; the Rev. WILLIAM WATSON, Kirkcudbright, for his aid in the transcription of several of Dr. ANDERSON'S manuscripts; and especially Mr. WILLIAM LOGAN, Glasgow, for his great interest in, and care over, the progress of the Work, which have materially relieved the Biographer's labours, and which are only in keeping with that deep affection wherewith he has all along regarded his revered friend.

There will be found prefixed a very admirable Portrait of the Doctor.

DUNDEE, May 1, 1873.

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LIFE OF DR. ANDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND BOYHOOD.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, whom we may characterise once for all as one of the most remarkable men and ministers in Scotland during the nineteenth century, was [born on [6th [of [January, 1799 (and baptised on the 26th), at Kilsyth, Stirlingshire, where his father, the Rev. John Anderson, was the Relief minister. He had fourteen children—seven in the first family, and seven in the second ; five sons and two daughters in the first family, and five sons and two daughters in the second. One full sister and three full brothers died in childhood and youth. Another full brother, John, died in Jamaica in middle life. William was the second son of the first family. There is also a full sister still surviving, Mrs. Duncan, residing in Glasgow ; and there are two half-brothers, Robert and David, both most respectable ministers of the United Presbyterian Church—Robert having succeeded his father in Kilsyth, and David being settled in Ceres, Fife. There are also two sisters by the second marriage still living: Martha (Mrs. John

Marshall), Mary (Mrs. Robert Wilson). William Anderson's mother, an excellent woman, named Margaret Watt, died when he was between six and seven years of age. This affected him more afterwards than at the time as a great and crushing calamity ; but even at that early age his sensations as a "mitherless bairn" were sad enough—especially when he saw his father, whom he revered and almost worshipped, "greeting" at the loss. Another anecdote he often reverted to. The church being under repair, little Willie had been watching the tradesmen at their work. A nail entered his foot and wounded it rather severely. He went home, was put to bed, and fell asleep. On awakening, he went, with his foot wrapt up, to meet his father, who was entering the manse gate. As he was hirpling along, his father said, "Well, Willie, what are you doing here with your sore foot?" "Oh, it's just a trifle," said the brave boy. He regretted he had not always carried along with him in after life the same manly view of misfortunes.

His father was William's first teacher. We may here say a word or two about him, and about *his* father—a still more remarkable man, whose name also was William Anderson. He is described as being a very uncommon person—a skilful mechanic, a great reader and thinker, especially on religious topics. He was employed at the Carron Iron Works, which were then newly started. Here he prospered greatly, and having performed a feat of mechanical skill in constructing a miniature copy of the engine at the works, he was installed Superintendent—an

office he held for thirty years. He was the first to introduce a *tramway* in Scotland, laying it down from the works to the Carron shore. He also first suggested the use of the *ball-cock*, since so common in water cisterns. He took a deep interest in his grandson, and probably discerned the genius that was undeveloped within him. When young William had entered the Logic Class his grandfather said to him, "Now, sir, I know you will be beginning to try and make fine sentences—make them as fine as you can; but O, preserve simplicity in prayer! God does not need to be told that He made the Constellations. Confess to Him your sins, and express your confidence in his Son." His grandson took the hint, and his prayers always avoided those tiresome and inflated laudations of the Deity in which many still indulge. Old William was a stern Sabbatarian, and on one occasion, when sent for on a Sabbath to repair a part of the engine that had gone wrong, he refused to come till midnight was past, when he mounted a horse, and was in time to execute the work. His master was at first furious, but ultimately conceded the noble conscientiousness of the man. Dr. Anderson used to tell this more from an admiration of the independent spirit than the religious scrupulosity it displayed. There can be little doubt that, in intellect and manly energy of character, the grandson formed a *fac-simile* of his relative.

John Anderson, if the features of his character were less bold and pronounced than those of either his father or his son, was nevertheless a remarkable man.

He laboured on in Kilsyth till his 92nd year. He was distinguished through all that long period by his pastoral diligence, the carefulness of his pulpit preparations, his weight of character, the simplicity of his habits, and his advanced political creed. We know that his son held his intellect and attainments in high respect, and he often spoke to us of his father's great doctrinal knowledge and logical acumen. We have heard a story which this is, perhaps, the best place for introducing, to the effect that when William attended the Jubilee Soiree of his venerable sire, he stepped forward to him at the close of his speech, laid his hand on his head, then covered with silver hair, and broke out into the old song:—

“John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.”

The effect is stated to have been indescribable, electrifying to all, and melting to many. It was a stroke of that highest kind in which genius and heart are equally blended, and which at once excites enthusiastic admiration, and starts childlike tears. Under such a tutor William's scholarship went on swimmingly. He soon learned to read the New Testament, and to repeat the Shorter Catechism backwards, a different kind of inversion from what is common with it now-a-days. His father also taught him to write and to

cipher. "Home education," as Isaac Taylor calls it, was then so frequent, that when our hero went to school, along with a dozen other new scholars, all of them had been taught by their parents to read. We may give a little incident here as at once a trait of character, and an illustration of primitive country manners. When he went first to the parish school, situated at Chapel Green, about two miles distant from Kilsyth, he found he was the only boy who wore shoes and stockings! Partly out of delicate regard for the feelings of his fellows, and partly to escape the charge of "*pridefulness*," so abhorrent to a Scottish boy, he used regularly to take off his shoes and stockings at the outside of the town, and concealed them in a hedge till he returned.

We find Dr. Anderson, in a letter to a London correspondent, 23d February, 1862, thus characterizing his father's mode of training him, and of treating his family generally:—"He had a latent love, unmanifested by any smile or cherishing word of encouragement, but manifested by a care which a parent has never surpassed in the management of his brood—not only in our moral management, but by teaching us everything: delving, hoeing, planting, sowing, planing, swimming, playing at draughts, chess, &c. (no cards or dice); making whistles of the greenwood, watermills, &c.; and, observe you, I was taught at home all my English reading, writing, and arithmetic, and went to school ready for Latin. All this wondrous care without a smile or word of cherishing encouragement! That man, my father, with one of the warmest hearts,

would have thought he was guilty of a sin (I suppose) had he saluted me with a 'Welldone.' I see now that there was glowing affection underneath actuating the care; but at this time I am a dwarfed, withered, *faint-hearted* being, compared with what I would have been had I occasionally received the salutation of 'Welldone.'" (We see all our readers who knew the bold nature and lion-like bearing of Anderson smiling at the word "faint-hearted.") He proceeds then to state it as his opinion, that, while over-indulgence was bad, yet that suppressed love in respect of manifestation was worse, and adds—"My father is dead, and cannot suffer; but I may profit my church, and have profited it, by exposing the folly (for it was merely a folly) of a grand parental miscalculation—that cherishing your child with a word of encouragement is unauthorized and sinful."

Here, as in everything else, the medium course is best. The "Welldone, good and faithful servant," should not, indeed, be reserved to the close of the task, but should now and then cheer on the toiler amid the burden and heat of the day. But while the extreme to which Anderson was subjected tended, on the whole, to hammer him out, and has in hundreds of other instances turned out well, the plan of systematic indulgence—of soothing every little uneasiness, flattering every whim, and anticipating every wish of the child—has often a weakening and relaxing influence, as we see continually in the youths and girls of the period, and is less education than it is a process of emasculation and effeminacy. Dr. Johnson,

indeed, said that he valued the praise of every human being; and Miss Mitford's beautiful "Voice of Praise" may express the fine influence which sparing and seasonable words of cheer exert on many modest and sensitive spirits; but there are sense and strength also in the lines:—

"Cast the bantling on the rocks,
Feed him at the she wolf's teat;
Wintered with the hawk and fox:
Power and speed be hands and feet."

Ere we leave the subject of Anderson's father, there are some curious particulars which we must record. The young William was told by his father, after his mother's death, to show he was not afraid—he had previously declared he had no terror—by going to the room where she was lying, and depositing a pillow on the bed. He went trembling, and when he entered the room fell into a stupor; recovering from which, he found himself leaning against the wall, and the pillow lying at his feet. This bred in him an *eerie* feeling, so that even after his first marriage he was afraid to sleep in the room. He used to tell that a clergyman named Brown had been assisting his father at the communion, and on leaving referred to Mrs. Anderson, who was ill, and desired him to write immediately when she died. He did so; and Mr. Brown said he never had waited with more certainty for anything than for news of the death having occurred on that particular day, because in the western room of the manse at Kilsyth, he had heard a voice saying to him, "*Your friend's wife dies on the 15th!*"

Such stories were common then—thanks to *Spiritualism* are common still, and may continue to be common as long as man stands outside of the “great darkness” with such an incessant desire to obtain some information as to what is going on within; and if he cannot find will forge the seal and superscription of the King of Terrors. We mention them principally to introduce the fact that Dr. Anderson was naturally inclined to believe such stories: his organ of Wonder was large, and he revelled in the marvellous when it did not move him to terror. We recollect speaking to him about that remarkable tent of electric light which covered the whole sky with a kind of bright, quivering fleece, in an October evening in 1848; and he said that it gave him, along with rapturous admiration, an awful feeling, as if it were the omen of some great coming disaster. We suspect it is the same with almost all minds of genius. It was so with Byron and Shelley, with Hall and Foster, and even with the calm Goethe. Genius has been called by Coleridge “the power of carrying on the first fresh feelings of childhood into manhood, and mingling them with manhood’s maturer intellect and accomplishments,” as though the gold and purple clouds and fresh breezes of the dawning were blended with the strong light and heat of noonday. And there is no youthful feeling so vivid in an imaginative mind as the sense of supernatural agency, or so likely to be retained in after life, and often at sixty and upwards the nerves vibrate with the shock of ghost stories which had been heard at six. Nor do such

minds in general wish to be disabused (or disenchanted rather) on such subjects. They grasp at every line, however frail, which links them to the spiritual world. They feel that there are some things in heaven and earth which are not dreamt of in popular philosophies. And often these feelings do not amount to fears, but are rather strong though shuddering desires to know the best or the worst which spiritual beings can tell or intimate about that future state of existence of which they feel that Revelation has told them little, and Nature nothing at all. How many from the company of real solid sorrows, and from men they deem "earthly, sensual, devilish," have turned eagerly, pensively, but alas, in vain, to seek communion with the spirits of the departed!

Anderson's first teacher was a Mr. Brownlee, who afterwards went to America, and became a member of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York—a professor, and an esteemed author. Under him he remained nine months, complaining afterwards that during all that time he never received a religious lesson or exhortation. He next entered an adventure school in Kilsyth, originally established by a Dr. Ritchie, and kept by a Mr. Mackinlay, an Antiburgher student, who taught Anderson a great deal, although in a harsh and savage fashion. Besides the ordinary branches of reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Latin grammar, he got from Mackinlay what was not then common—a considerable knowledge of the French vocabulary, and the pronunciation too. There were 130 children at the school, and, on account of his precocity and early

religious knowledge, the whole of the New Testament and Bible Classes were committed to William's charge. He was then only nine years of age. Among his contemporaries was a strange, melancholy girl, called Emily Motherwell, the sister of William Motherwell, author of the poem of "Jeanie Morrison"—a poem which, when published first in *Tait's Magazine*, brought in to the author the munificent sum of ten shillings! but which has gained a priceless immortality for its touches of exquisite pathos and simplicity. Whether Emily Motherwell was the Jeanie Morrison of Anderson's own love's young dream, we cannot say, but he referred sometimes to her in after life—to her excellent scholarship, and to her sad fate: she eventually perished by her own hand.

CHAPTER II.

CURRICULUM AT COLLEGE AND DIVINITY HALL.

ANDERSON entered Glasgow College in the Session of 1811-12, being twelve years and ten months old. Early matriculation was then, and continued long, common—perhaps is common still—in that University. Boys even younger than Anderson, of eleven and twelve, not unfrequently might be seen clad in their red gowns perambulating the yards, or lounging about the College Green, or taking part in the licensed *saturnalia* of the Rectorial election, or coming up with bashful bearing and blushing cheek to receive prizes on the first of May. It was, on the whole, a delightful sight, although older people and advanced students sighed while they smiled at the delusive hopes and over-estimates of their own powers and destinies which were buoying up the fine little fellows, and which were so certain, in a greater or less degree, of disappointment. One day Professor Richardson called on young Anderson to construe some verses in Virgil, when his Kilsyth accent and shrill, ballad-singing voice stunned the class with astonishment, till after he had read, not—as was common—four, but eight lines, the silence broke out into a loud roar of laughter, as the

Professor—himself considerably tickled—remarked, “Well *sung*, Gulielme.” Afterwards he was for a while as regularly called upon to “sing” as is Mr. Whalley in Parliament; but by and bye his good scholarship was discerned, and he became a favourite at once with his fellow-students and with his Professor.

William Richardson was a man of no little eminence in his day. He had not the high qualities of some of the other professors to whom we shall allude immediately, but he added to very considerable classical and general attainments, fine, though somewhat finical taste, urbane manners and a knowledge of modern literature which enabled him to write some able and interesting essays upon Shakspeare. These are now superseded by the bolder and more brilliant criticisms on the Myriad-minded, such as those of Lamb, Hazlitt, Cowden Clarke, Coleridge, Ulrici, and a host of other writers; but they did good service in their day, and there is some reason to believe that Richardson’s enthusiasm for England’s greatest genius awakened that of his pupil, who in after years admired exceedingly, and at times quoted from his plays in the pulpit, and was not slow to proclaim the essential Christianity of his spirit, and of much in his writings, and whose highest compliment to Edward Irving is to call him, in one of his pamphlets, “The Shakspeare of the Pulpit.” Richardson seems to have felt a real heart interest in Anderson—often made him read the lesson ere the class had fully met, and used to ask him a great many questions anent Mackinlay, who seems formerly to have attended his class.

In summer he returned to Kilsyth, and continued under Mackinlay to study Latin, Greek, and French. When the next session commenced, he joined Professor Young's Greek Class. We have no doubt he admired the vast scholarship and amazing eloquence of this remarkable man—probably the greatest genius Glasgow College ever numbered among her Professors.

The other Professors were Jardine, of the Logic, whose merits as a teacher of young minds have been warmly acknowledged by Lord Jeffrey and Professor Wilson; James Milne, of the Moral Philosophy, who, although accused of seeking to shake the faith of his students, only fixed it deeper in the stronger of them, as the blast confirms the roots of the mountain pine, and who did a great deal to sharpen their intellects and widen their views; Jamie Miller (as he was always called), of the Mathematics, a good Geometrician, but the worst and weakest of teachers, and who must not be confounded with his father, the author of an able work on the "Laws of Nations;" and Meiklewham, of the Natural Philosophy, a most gentlemanly man, and possessed of highly respectable attainments and teaching powers.

William Anderson gained a prize in almost every one of his classes. This fact is connected with a characteristic incident. When, in 1868, he presented himself on the day for electing the first M.P. for the University of Glasgow, to give his vote, the official would not receive it unless he produced his tickets, which he had lost. When he had failed to convince the man of the

validity of his claims, he said somewhat sternly, "Well, I'll bring down my prizes!" and so the point was settled at once.

He continued to spend his summers in his native place. The handloom weavers there, a very intelligent and very Radical class, had established a good solid Library of some 800 volumes, principally historical; and in these young Anderson revelled, reading all Rollin, Hume, and Robertson, besides many others. Shakspeare was not in the library, a fact which would be wonderful now, but which was not surprising in a Scotch Presbyterian village then; but Anderson met with a stray volume in Glasgow, and read it with rapture, not the less that it served to diversify the severe studies of the Moral Philosophy Class. He delighted, too, in the scenery surrounding Kilsyth, learned to swim in a linn half a mile up the hills, called Dinn's Linn, and was no stranger to the neighbouring glories of the Campsie Mountains and the famous Campsie Glen.

Among Anderson's associates at this time of his life were a Mr. Rennie, who, after some peculiar experience, became a distinguished physician in London, and a very pious man of the Wilberforce school—indeed, he attended that eminent philanthropist on his deathbed; and the Rev. James Miller, Chaplain in Edinburgh Castle, who still lives to entertain a most kindly feeling for the memory of his distinguished classmate.

While attending James Milne's Class in Glasgow, William Anderson wrote an essay on Conscience,

which that acute and admirable critic highly eulogised. Milne was usually chary of his commendation, and Anderson was proportionally elated, as the following incident proves:—Going down soon afterwards to visit his grandfather in Falkirk, he attended a Sacramental preaching. The “action sermon” was good, but the table addresses that followed seemed to our young and self-important student mere drivel. Thus, to use his own words, “Puffed up with self-conceit, I was coming home (it was a fine summer evening), and when passing by a short cut to grandfather’s house, through Stenhouse Muir, I thought I could extemporise a Communion address. Looking round first to make sure that not even a sheep or a cow should hear me, I began:—“Fellow-Communicants, ‘Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.’ Having a vivid recollection of this well-known passage, I had no difficulty in getting thus far. Then I continued:—‘Fellow-Communicants, we have been solemnly pledging ourselves’—a pause and a clearing of the throat—‘My dear Fellow-Communicants—’ I could get no farther, but instantly took to my heels and ran, stopping not till I had got over a dyke, behind which I sank down, and roared and groaned under a burden of shame. *‘Ma conscience*, that it should have come to this!’”* Ever afterwards Anderson was a generous and indulgent critic of the sermons and writings of

* There are various versions of the above anecdote, but this we give was taken from Anderson’s own lips.

other men. He inclined rather to praise than to blame; although, when he was disgusted with affectation, or inflated and pretentious weakness, he did not measure his words of wrath and scorn. And, in spite of his temporary and excusable elation, he continued for a long time the very impersonation of the "Bashful Man." When a friend he had known in Glasgow was announced as about to visit him in Kilsyth, though it was only three months since he had seen him, he actually hid himself! And having been invited to visit a family in Anderston, Glasgow, he went at least a dozen times to the door ere he ventured to lift the knocker. One is reminded of the story De Quincey tells of himself, travelling all the way to the Lakes to see Wordsworth, reaching the hill opposite the poet's cottage, and returning without having dared to go in. But De Quincey continued to the close of his long life a shy and shrinking scholar; Anderson became in his latter days a man of leonine boldness, who feared not the face of man, and yet who, while he had bidden farewell to his bashfulness, retained his modesty. Never have we met a man less disposed to arrogate to himself any merit but what he could fairly claim—although of that he was justly tenacious—or more willing to acknowledge in others qualities which he felt were not his own.

He became a proficient in mathematics; there was not a proposition in Euclid which ever cost him five minutes' trouble; he was great in measuring the heights of steeples and cathedrals, and had designed to prosecute the study of logarithms; but upon his

father refusing to give him five shillings to buy a copy of a treatise on that subject by Moore, he flung his copy of Euclid on a high shelf, and resumed it no more! In this he resembled an eminent contemporary, Carlyle, who at college prosecuted with equal zeal his geometrical studies, and abandoned them as entirely afterwards.

While attending the Natural Philosophy he was seized with small-pox, recovery from which was attended by two results—it purified and strengthened his system, so that for ten years he had not a headache, and it made his hair, which had been previously soft and fine, as hard and strong almost as a “horse mane.” It left, too, very visible marks on his skin, and changed him, we suspect, from being a rather handsome into a somewhat hard-featured youth, leaving, however, unaltered the sweet, innocent smile of the lips, and his large, black, laming eyes, so piercing, yet kindly in their light—features which would have redeemed much homelier countenances than his.

He commenced his Divinity studies under Dr. MacGill and Dr. Gavin Gibb, and profited, especially under the latter, by acquiring a competent knowledge of Hebrew and some acquaintance with Persian. MacGill was an excellent, though somewhat narrow, man—dry and stiff in manner—from whose prelections Anderson derived little benefit, although he respected his character, and rather relished his private society. Dr. Gibb was a very high Churchman, and carried his prejudices so far that, when he asked the other students to his house, Anderson alone was omitted

because he was a Dissenter. Yet he was his best scholar, and on the last year of his attendance carried off the first prize, known as Coulter's Donation. (It should be remembered that at that period there was no regular Relief Hall. The students of that body all required to study Divinity at the Established Theological Hall of the College.)

Anderson had belonged to a little society of kindred spirits in Glasgow, who met regularly to read books, converse, and, as William Laidlaw says, "*screw ilk ither up.*" On returning, the summer after his first session at the Hall, he felt the want of these meetings very much; and his father having advanced him a sum of money, he resolved to return to Glasgow and reside permanently there. He made arrangements with a newly-licensed preacher, the late Rev. James M'Tear, M.A. (who often afterwards associated with Anderson in Anti-Slavery and kindred movements), for the transference to himself of a school in Kirk Street, Calton. Here he taught till he had made as much money as enabled him, during the last year of his curriculum, to dispense with school-keeping. He, during this period, occupied lodgings at the head of the Old Vennel. He used to spend his Sabbath evenings at the house of Mr. Bell, a gentleman once well known as the compiler of a huge Geography, containing a vast amount of miscellaneous information, and whose conversation was distinguished by general knowledge and metaphysical acuteness. He also became a member of a Theological Society, which met every Saturday

forenoon, and profited much by its free discussions and criticisms.

But there was another influence at that time which did a vast deal more to quicken Anderson's thinking, feeling, and speaking powers—we refer to that of Chalmers. That a man like Thomas Chalmers, entering a large city, even now, would produce a sudden and startling effect, may be granted; but there were circumstances at the time of his appearance in Glasgow which surrounded him with an interest and invested him with a power which could never be repeated. He came to the West, if not from a sick bed, yet with the memory of a great illness, including in it a great sorrow and a severe spiritual conflict, and which was still by himself profoundly felt and painfully revolved. He came a new man, so far as new views of religion, new habits of life, and new schemes of Christian action might constitute one a new creature. He came in the prime of life, with youth hardly faded into manhood, and with the entire possession of his wondrous faculties—held, however, not in the cold grasp of a perfected culture, but in the hot hand of eager enthusiasm and holy zeal. He came from a country parish, where his audience was often neither numerous nor congenial, to the capital of the West, which was prepared to receive and eager to welcome him, not merely as a popular novelty but as a great spiritual power. Artistically, theologically, and philosophically, he had many deficiencies, but, like spots on the sun, they were drowned in the effulgence of his summer glory; and it may be said, almost without a

figure, that the entire city of Glasgow turned like a planet round the solar blaze and strong attraction of Chalmers' pulpit.

We have met men who heard him in those days, and who have assured us that (to use the old image of Longinus) Homer in the *Odyssey* was not so faint a relict and shadow of Homer in the *Iliad* as the Chalmers of the Divinity Hall in Edinburgh and the Disruption Controversy was the ghost of the Chalmers of the Tron Church and the Astronomical Sermons. There was then about him a Pythonic inspiration of genius, an abandonment of manner, a fiery force and rush of speech, an entire possession of his whole body and soul by his ideas and feelings, which they never saw approached by any other man, and seldom, if ever, afterwards, even by himself. Particularly, besides one or two of his Astronomical Discourses, they signalized his Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte. This was a hurried production, and, as a composition, it hardly stands the test, but its effect when delivered was prodigious. In proposing, at the close, instead of the motto, "Let Glasgow flourish," to substitute its original form, "Let Glasgow flourish by the *preaching of the Word*," he seemed absolutely to go out of himself; and his audience, too, whether they were in the body or out of it, could not for a season tell. In vain now to read the sermon to seek a renewal of the effect it produced—as vain as to seek for a meteoric fire in the cold jelly which it leaves upon the ground. Chalmers in this shares the fate—although, perhaps, in a less

measure—of such orators as Demosthenes, Chatham, and Fox. Their effects were produced by various elements—their personal appearance, their speaking countenances, their tones of voice, their action, and their words. In the printed form the words alone remain, cold memorials of the perished power.

Some great preachers only burst upon their hearers like apparitions, on the Sabbath-day, and produce a great impression; then retire to their studies, and are not visible till the Sabbath again recurs. Very different with Chalmers. For several days in the beginning of the week he was to be seen in the Gallowgate, Saltmarket, and elsewhere, all bustling with benevolence, climbing creaking staircases, plunging into dirty closes, diving into cellars, examining schools, lifting the sneck of hovels and garrets, "expatiating among the sick and the dying," flinging himself abroad over his district with an enthusiasm of humanity which to many seemed madness, and returning to his dwelling to organise a hundred schemes of philanthropic and Christian enterprise—himself the originating impulse and the sustaining soul of all of them.

This told upon many classes, but especially upon the young, who not only hung upon his lips on Sundays, but became eager to follow his steps, and aid his labours during the other days of the week. Anderson shared in the prevailing excitement to an extraordinary degree. We heard him once from his own pulpit describe the effect Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses produced on his mind. They excited him

to a perfect *furor*—nay, threw him into a state of chronic ecstasy, which lasted for a whole summer. He could do little in his leisure hours but roam through the fields and woods, meditating on the glorious views of God's universe which Chalmers' first Sermon had opened up when he heard it, and which was not diminished after it was published. We can well fancy the young enthusiast, with his dark, gleaming eyes, and the child-like smile playing about his mouth, wandering along the Clyde, or piercing the groves of the Kelvin, or pacing the College Green, or finding his way on holidays to that noble glen of Campsie, which seems like a great, round arm, surrounding and sheltering its visitors from the turmoil of the near city; bearing in his hand the while, and ever and anon glancing at the thin octavo, with its half-binding, and large, sparse, clear type, from the Hedderwick press—perhaps sometimes, as Charles Lamb was wont to do with his favourite volumes, kissing it in his rapturous appreciation! It is a book which, apart altogether from its subject and its argument, was well calculated to affect a young man of genius, from the refreshing contrast it furnished to the dry, commonplace style and ultra-orthodox sentiment of the books which the religious public of Scotland were then compelled to read, and expected to admire.

Anderson took a sitting in St. John's, and divided his Sabbath day between his own Relief pastor (the Rev. John Barr) and Dr. Chalmers. One day he was teaching in his school in Kirk Street, when in walked Dr. Chalmers himself. If ever Anderson blushed more

deeply than usual, and if ever he trembled at all, it must have been then, when placed suddenly face to face with the man he had never seen before except when he was preaching like an inspired apostle, standing on what seemed unearthly altitudes of thought, or, in the daring flights of his imagination,

"Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air."

Chalmers in his turn, doubtless, looked with interest at the young student, and proceeded to tell him that he had heard of him, and wished to engage him as a teacher in a Sabbath school which he was then establishing in St. John's Parish. He asked him to repeat the lesson which had newly been gone over with the scholars before he entered, and, when he had finished, expressed his warm satisfaction, saying, "Well, that is just the thing."

Next day he met Chalmers, and accompanied him to the people's houses, while beating up for recruits for his Sabbath school. They soon became familiar, and Anderson was specially astonished at the manner in which Chalmers went about his visits. He inquired particularly into the welfare of every family, asking for each individual member—how Johnny was getting on at school, how Mary was liking her new situation, and so on. How Chalmers managed to possess and retain such an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of each household he could not understand, till he noticed the Doctor, before ascending a stair, carefully consulting a note-book, in which the names and circumstances of the respective families were jotted

down. After this peep over the great man's shoulders Anderson's wonder at him might be lessened, but his respect and affection were only increased.

He attended also a course of chemistry under Dr. Thomson, who at that time stood next in Britain to Sir Humphrey Davy for knowledge of chemical science. He also took a course of anatomy, under Dr. Brown, in the Mechanics' Institution, Glasgow, by which he was highly benefitted.

He was at length licensed by the Relief Presbytery of Glasgow, on Sept. 5, 1820—accepted a call to John Street Church in that city on March 6, 1821, which had been moderated the previous February; but, owing to causes to be detailed in the next chapter, was not ordained till 7th February, 1822.

CHAPTER III.

OBSTRUCTIONS TO ORDINATION.

CHALMERS, amidst the many influences he exerted at that time in Glasgow and Scotland, everywhere created a race of copyists throughout the land. As Pollok says of Byron and his followers—

“ Many that aimed to imitate his flight
With weaker wing, unearthly fluttering made,
And gave abundant sport to after days.”

Pulpits, both Established and Dissenting, alike at home, in England, and in the Colonies; and Divinity Halls, rang with the convulsive efforts of a race of young men, who imitated the great man in his speech, in his style, in his manner, and generally, also, in his evangelical sentiments. It became a rage and a fashion. Some, unable to retain the height which they had laboriously reached, by and bye returned to their original dead level of mediocrity. Others, who were themselves men of original power, continued on the wing, but struck out in directions of their own; and their flight, if it was lower and less ambitious, became stronger and more sustained.

Among Chalmers' imitators were Anderson and Edward Irving. Of Irving we shall speak afterwards.

Anderson was for a long time as completely led captive by Chalmers as Hall records himself to have been by Dr. Johnson. He wrote like Chalmers, screamed like him, gesticulated, foamed, and flung about in the pulpit, as much in his master's manner as he could. Above all, like him he READ his discourses. Reading his sermons was a custom which Chalmers had learned in the school of the Moderates, and had not been able to resign when he became the Coryphæus of the Evangelical party. He read, indeed, as no other man ever did. "It was *fell reading* yon," as the old woman remarked when she heard him. As he went on, the very existence of his MS. was forgotten alike by himself and his audience. The thought he wished to inculcate, the feeling he wanted to circulate, seemed to possess, like a demoniac energy, first his own soul and body, and then those of his hearers, till a certain strange unity was attained, and you imagined a tree, from its top to its root, from its trunk to its remotest twig, filled and torn and swayed to and fro by a tempest.

Such effects were produced, not through his reading, but in spite of it. This, however, was not perceived by his imitators, who, besides having written their sermons in that elaborate and high-wrought style which Chalmers used, with long involved sentences and words of thundering sound, found it far easier to read than to mandate and recite them. In the Theological Society which Anderson attended he was the only member who dared to imitate Dr. Chalmers in writing long sentences, and reading them from the

MS. When at any time he repeated his sermons from memory he hesitated and blundered so much, that his fellow-students cried out, "Reciting wont do—*read, read!*" He determined, therefore, to be a reader after he was licensed, although he gave all his trials before the Presbytery (except the Thesis, which was always read) *memoriter*. His chief obstacle in this was his father, who predicted that reading would be his ruin. "Pho!" replied the son, "you don't know what reading is; you think it is boring away with your nose on the paper. You never heard Chalmers read!"

And so, when licensed, he read his first public sermon in Mr. French's church, Strathaven (afterwards Dr. French of Edinburgh, himself a refined and eloquent preacher), and the people were so much interested that they did not observe he was reading at all. And then he formed the resolution that whatever vacancy he visited he should recite the lecture in the morning, and read the sermon in the afternoon. To this there did not seem to be, on the part of his audience, the slightest objection. Some cynics might sneer and call him a bastard of Chalmers, but the great majority admired him exceedingly. To the people in John Street church he made himself acceptable, notwithstanding his paper. But the Presbytery had yet to be faced—a Presbytery, the proceedings of which prove that some of their members were previously prejudiced against him and waiting for his halting. He had to deliver his trials before them, and the subject of one of his exercises was "Refuse profane and old wives' fables." Anderson ventured to enumerate, as one of these old

wives' fables, the objection entertained by many to read discourses. This gave great offence; all the other trials but this were sustained, and the case was delayed for a month. At its expiry he came forward with a calm, commonplace discourse in place of the other, which was passed, but the Rev. Wm. Carrick, Hamilton, brought up a complaint against Anderson that he was a habitual reader. Anderson contended that, as the people of John Street called him in the full knowledge of this habit, he would consider himself at full liberty to do as he pleased, although, in his correspondence with his fathers and brethren he would never, as he had never yet done, obtrude his MS. on them. The Presbytery were not satisfied, and a great cry was raised about the number of churches which had left the Establishment from the objection to read discourses and about "consuetudinary law." Anderson fought his battle bravely, and challenged them to produce a single instance in which his use of the paper had given popular offence. A blind woman had been praising one of Anderson's sermons, when a neighbour interposed—"But he was reading it." "I'm sure I did not see him," was the *naïve* reply.

The case was like to break down, when some member of the Presbytery, since the ice against the obnoxious man was broken, proceeded to say that he had other objections to Anderson, and had prepared a list of questions he wanted him to answer. Some members, afraid he might criminate himself, urged him to give no reply. "Let him libel you, if he will, but don't answer those

questions." Anderson, however, strong in conscious innocence, said he was quite ready to hear and to reply to them. They turned out to be exceedingly frivolous and vexatious, founded on misconception of figurative language, or on their own notions of doctrine, which, even for that time, were exceptionally narrow. One of them was, "Did you not state that you could not say that the Atonement was absolutely necessary, and that it was because God appointed it that you considered it to be, in the Divine judgment, the best way of saving sinners?" Anderson replied that he thought so; and so did Archbishop Magee, author of what was then considered the standard work on the Atonement. A further question was (*Credat Judæus!*), "What do you think Abraham believed about Original Sin?" "I don't know," replied Anderson, "but I know what *I* believe about it;" and then proceeded to state the orthodox view, which was at that time his own. This absurd question he traced afterwards to some misreported remark he had made to a minister about Dwight's theory of Original Sin. There was still another about "the Holy Ghost being purchased by Christ," which kept up a fearful ferment against him for eleven months, although founded on an expression he had used in family prayer, and susceptible of quite a harmless interpretation. Conceive the effect of all this on a youth of twenty-two, conscious not only of talent but of genius, and burning, besides, with true evangelical zeal, straining on the slip to enter on his Master's work, and kept back by the leash of such wretched quibbles! It did

not crush, however—nay, it raised him—and during these eleven months he occasionally supplied the pulpit of John Street, its "*Great Unordained*," gratifying, too, to himself and his hearers by using the tabooed "paper" the whole time.

Yet he began to feel wearied and sick of his solitary position, and had secretly made up his mind to go to America. He had even begun the opening sentences of a farewell discourse when he was interrupted by a visit from the Rev. Mr. Fergus, a friend of his father. Fergus had somehow or other become aware of Anderson's intention, but strongly dissuaded him from it. He induced him at last to delay it, and proceeded to use his influence with Anderson's principal opponent with such effect that at the next meeting of Presbytery proceedings against him were *sisted*, and his ordination was appointed, on the understanding that he would at least fairly make an effort to dispense with reading. He did honestly make the attempt several times; but one afternoon, in the midst of a brilliant peroration, words and thoughts alike deserted him, and he came down from the height of his fervid eloquence like a shot eagle. He had fortunately his MS. with him to break his fall; to it he resorted, and from that day forward he never tried to recite, but became more and more a shameless offender; and by and bye he had the satisfaction of seeing others following his example in a line of READERS as long as the blood of Banquo!

He used to tell a curious anecdote connected with this period of his life, during which he was the

observed of all observers, the suspected of all suspects, and the best-abused minister in the West of Scotland. He was proceeding by coach to Johnstone wrapped in an *incognito* cloak, his companions an elderly gentleman and a young lady. They were talking about the wonderful things and persons in Glasgow, when the young lady said that there was a great noise about a Mr. Anderson there, a young minister, who, on the previous Sabbath (the first Sabbath of January), had, on entering the pulpit, saluted the people with the words, "A Happy New Year to you all." The gentleman expressed his surprise at such an *outré* thing being done by Mr. Anderson, whose fresh and impressive discourses he had often heard with pleasure and profit. On leaving the coach, which was going on farther, Anderson, addressing the young lady, said—"Among all the strange things you have to tell of Mr. Anderson, tell how easily he can forgive *chattering*, but mind you DON'T LIE," and so saying, left his companions to their wonderment.

On the subject of reading sermons a great deal might be said on both sides. The prejudice against the custom was well founded when the sermon read was not the reader's own; when it was read in a slovenly and careless manner; and, poor and dry in itself, borrowed neither grace nor force from the delivery. But when well composed and well given, read sermons are now welcomed almost everywhere throughout the churches. Indeed, readers, we think, are, on the whole, the more popular class of the two among the thoughtful and

intelligent, who seek not so much excitement as instruction. Anderson, be it remarked, not unfrequently extemporised or *recited* in his latter years. We heard him so late as 1859 speak in his own church for more than half-an-hour, from the spur of the moment, in a most effective style. We shall refer to this address afterwards. There was a refreshing raciness about its delivery as well as style; and his read sermon, which followed it, fell comparatively flat. Perhaps had he always recited, it might have suited better his impulsive and impetuous genius, at least at times; but there were other occasions when the paper formed a salutary drag upon the rushing wheels of the chariot.

Conceive his astonishment when, in the year 1849, the Synod passed a resolution which virtually condemned the practice of reading sermons; and the indignation with which, at the cry of "Anderson to the rescue!" he rushed forward, and, by a characteristically trenchant and manly speech, hamstrung what threatened to be a most tyrannical measure. It was one of these grand *coups de main* only competent to a man of Anderson's *prestige*, readiness, and boldness. Ever since, reading has not only been permitted, but has been steadily gaining the ascendant in the United Presbyterian Church; nor do we hear any complaints that the power and excellence of sermons have suffered thereby.

We may be allowed for a moment to look at the prospect here opened and shut so suddenly upon him, like a vista momentarily revealed and withdrawn in a forest, of William Anderson having gone to America

to push his ecclesiastical fortune there. We cannot doubt for an instant that he would have been triumphantly successful. His fearless spirit of independence, his daring originality of style, his constitutional *Republicanism*, his contempt for conventionalities, his strong practical purpose, his union of general orthodoxy of religious sentiment with deviations and diversities in minor matters—keeping the main road usually, but often springing out of it into bye-paths, which led, however, in the same direction, and as often returning to the main road again—would have combined, with his eccentricities and his strongly-pronounced individuality, to make him a great power—a Henry Ward Beecher, and something more—in New York or Philadelphia. Then, too, there would have probably been an earlier pulpit crusade against the “Peculiar Institution” than actually took place. But it was otherwise ordered. Glasgow, as it had been, if not his mother, his nurse, while its University was his *Alma Mater*—and its great man Chalmers, his intellectual model and spiritual father—so it was destined to be the home of his heart, the centre of his activities, the focus of his power, and the depository of his dust.

The following is Anderson's reply to the Presbytery anent using his manuscript, dated July 18th, 1821:—

“*William Anderson to the Reverend the Moderator
and other Members of the Glasgow Relief
Presbytery,*

“In reply to the demand of a pledge made at their

last meeting, and required of him before he be granted ordination by them, as minister of John Street Congregation.

"I read openly—in secret did I nothing—when candidate for the favour of John Street Congregation; and so long as the practice does not meet their censure, so long as it continues to have their approbation, I could never accuse myself of impropriety of conduct in making free and public use of my manuscript. But seeing it is a stumbling-block in the way of the Presbytery; seeing I wished to be joined, and to live in peace with the members of that religious denomination for admission into whose society I have proposed myself as candidate; and seeing I have never yet acted with the obstinacy and purpose of an innovator, without reluctance do I now make promise, of what I could at no time have hesitated to promise, that when admitted into a *neighbour's* pulpit I shall never obtrude the censured conduct on a congregation which, I am taught to understand, account the *reading* of Jesus Christ's Gospel an impropriety or crime: and more, that even in *my own* I shall in the point of recitation, as well as in others, conform, or endeavour to conform, with the customs of my brethren, whenever such conformity shall not be obstructive, in the way of discharging higher duties, whether as the guardian of my own health or the guardian of the spiritual interests of the congregation given me to instruct by God.

"WILLIAM ANDERSON.

"GLASGOW, 18th July, 1821."

CHAPTER IV.

SETTLEMENT AND EARLY MINISTRY IN JOHN STREET CHURCH.

THOUGH a very strong and bold man, Anderson had also a sensitive disposition ; and the senseless persecution to which he was exposed on account of reading his discourses, had an influence on him of a depressing kind, which, we believe, he was never afterwards able entirely to shake off. He felt, especially when appearing in a new pulpit, or before a strange audience, as if there was a prejudice against him on their part which had to be encountered, and which, as he scorned to conciliate, he must brave. Often, indeed, his prevailing feeling was "simply a desire to get off." Although an amiable and warm-hearted man, he exhibited now and then traces that the iron had entered into his soul at this early period, and felt that hard measures had been allotted to him by those who should have helped and cheered him on. But this, in the long run, was better for him than had he been nursed and dandled into a popular pet. To have weakened Anderson would have been a difficult task, but such indulgence might have acted as Capua did on Hannibal—relaxing his efforts though not enfeebling his strength.

But now he had to prepare for new labours and new trials too. In John Street Congregation he found no bed of roses. The church was in a very unhealthy condition. It had been built by a party who had left Dovehill after the death of the Rev. T. Bell. The property, with the exception of a portion held in common, was distributed among them—so many pews to each—and every one had the letting of his own pews, which were disposed of by auction, and went to the highest bidder. Each proprietor had to pay a certain amount of feu-duty, proportioned to the estimated value or advantage of the pews, and this feu-duty, along with the rents of the common pews and the collections at the door, formed the church's revenue, and amounted, at the time of Anderson's ordination, to about £200, and this was the guaranteed amount of his stipend.

Owing to carelessness and irregularity on the part of the former pastor, who had retired on an allowance of £100 a year, to collect which the feu-duty had been raised 30 per cent., the congregation had not a reputable name, and was in a very disorganised condition. The communicants' roll was unpurged, and required purgation so much that it was agreed to invite all who claimed membership to call upon the new minister. Few stood the test. A meeting for the purpose of purging the list of members was held every week for a whole twelvemonth—a source of dreadful worry and exhaustion to Anderson. It would have been far better had he undertaken the task of forming a new congregation and building a new church at once. In this disagreeable and fagging

work Anderson was sustained by the freshness and vigour of his youth—he was only twenty-three years of age—and by that sense of duty which then, as during all his long career, never relaxed for a moment. He felt himself more than almost any man we have met, “Ever in his Great Taskmaster’s eye.” This, he says himself in some MS. memorials which lie before us, was “more at that time the spring of his action than was love for his Master.” His steps were tuned less by love than by law; and the spirit of stern determination which never deserted him was then less softened and sweetened than afterwards by Christ-like tenderness. During his student career Christ was more a doctrine to him than a person; and it was not otherwise till he had been some time in the ministry.

Discovering, from personal observation, the gross ignorance of many of his members, he commenced a course of systematic preaching. For two years he preached a series of sermons which virtually included a system of divinity. This benefited his people much, but it benefited himself more. It riveted and rooted in his mind what he had learned in a cursory manner at the Divinity Hall. It vivified and heated the cold stores of theological learning which he had laid in previously, and, instead of dead fuel, there was now living flame. It brought home doctrines, which before stood afar off, to his heart and personal experience. Of truly scientific, theological, or exegetical training, there was none then in Scotland, nor for many years afterwards; but in lieu of this,

and certainly next best, was the method Anderson pursued with himself. At the end of his two years' self-training he was probably better prepared to have been appointed a divinity professor than many imagined who were very ready to concede him genius, but who denied him solid theological attainments, till his work on "Regeneration" appeared. Such mistakes are often made. Burke, because he had the most brilliant imagination in the world, was long denied judgment, or even knowledge, till it was found out that "he was the wisest and most eloquent man of his age—his wisdom being greater than his eloquence." When Dr. Chalmers was appointed to the Edinburgh Theological Chair, there was an outcry, "It ought to have been Dr. Andrew Thomson; he would teach theology more successfully, because he had studied it more systematically;" but the preference was justified by Chalmers giving his students something better than mere dry theology—the inspiration of his own religious enthusiasm, and the impulse of his own restless energy. We imagine that Anderson, had he been appointed in middle-life to a Chair, would in like manner have compelled those who might most bitterly have reviled or ridiculed the choice, to admit that "an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy," and that genuine earnestness, quickened by the burning fire of genius, is more calculated to stimulate young men than the heaviest loads of learning, or the most scientific possession of them, if there be little else. At the same time, let us rejoice that at present in the United Presbyterian Hall there is a

combination in its various accomplished professors of almost all the qualities which are needed for the instruction of candidates for the ministry, even in our peculiar and perilous days.

Anderson took great delight also in his Classes. From his examinations of young communicants he soon saw the necessity of a more thorough training for the young than either family instruction or Sabbath schools could supply. He established two classes which he taught every Tuesday and Thursday evening. These he conducted for twenty-five years, never permitting any engagement, festive or other, to interfere with them. Good Mr. Jameson of Methven used to exclaim, in reference to his Bible Class, "O, that class; I feel often as if heaven were opening upon me there!" Many can sympathise with this saying. The minister in his class feels himself perfectly at home; it is taught generally in the evening when his mind is finely toned, and has not fully subsided from the excitement of the day. The wind is down, but the sea is still running high. He is surrounded by young ingenuous faces, or by souls dawning into immortal life; and surely the evening star coming out in the yellow west of an autumn evening, is not so beautiful as the light of immortal mind beginning to break from a youthful eye; and cold must be his heart, and dead his imagination, if his tongue be not touched with fire. Especially have such joys been felt in the evenings of summer, or more delicious still, when summer is swooning away into the arms of autumn, explaining to artless youth the Pilgrim's Progress—that parable

of sanctified genius and wisdom, worthy almost to be bound up with the parables of Celestial truth in the Bible—while the soul of the inspired tinker seems to have entered the room, and to have melted down teacher and taught into one menstrium of wonder, love, and worship! That such pleasures were Anderson's we cannot for a moment doubt from what we knew of his temperament and of his love to children, and the young generally; and privileged must those have been of his congregation who, as under-teachers, or otherwise, were permitted to hear one weaned child talking to other weaned children, and talking of the Holy Child, who once lay in the manger and bled upon the Cross!

These efforts and his style of preaching which became less Chalmerian, and more Baxterian—very plain and searching in its character—produced a powerful effect in his congregation, and tended to raise its spiritual tone to a very satisfactory pitch. With what he once called to us “the mere mesmeric excitement of Revivalism” he had little sympathy, but he liked to see people in deep quiet earnest about religious matters; and this was the state of his church generally in his earlier years. From 1822 to 1830, he had to struggle almost single-handed in his various labours. He had not a proper Session nor staff of managers as co-workers with him; and at first there was not a single agency in the congregation. All these, however, successively grew up around him. He got a capital Session. At first the management was in the hands of the pew proprietors, many of whom resided at a distance, and

cared little for the prosperity of the church; but a successful movement was originated for raising a fund to purchase the pews; and in this way resident members gradually came into power, and ultimately the whole property of the church was redeemed by the congregation. In all this Anderson showed a wisdom in organizing with which he had not been previously credited; and which showed that the power of his judgment was equal to the energy of his will, and the originality of his genius.

In addition to the other agencies which he set agoing, and which began to buzz like a hundred factory wheels around him, the strong central figure, he had a Library established, and found, as all ministers do, that it is in a congregation a fountain of intelligence and life, seconding his pulpit teachings, and tending to ballast mere emotion with solid knowledge and progressive Christian thought. Now, Congregational libraries, though still very useful, are less necessary; but then, a good library in a church exerted a power, especially over the young, the force of which was quite incalculable, and to which many trace their first literary tastes and aspirations, as well as often their profoundest spiritual convictions, and rarest spiritual, intellectual, and moral delights.

Up to 1830 Anderson was thus engaged in a severe struggle, which allowed him scarcely any time for relaxation. "And," as he used to say, "he would decidedly have sunk had it not been for two things—good health and a good wife." In his courtship, as in that of most men of genius, a good deal that was

romantic entered, and to be altogether reticent on this in his Memoir were to be untrue to his character, and to present a mutilated version of his history. Two years before he was licensed, and when attending Mr. Barr's Church, Dovehill, he saw one day a young lady who seemed to him a vision of loveliness—tall, dark-haired, and handsome in form—and for whom he conceived an ideal passion. Mr. Barr had talked of introducing him to a young lady of his acquaintance who might suit him, but after that sight the proffered introduction was no longer desired. It turned out, fortunately, that Mr. Barr's young friend and the creature of the day-dream were one and the same! Her name was Isabella Binnie, daughter of Mr. John Binnie, builder, Glasgow. They became acquainted, and found an extraordinary congeniality in their spiritual feelings. She was very devout, as he also was, but her piety was more deeply tinged than his with melancholy. He was of service in modifying these feelings on her part, and her experiences instructed him how to deal with similar cases in his ordinary ministrations; it was, in short, a "religious courtship," and ended in a happy marriage in 1825. We did not meet with Mrs. Anderson till the year 1848. She was then a comely matron, with most motherly manners—possessed of great good sense, her mind coloured at times with a shade of pensiveness; a devout believer in Anderson, from whose Millenarian views she had, she told us, derived much comfort; a kind parent, and altogether a true companion, friend, and helpmeet to her admirable husband.

While thus busy with congregational and matrimonial matters, Anderson was slowly but steadily rising in the estimation of all his acquaintances, and of his brethren in the ministry. It began to be seen, though not of course so fully as in later years, that underneath all his warmth of temper and occasional eccentricity of speech, there lay not only a vein of true genius, but an uncommon share of common sense, blended with a degree of racy humour. We find in the document already alluded to an anecdote which is illustrative of this remark. We may quote it. A vacancy had occurred in the church at Tollcross—a village near Glasgow—and Anderson having preached there frequently, had been appointed Moderator of the Session during the interval. He had on one occasion presided at the Sacrament, which passed off well, and on Monday the Elders and Managers assembled, as usual, along with the Ministers in the Session-house. One of the Elders, who led the congregation, took the opportunity of saying to Mr. Anderson, "You have been a good friend to us; we wish you to do us another good turn still; we are in great perplexity about a minister; the mind of the congregation is distracted between Mr. Ney and Mr. Muir; would you kindly say which of them you prefer?" "Oh," cried Anderson, "I'll give you my opinion in a sentence: Mr. Ney is a tall man, but very thin, and Mr. Muir is a short man, but rather thick; and if you were to put them in the bauks (scales), I think they would just about weigh one another." A roar of laughter followed, under cover of which Anderson accomplished his retreat.

We may simply mention that Mr. Ney was called, and that there was no man in the Relief body of whose abilities and commanding eloquence Anderson entertained a higher opinion. Mr. Muir we believe to be identical with the late Rev. Francis Muir of Leith—a most genial and gentlemanly man, who married a sister of the late distinguished wit, *littérateur*, and lawyer, Sheriff Logan.

CHAPTER V.

AS A PREACHER—THE ORGAN QUESTION.

ANDERSON as a preacher rose speedily into notice and popularity. He struck Glasgow "like a planet." Nor was that then an easy achievement. Never were there more eloquent or successful preachers there than at that time. Chalmers was still preaching, if not with all the ardour and vehemence of his first manner, with great power and undiminished popularity. Edward Irving was still there—although on wing for London—addressing an audience, fit though few. Dr. Wardlaw was in the prime of his life and his pulpit acceptance. Dr. Heugh had recently arrived from Stirling, bringing along with him a graceful presence and manner, and a mind of rare activity. Dr. John Dick, the author of the Lectures on Divinity, and the well-known book on Inspiration, had never been a popular preacher, but stood very high as a divine and a sagacious man. The late amiable and accomplished Dr. Mitchell, and the ambitious and eloquent Dr. Muter, were preaching to large audiences in the United Secession body; and there were, besides, other men of mark in the city pulpits. But there was room for another orator, and an entirely different style of speech, and that room Anderson filled, and that new style Anderson supplied. He

struck at once to the heart of the people, and the people at once owned and accepted him as the preacher for them. He gave them exactly that strong, simple, yet stimulating food which they required. Many preachers of great ultimate eminence attain their position slowly, and after the wear and tear of many anxious and hard-working years; but Anderson sprung at once, if not to the full management and control of his powers, yet to the absolute possession of the field where these powers were to be successfully displayed and gradually developed. His evening lectures became crowded to suffocation. Long before the time hundreds were obliged, disappointed, to turn away. And there appeared month after month the plain, simple, bright-eyed, dark-haired, large-mouthed, and firm-nerved man, who, beginning his services without any effort or ostentation, reading the chapter with quiet earnestness from a folio Oxford Bible, giving out with impressive simplicity a psalm or hymn or spiritual song, and praying with great richness of sentiment and unction of spirit, proceeded to launch away into some interesting theme, now of doctrine, now of prophecy, now of practice, and now of immediate popular interest, and held his audience captive as by a spell; now melted them to tears, now subdued them to silence, and now made them

“Spill rich laughter from their thriftless eyes ;”

but always sent them home with a deep, serious impression—always convinced them of his own sincerity, and often of their need of a Saviour. As he told us once, “Many who came to scoff remained to pray.” There was no doubt much both in his matter

and manner that was *bizarre* and extravagant; but so it is, and ought to be, with men of original manhood. Rising out of the red earth, some of it may be expected to cling to them as they come. The roughest men are usually the strongest. The grandest statues in the world are naked. The rich virgin soil is often as rank with weeds as it is fertile with golden grain. You must allow the Esau his hairy skin, and Samson the uncombed luxuriance of his giant locks. And Anderson, unlike many popular idols, rose to eminence not in consequence but in spite of his defects.

Yet these defects and occasional extravagances provoked a good deal of criticism; more, however, of a genial than of an ill-natured kind. Some attached to his name the *soubriquet* of "Daft Willie Anderson." A good story, too, goes of an English traveller, who, stopping of a Sunday in an inn near John Street, inquired at the ostler, "Have you any crack preachers in Glasgow?" "What's your wull?" rejoined the man, rubbing his head; "crack what, Sir?" "Oh, crack preachers!" replied the bagman; "in a large city like this there must be some crack preacher or other." "I dinna ken what ye mean, Sir, by crack preachers, but if ye want to hear a *crackit* ane, you have just to step in yonder," pointing to Anderson's church. Crackit or not, daft or wise, our brave-hearted divine persevered; bore the laughter; did the good; retorted the shafts of scorn; resisted, too, the enervating influences of popularity; outlived his own faults; and reared at last a basis for his reputation which has not since been shaken.

During Anderson's long career in Glasgow his subjects of discourse in the pulpit were exceedingly miscellaneous; boldly varied, and sometimes daringly peculiar. There lingers still a class of men who hold very narrow and stringent views, not only about the Sabbath, but about what subjects should be treated on Sabbath days. They forget that the Reformers and early Puritans handled secular subjects in a religious spirit, and extracted grand spiritual lessons from the politics of the period, by a kind of alchemy. Dr. Anderson often acted on the same principle. He preached and lectured—no man forbidding him, in that noble, free pulpit of his, surrounded by hundreds of glittering faces and beating hearts—upon the duties of the working classes to employers, and of employers to them; upon the political questions of the day; upon Negro Slavery and the American War; upon home as well as foreign politics; and yet, all the while, he never forgot to carry on simultaneously courses of elaborate sermons on all the important doctrines of Christianity. His words have been eminently “words on the wheels”—*pat* to each popular subject which came prominently up, and yet pervaded to the core with the spirit of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

There was one passion in Anderson's nature extremely strong, and to which he had given very careful culture—we refer to music. His love for poetry and painting was considerable. No man, he says, in one of his letters, relished the fine passages in poetry better than he did; but then he had not thoroughly cultivated his

taste or instinct in either of these directions. But it was different with music. There he was a skilled enthusiast. He sang himself, and sang with great force and feeling. He drew up a music book, entitled "The Sacred Choir," a collection of excellent tunes, several of which were his own composition. We have already pictured him singing at his father's jubilee; and we have heard him singing in his later days, "Wee Willie Winkie" to children. It was fine to see him taking a child on his knee, and to hear him singing that most delightful of nursery rhymes (written by the late William Miller), his voice slightly cracked with years, but his whole soul and heart in the performance; while the child, at first bashful and awe-struck when in the presence, and exalted to the knee of the great man, speedily lost these feelings in love for his condescension and unpretending simplicity.

It was only natural for Anderson to love instrumental music, especially the organ. Himself all alive and trembling to the influences of melody—the voice of the organ seemed, as Shakspeare has it, "sweet thunder," as if descending from a loftier sphere; and he could not feel the force or see the bearing of the petty objections which were brought against it by men who apparently preferred the nasal notes of a drowsy precentor, or the creaking voices of septuagenarian men and women to such a swell of sound as might almost, besides enrapturing the living, awaken the dead.

In 1829, organ worship was introduced into a Relief

Church, Roxburgh Street, Edinburgh, where Mr. Johnstone was minister. This led to a great ferment in the denomination. The case came before the Relief Synod, where the use of the organ was condemned. Mr. Johnstone left the church, and, in consequence, Anderson flung himself into the controversy with all his usual energy and boldness; and, not content with protesting against the decision of the Synod, published a pamphlet or two, which may even yet be read with interest and instruction.

This first pamphlet is entitled "An Apology for the Organ," and is remarkable for the power and eloquence with which he disposes of those objections of "innovation—sensuous character—Popish tendency of the instrument," &c., which have been lately resuscitated; for the knowledge and the skill with which he manages the scriptural argument on the subject; and for the masterly statement of the musical advantages of the organ, only competent to a proficient in the art. This pamphlet went through two editions, and in the year 1855, a numerous requisition having been signed in Glasgow for its re-publication, he issued it in a third. He had previously published an appendix to it, including a history of the case which had suggested his pamphlet, and remarks on a reply to it which had appeared.

Anderson, after all that he so wisely and eloquently said on the subject, lived to see how this manifest improvement in public worship was resisted in his own denomination and others; how, in a confusion of the orthodox senses the smell of popery was felt in the sound

of that noble instrument which soothed and sublimated the soul of the Nonconformist Milton ;—which peals through the church as though the everlasting boom of the ocean, or the deep bass of the thunder had been pressed into the service of the sanctuary, and made to mingle homage to Jesus with their old praise of Jehovah ; and the only objection to which, worth the ink recording, or the breath expressing it, is perhaps, that it is fitter for heaven than for earth, to lead the worship of angels rather than that of men ! The proposal to introduce this magnificent “ Aid to devotion,” which many deem the one thing in the Romish worship worth borrowing, and which has long been borrowed by many evangelical churches, was received for some time, both in England and Scotland, with a mixture of fear and fury, as if the organ were the flourish preliminary to the entrance of the surplice, the liturgy, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and all the absurdities and abominations of Popery besides ; while in fact, it raises the gracefulness of public praise to grandeur, rounds off and rolls up to heaven the vague emotions of the assembly, and provides for prepared spirits each first day of the week a rehearsal of joys which may be recognised in higher stages of existence !

He lived also to see the organ at last made a matter of forbearance and expediency in the United Presbyterian body, but this was long after his infirmity of hearing rendered him incapable of enjoying it. How painful it was for him to feel this disease creeping round and deepening upon him, till it amounted to partial deafness, and the “ daughters of music ” were brought

low and could sing but little; and even as poor Cowper said he never expected to see hills till he saw them in heaven, so our gifted and godly friend did not for a number of years hear his loved organ, and could only entertain the prospect of hearing it again as it accompanied the songs and sweetened the services of the first-born above!

We were seldom more pained than once in, we think, the year 1864. We were preaching morning and evening in Glasgow, but had the afternoon to ourselves. We went, as was often our custom in similar circumstances, to John Street to worship. It happened to be the quarterly Sacrament. Dr. Anderson was not officiating, but he was there. After the services (conducted, we remember, with great unction and interest by his colleague Dr. Macleod, now of Birkenhead, and Mr. Alison of Kilbarchan), and when the congregation was about to dismiss, the anthem was sung, "Crown Him Lord of all." Anderson had had the place in the book pointed out to him, and knew what was being sung. But he could not hear one note. We saw him turning his ear in the direction whence the music was issuing, and darting a look of intense anguish and disappointment. That look we shall never forget. All the agony of age seemed condensed in it. We had often pitied him sitting solitary in a great excited throng, and not hearing a syllable of what was going on. But not hearing, at the close of a communion day, a musical ascription so concordant with his feelings to Christ the King of the Church and the universe, and one so sweet and noble in itself,—it seemed the severest of punish-

ments and the greatest of privations. But the pang would be transient, for his faith in immortality, and in the harmonies of heaven swelling up for ever around the Throne of Immanuel, was very firm; and he never was destitute of a humble hope that his voice would yet mingle with that eternal diapason, and that his ear would be "unstopped" to drink in these blessed sounds.

CHAPTER VI.

ANDERSON'S MILLENARIANISM.

THIS formed a fact so important in Anderson's history, and reveals so much of his peculiar character as a thinker and a man, that we must treat of it at some little length. In his early days William Anderson held, we presume, the common ideas about Christ and the Eschatology of his religion. Christianity began with a supernatural crown around its infant head, even as old painters represent the child Jesus with a halo round his brow. But, like the corona round a nebulous star, that light had gradually faded, and was to return no more. The religion of Jesus was to go on solely through its intrinsic truth and energy, along with the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost, till it gained universal prevalence. And at some uncertain period hereafter Christ was to return to judge the world and to take his people to heaven, and, as Hall says, to leave nothing for the Last Fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence.

Dissatisfaction with this view of Christian history began to be felt by many ministers simultaneously in England and in Scotland. To the influence of Cunningham of Lainshaw, and of Irving, over Anderson, we propose immediately to refer. But there

were considerations suggested by his own reflections, and strengthened by his own temperament, which weighed strongly with him. He felt terribly the thought of the lengthened prevalence of sin and misery, error, paganism, and infidelity, which the common theory implied, and conceiving that the whole world was lying with the Wicked One, he panted for a speedier and a supernatural deliverance from his power. His ear was pained and his heart agonised while listening to the groanings of creation, and he earnestly prayed that they might soon be turned into the jubilees of a regenerated world. He believed that the missionary wheels were driving heavily, and that ordinary means had to some extent failed. Gazing at the "gloomy hills of darkness," over which his creed taught him that the vulture of divine vengeance was hovering and preparing to descend, he saw the light of true religion creeping up so slowly, and illuminating them so partially, that he began to despair unless behind them the dawning of the Second Advent should break.

He, perhaps, underrated the influences of education, science, and progress generally, in ameliorating the condition and improving the morals of mankind; and while he thought the direct influence of the Gospel waning, he did not make so much allowance as he should for its indirect and reflex power. He had, besides, a strong impression that the *Kingly* element in the Mediatorial character of Christ was greatly overlooked; or rather, that it was not yet fully expressed, nor would be, till the Sufferer on the

Cross and the Interceder within the Veil, became the Monarch on the Universal Throne. At this prospect his imagination caught fire, and then came in the influence of his peculiar temperament; his organ of Wonder was excited in the highest degree by the prospect of the erst Malefactor of Calvary becoming Sovereign of Jerusalem, of Judea, of the World, of the Universe, with the palace of an empire as extensive as the creation and as enduring as the sun, covering perhaps the very spot where stood his Cross and where yawned his Sepulchre! Connected, and mingling strongly with this, there was a child-like passion for Christ in a child-like nature. He learned, as we saw, in the early years of his ministry, to appreciate Christ as a person more than in his youth; and it seemed simply a corollary from this to long for His personal presence in power and in glory. The desire for Christ has been very strong in many Christians who do not believe in the Second Advent, but expect to meet Him at death. It was so with Samuel Rutherford and many of the Covenanters. Whether Anderson actually held the doctrine of *Hades* we are not sure, but we know that he inclined to it; and this perhaps led him to pant after seeing One on earth whom otherwise he was not likely to meet till the far-off and indefinite Judgment Day. There was in his temperament also a degree of impatience which probably served to intensify this desire. He fell on a time, too, when "Deep was calling unto deep;" the political convulsions of the Continent answering the muttered thunders and struggling agitations of poli-

tical and ecclesiastical feeling at home, like the voice of Etna replying to that of Vesuvius; and when, to answer the question, "What shall be the end of these things?" anxious inquirers were driven to open the Sybilline books of prophecy; when "young men were seeing visions and old men were dreaming dreams;" and when many expected that the Kingdom of God should immediately appear;—all this served to prepare an ardent and sanguine Christian for embracing a doctrine so exciting, and promising to hope such speedy and splendid prizes as the Pre-Millennial Advent.

But although thus prepared for adopting it, there were circumstances and influences without which probably he would not have adopted it so soon, or perhaps adopted it at all. Though Anderson was a man of gigantic proportions, it might truly be said that a little child could lead him. But there were grown men, and men of no ordinary power, who became his guides into a prophetic region where, sooth to say, guidance was needful, since precipices and mists, dangerous pinnacles of ascent, and fierce blasts abounded, as well as glimpses of ravishing prospect and gleams of celestial light. With such men as Coleridge he was not acquainted; not at all with him personally, and not much we believe with his writings; and it is a matter of regret that he was not, since the poet of the Ancient Mariner was in theology, and not less in prophecy, a "master in Israel," by whom Edward Irving, according to his own confession, profited vastly, and might have profited more, if he had not quarrelled with his

instructor (see Henry Crabbe Robinson's *Memoirs*), because he knew more than the pupil! But it was a far cry from John Street, Glasgow, to Highgate; Lainshaw, in Ayrshire, was much nearer, and to Lainshaw, and the laird thereof, William Anderson repaired, and sat at the feet of a man much inferior to himself, although a man of piety, of respectable powers, and on the subject of prophecy of very considerable attainments.

Cunningham, although connected with a good family in Ayrshire, had become a business man; had studied the elements of trade in Holland, and had gone out to India. He was a good scholar; knew Latin, Hebrew, and Persian; but had contracted somewhat loose religious views. In Calcutta, however, he met Bishop Middleton, and through his influence became a decided evangelical Christian. Returned to Lainshaw, he began to teach scholars in the neighbouring village of Stewarton, and to preach on Sundays in his father's town house. He underwent much opposition as might have been expected.

Cunningham was called, first, an Atheist, then a Deist, and then an Evangelical Arminian, which he actually was. Anderson had, in 1830, at the instance of a clerical friend of Cunningham, gone down to Stewarton and preached, where the Laird had an opportunity of hearing him. The sermon treated, in some of its particulars, upon the Millennium; and Cunningham, while professing to be greatly delighted with it, said to Anderson, "I object to one thing—you have given us a Millennium without a Christ." The result

was that Cunningham indoctrinated Anderson with his Millennial views, and set him on a course of earnest study of the Prophecies, which tended to confirm him in the belief. He became deeply interested in the conversion of the Jews, and their restoration to their own land. Cunningham had startled him with the thought that, peradventure, he might never see death; and although he thought this at first the raving of a maniac, he began to cherish it at last himself as the Blessed Hope of a Christian. Alas, Cunningham and Anderson are now both in their graves!

They separated ultimately, but Anderson missed Cunningham the less, as, to use the words of Burke, "Ere this orb had set, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant." A luminary how infinitely brighter than the other! This was Edward Irving. Anderson had known Edward Irving slightly when that extraordinary man was Chalmers' assistant. He had visited Anderson's school repeatedly. They had at one time lodged near each other, on the same stairhead we believe. Anderson was a great admirer of Irving's preaching when in Glasgow, although he seems then to have preferred that of Dr. Chalmers. He has spoken to us of Irving's genial private manner, of his stores of anecdote and conversational humour. But he was yet to experience the attractive power of his opinions, and to accept his prophetic leadership.

To call Edward Irving the Christian Don Quixote, can seem an insult to his shade only in the view of those who have not learned to appreciate the noble

soul, the disinterested benevolence, the genuine Christianity of heart and spirit which lay below the battered helmet, the melancholy visage, and the crazy environment of that chivalrous knight. Many others will regard it as the highest of compliments. What the Knight of La Mancha strove to do for the extinct spirit of Chivalry, Irving sought to effect for the lost genius of Christianity. To some, indeed, he seemed to seek his object by means as absurd as butchering sheep for men, or combating windmills for giants. But there was no denying the daring determination, the single-handed gallantry, and the simple-minded sincerity of the combatant. He threw himself into London as a brave soldier rushes against a battery which is bathing his footsteps in fire; seeing nothing but the one flag on the summit which he must seize or perish. But although Irving's success in London was, perhaps, the swiftest and the most signal in the annals of Christian oratory, he soon found that he was overmatched—one man against two millions, nay, one man against the world, the Devil, the flesh, and a corrupt Church to boot. He sought for coadjutors, but he found none quite equal to the situation, or fit to stand by his side. But might he not be aided from above? Might he not call for an ally from heaven to come down and help him? This thought came first to him probably in such night watches of his spirit as he has described so plaintively in his preface to "Ben Ezra," when listening on his pillow to those great surges of sin and misery which he heard raving and storming around in the Babylon where he dwelt, and which were only the advanced

waves of an ocean which was flooding the whole world, and had done so for thousands of years. Oh, were some mighty hand but to help him in "baling it out!" Were but the Saviour to take to Him his great power and to reign! Were but this hope of his, which he was told also to be the old hope of the Church, to be fulfilled! This set him with all the energy of his gigantic body and soul to search the prophetic Scriptures, and having found (or perhaps unconsciously inserted there) what he sought and wished, he proceeded to publish it in tones of musical thunder to the world. But, alas! the world would not listen to the charmer, or, if it did listen to him, it was more for his melody than for his message; and if it listened it did not believe, and, worst of all, the great expected Reserve Force was slow to come into the field. The Hercules so vehemently implored, urged, wept for, argued with, stormed at even to descend, would not. The issue, need we say, was tragic, though sublime. In the prime of life, Irving first withered like one of the trees described by the poet—

"Grey haired with anguish, like those blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,"

and then perished, leaving a wide but chequered fame; a thousand noble sermons preached, but no great truth discovered, or even half truth set in a clearer light; no deliverance wrought in the earth by him, and even that deliverance from heaven to which he had so often and so eloquently pointed, neither come nor apparently coming.

Yet the world will long cherish the memory of the

man—as when was true man ever forgotten? Mists may for a season hide or exaggerate his proportions; winds of abuse may blow him out of sight; he may be riddled with calumny or starved to death; his ashes may fly, no marble tells us whither; but sooner or later, he will be revealed in his proper dimensions; his contribution to the great stock of manly utterances accurately ascertained; his niche settled and railed in; his statue elevated, and set unalterably on its own base. Noble prospect to the true and the manly, and to him alone! The earth has never had yet so many real men in its high places as to afford to be able to drop even one of them from its list, and Irving too feels, wherever his pure soul has now its dwelling, that

“The great soul of the world is just.”

We have a letter from Edward Irving to Anderson, very characteristic, to lay before our readers. But ere we introduce it we have some preliminary remarks to make. We showed above that there was a certain affinity between Anderson’s mind and antecedents of thought and temperament, and the Millenarian doctrine. And so there was a certain affinity between Edward Irving and William Anderson themselves, which, had their lot been cast in our days of freer communication and franker intercourse between clergymen of different denominations, and living in distant places, would have led to intimacy and friendship, although probably, in their first meeting or two, they might, as Dr. Anderson used to phrase it, “have flown at each other’s throats” in eager dispute and manly disagreement. But they were essentially brothers—“two lions,

littered" in one age; although Irving was the older, the larger, and the more terrible of the two. In rich simplicity of quotation, in antique cast of phraseology, in long unmeasured sentences, in personal appeals, in sudden short bursts of eloquence, in a fearless and somewhat fierce spirit, blended with much gentleness, in the mixture of cajolery and real simplicity, in occasional wildness, and in sincere and burning enthusiasm, Anderson was a striking though smaller similitude of that "Shakspeare of the pulpit," that embodied flame of meteoric fire, who like the wondrous tent or temple of electric light to which we have already referred, hung, broadened, fluctuated, shivered, faded, went out in darkness, the pride, wonder, and terror of our ecclesiastical heavens. But Anderson, with something of Edward Irving's wild grandeur and strong vehemence, had more of the plain, the direct, and the practical.

And yet although Anderson admired Irving to enthusiasm, and followed him in his Millenarianism, he was by no means in other matters his slavish disciple. We find him, for instance, in his first Millenarian pamphlet, speaking of Mr. Irving's errors (in reference to Christ's humanity mainly), "over which I weep when I reflect how much I am indebted to him, over which I weep bitterly when I see how they take effect in prejudicing the Church against the true doctrine of the kingdom." This first pamphlet, entitled, "An Apology for Millenarian Doctrine," appeared in April, 1830; but previously to this he had given a course of evening lectures on the subject to very large and promiscuous audiences, including his own "well-beloved

flock," whom he thanks, because at the commencement of the study of this subject they had endured him with such patience. It was often necessary to go an hour and a half before the service began to have the least chance of getting in on these evenings. This tractate (which was followed by a second part the next year) contains the substance of these lectures. In the first part he sets himself to remove certain pre-possessions against the Millennial view; and in the second, after stating some pre-requisites for the study, he proceeds to show the source, nature, and degree of the evidence, and to speak of the overthrow of the anti-Christian kingdoms, and of the elevation of the Church to universal and perpetual external power. Anderson sent the first part of the pamphlet to Irving, and his reply is as follows, and speaks for itself:—

"LONDON, 13 JUDD PLACE EAST, 1st June, 1830.

"MY DEAR AND Rev. SIR,—I wish you God-speed, and shall remember you in my prayers, that you may be strengthened to be a faithful witness of, and a diligent looker for, the coming of our Great God and Saviour.

"I have read your pamphlet (the exordium, I trust, of a greater work) with much satisfaction, and admire the dexterity and success with which you have justified the truth. Such a method of offence and defence is more necessary in the warlike region of Scotland, which has lived two thousand years in the face of all foes, spiritual and temporal. I am accustomed to say that a Scotchman's hand is twice as near his weapon

as another man's. They used to say in the middle ages, 'Nemo Scotus sine pipere in naso,' and now it is a proverb on the Continent, 'Fier comme Ecossois;' and the 'Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum' is well known. I forget how Galileo characterises them, but it is nearly to the same effect, with a noble tribute to their patience and steadfastness. My notion is that in the commonwealth of nations the Scotch have been set to show forth the indomitableness of man under all outward assaults and oppressions from without; the adamantine resistance—the asbestos unconsumableness. This causes that they require to be so much addressed in the way of warfare and controversy, and has given to your essay more of that character than I am now accustomed to, living in this land of combination and long-looking policy. I would advise you in the future parts of your work to labour more in the way of edification, and to keep the doctrine which you build up in continual contact with the moral or spiritual man, which is the end of all divine teaching. You will permit this to one of whom you speak so kindly as having been your spiritual benefactor.

"I do not wonder nor much blame, considering the state of dormancy which the Church hath been in concerning our Lord's human nature, and the awful reports circulated of my doctrine, that there should be so much suspicion of me; and I am quite willing to abide another seven years' ordeal, if it shall aid in showing that truth to the Church, as the truth of the Second Advent now begins to appear. My doctrine

is that our Lord's flesh was holy as his soul, and both holy as God, without which atonement, and reconciliation, and redemption are words without a meaning. I hold that it was so from first to last, and as much so at first as at the last. I hold that all the while it was a creature substance, mortal and corruptible, the same as his mother's, and, as all men's, 'part with the brethren of flesh and blood,' and liable to all our temptations; having the two conditions of the Fall—(1) Mortality and corruptibility; (2) Knowledge of evil as well as of good. Yet being so, I hold, further, that the incarnate Godhead, operating according to the personalities thereof—the Father as absolute God; the Son as God become man; Messiah seed of the woman; the Spirit as the gift of the Father to the believing God-man, who useth Him in the form of a human will—did even bring perfect holiness out of this mortal and corruptible flesh and blood. And so men know as surely that by union with Christ, by partaking of his flesh and blood, by indwelling and inworking of Incarnate Godhead, they can bring forth holiness, or holiness can be brought forth from them in every member, as that, by our connection with Adam, unholiness is brought forth. This is the basis of sanctification—there is no other; this is the basis of religion in a fallen world—there is no other. Man's will is exhibited in itself against God, and drawing all the world with it; to redeem man by man is done by God's Son going into bounds of that will, and keeping therein, bringing man's being and all its dependencies back again to God, 'doing the will of

God in a body,' and offering that body on the Cross. Concerning the offering of that body I do not speak at present, but only concerning the certainty and the economy of its holiness. It was holy by no physical change from this mortal we are of, but by the perfection of that divine spiritual work which is able to recover God's creature to God's service again without adding one tittle to its original constitution, which would be to give up the controversy, and to acknowledge that sin and Satan had succeeded in proving the insufficiency of God's handiwork. This is the one truth of Christianity—is the baptismal truth—that before death and resurrection in this very mortal and corruptible body, the law and acting of sin can be laid entirely unto death (it was so in Christ), the law and acting of holiness can be entirely and perfectly brought to life (it was so in Christ), and good works brought out of the mortal creature. Whether this be not the doctrine of Paul, I refer you to Rom. v., vi., vii., viii., as the same is summed up in xii. 1, 2.

"Farewell. May God exceedingly prosper you, and open your heart to the knowledge and love of all truth. I ask your prayers in the midst of my trials. Farewell, again.—Your faithful friend and brother,

"EDWARD IRVING.

"P.S.—For other matters, I refer them till we meet. If you can, do come to Albany, and be entertained by me as you pass through London. "E. I."

In the Second Part of his "Apology," Anderson

quoted that portion of Irving's letter in which he explains his view of Christ's human nature, reserving his views of that subject for another opportunity.

In the preface to the Second Part we find the following characteristic sentence:—"The conditions on which the author pledges himself to proceed with the publication of more of these lectures are nearly the same as formerly—the continuation to him of means, health, and reason, and the suspension of threatened judgments on the world, or a longer delay of the advent of the Lord to transform his saints who may remain alive unto his coming, 'for we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.'"

Nevertheless, no others were added to the series, although in 1834 he published a pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to the Author of Millenarianism Indefensible," which is valuable as containing a very complete account of the literature of the controversy.

William Anderson was at various times blamed or praised, according to the pre-possession of the parties, for having abandoned his Millennial views. This, however, he never did, although he preached the doctrine less frequently. His hopelessness, however, as to the efficacy of ordinary means of converting the world rather strengthened in later years, and his conceptions of the dark moral misery of the human race by no means brightened. Shortly before his death, he said that he did not expect to lie long in the grave; so what he was so fond of calling the "Blessed Hope," may be said to be still casting its serene radiance, like sculptured sunshine, upon his sepulchre!

CHAPTER VII.

HIS CONNECTION WITH THE VOLUNTARY MOVEMENT.

THE Millenarian excitement had now lasted for four years, and was beginning rather to subside. Some extravagancies of Edward Irving, his peculiar views (much misunderstood, no doubt) about the humanity of Christ; and the strange tongues of fire with which the Row heresy, in caricature of Pentecost, had crowned itself, while increasing the wonder had lessened the public confidence in the movement. The Reform Bill agitation, meanwhile, had begun; shaken the nation to its centre, gained its object, and died away, leaving as a legacy the "question of questions," as it was then called, and may yet be called again.

The Dissenting mind, both in England and Scotland, had for a considerable time undergone a process of education on this topic, in which the public had partially, but only partially, shared. In England, Robert Hall and Thomas Paine (a singular conjunction of names) had, from different points of view, attacked Church Establishments with consummate power and eloquence; and in Newcastle an able minister of the Secession Church, Mr. Graham, had followed up the onset in an elaborate treatise. More lately, the disruption between

the Old Light Antiburghers, headed by Dr. M'Crie, and their more liberal brethren, had stirred the question of the magistrate's power in religious matters among Scottish Dissenters; and not many years after came Mr. Ballantine's (of Stonehaven) philosophical treatise on the subject; Dr. Thomson's (of Coldstream) "Comparative View of English and Scottish Dissenters;" and Andrew Marshall's (of Kirkintilloch) famous sermon preached in Greyfriars' Church, Glasgow, on the text, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

The history of this sermon is curious. The author of it, although known by his friends and his section of the church to be a learned and talented man, had then little popularity and no fame; the discourse itself was in no way a very remarkable one—clear and sensible, no doubt, but neither profound, nor comprehensive, nor eloquent. And yet its effect was extraordinary. It found, in fact, the public mind, by this time considerably excited on the theme, ready for ignition, and the slightest spark was able to set it on fire. Replies and re-replies came thick; the votaries of Church Establishments got alarmed. A cry arose, "Dr. Andrew Thomson to the front of the battle." He was then the champion of the polemical ring in Scotland, and had left terrible traces of his prowess on the Apocryphists in both countries and on the supporters of Patronage; nor had even Dr. Chalmers come off quite scatheless from his sweeping blows. Achilles, however, at the time was lazy or disinclined, or otherwise engaged, and sent Patroclus

instead, in the form of the late Rev. George Lewis, who eventually went to minister in Italy. As a controversialist, he was speedily slain by the Hector of Kirkintilloch, but although the "brains were out," "the man" refused "to die," and came forth to the charge again, weaker and more ghostlike than before. Andrew Thomson the while hung cloudily in the outskirts of the arena, refusing to accept the challenges that rung around his ears; and just about the time when his friends and enemies, too, expected that he could no longer keep silence, but must gird on his dreadful panoply of sarcasm and wit, of strong argument and ferocious abuse, and come forth, he was struck dead at his own door—to the universal regret of Scotland. The controversy continued and threatened to swell into a formidable agitation, when the Reform Bill engulfed it for a year in its deeper wave. But no sooner was that question settled, than toward the close of 1832 the Voluntary movement recommenced in a more systematic shape, and aspired now to an organized propagandism.

Ere Voluntary societies could be formed, popular meetings must be held, and they were so, first of all in Edinburgh and Glasgow. We happened at that time to be in Edinburgh pursuing our student career, and were present at the first Voluntary meeting in Broughton Street Chapel. It was a stirring and successful gathering. Dr. Ritchie, then in the prime of his powerful manhood and of his platform popularity, already grey-haired but erect as a palm tree, strong as a lion, with his finely-developed chest and limbs, his towering forehead, and

his grey glancing eye, with its unspeakable twinkle of humour and sagacity, led off in a very happy and characteristic speech. Dr. John Brown followed. He was then, too, in the fulness of his powers of body and mind, with smooth unwrinkled brow, with white hair surrounding it like a half circle of glory, fine oval face, through which gleamed his dark, mildly lambent eyes, and with those strong deep crashing tones of voice which rendered so well the vigorous sense and massive eloquence of his oration. David King was the young Hannibal of the occasion, and delivered one of his clear, sensible, judicial speeches, which, coming from a youth, created astonishment, less in themselves than from the premature manhood of thought and language they discovered. Altogether, the meeting was a great triumph, and felt to be so both by friends and foes.

In Glasgow, meanwhile, they were not idle. There, too, a meeting was held a short time after, which passed off successfully, although not, perhaps, quite so well as that in Edinburgh. More, perhaps too much, was expected from Glasgow, then, as now, the metropolis of practical Voluntaryism; while in Edinburgh, then, as now, reigned Evangelicalism of the Church (now of the Free Church) of Scotland type, with Chalmers in its Theological Chair, and Gordon, Bruce, Gray, and others, filling its most popular pulpits. The Glasgow meeting took place on the 12th November, 1832. The venerable Dr. Dick began the proceedings with a brief decisive speech, after his usual manner; Dr. Heugh, with characteristic suavity and tact, blended with energy and boldness, moved the first resolution, which was

seconded by Greville Ewing. The second resolution was moved by the Rev. Alexander Harvey, Calton, who afterwards gained laurels on the same subject in his debate with MacGill Crichton of Fife, counted the "Admirable Crichton" and the indomitable champion of endowments, till floored by Harvey, who was a man of vast volubility of speech and readiness of retort. The third resolution was moved by Dr. Baird of Paisley, an accomplished man, and seconded by the solid and sensible Dr. Stark of Dennyloanhead. The fourth resolution was moved by Dr. Beattie, and was to have been seconded by William Anderson. And then came Andrew Marshall, as the trump card of the meeting, with the fifth and final resolution.

The speeches on the whole, though sensible and moderate in tone, are rather heavy, and would produce little effect in our critical day. Anderson was detained by indisposition from being present, but his speech was printed with the rest. It is perhaps the raciest of the whole. The conclusion we shall give, not only for itself, but because one sentence in it points to a pamphlet which had appeared previously from Anderson's pen. Speaking of the duty of forbearance to those who held opposite opinions, he says,—"I appeal to this meeting as to the extent of this forbearance. Is it that we forbear from exposing to public view the nakedness of their system, or from plying their understandings with the sharpest and weightiest arguments which we can employ; or plying their sense of honour with appeals founded on what we regard as meanness in their system; or ply-

ing their consciences with burning remonstrances, founded on what we regard its unscriptural constitution. No, sir; such forbearance as this would be a sacrificing of the cause of truth, and an unbrotherly act of unfaithfulness. We shall smite them with all our strength of reasoning, till we make them cry for mercy—a cry to which we shall answer only by smiting them more heavily, till they cast away their crutches, for they are only pretending lameness; we know that they can stand and walk vigorously, too, without their aid.”

In the month of October, that same year, Anderson had published a little brochure, entitled, “The Lame Restored,” a plain spoken and effective production, which soon ran to a second edition, and of which, in 1835, he printed a third and much enlarged one. It is improved as well as enlarged, and contains some very Andersonian hits. He says, for instance, “I delight in particularity—it *punctures* and *lets out* the wind of inflated theories.” And here is his amusing picture of a probable female sovereign of the Church:—“How highly honoured their Assembly will that day be. How rapturously they will hail the entrance of their royal *nursing mother!* How sweet the music in their ears in the rustling of her petticoat as she ascends the throne! What torrents of denunciation they will pour upon the memory of Knox, who in 1st Tim. ii. and 12th,* blew such a profane blast against the ‘monstrous regiment of women.’ Knox

* “But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.”

was a fool. The apostle only commands that a woman speak not in the *kirk* in the way of *preaching*, but by no means and nowhere forbids that she speak in Church Courts in the way of ruling: speak thy will, most gracious Madam; thy authority is most lawful. In the administration of Queen Anne, of memory so pious, we have heretofore had experience of the qualifications of thy lovely sex for the nursing of the Church!"

To the literature of the Voluntary controversy Anderson afterwards contributed two other pamphlets. It was determined in the year 1835 to have two series of lectures; the one in Glasgow, and the other in Edinburgh. Anderson gave the first of these in his own chapel, John Street, on the 27th of February. It was entitled, "The Opening of the Case." It is here and there a little rough and personal in its language, but has much racy force, and, especially in rebutting the presumed complicity of Voluntaryism with Infidelity and Atheism, is masterly and unanswerable. There is a wealth of homely illustration and local allusion in it, which must have told powerfully on the audience.

In the Edinburgh course he delivered the seventh lecture, "On the Sufficiency of the Voluntary Principle for the Dissemination of the Gospel." He commences with some striking preliminary remarks on the theological qualifications of members of the Civil Legislature:—"There is a native strength in the arms of a freewill Christianity, which, even when the combat on our side is maintained by an untutored rustic, is sufficient for breaking down with scorn the artificial pugilism of the

most practised compulsory. Give me the most stolid Dissenter, and I will furnish him with one brief sentence, armed with which he may foil any of our adversaries. It is this: 'Will you, sir, presume to maintain that Mr. O'Connell, whom Dr. Chalmers and the late Dr. Thomson so generously assisted, with their eloquence and influence, to his seat in our Legislature in the agitation on the Catholic claims—will you presume to maintain that this same Mr. O'Connell has received a commission from Christ for furnishing, with money exacted from an infidel, the bread and wine of a Presbyterian's Sacrament? I am not,' says our peasant, 'so learned as to be able to understand your criticisms on the Hebrew and Greek originals, nor have I philosophy to comprehend the arguments of the judicious Hooker, but I have some Christian feeling which revolts at profanity, and some common sense which revolts at absurdity; answer me my plain question, and make no evasions—Has Mr. O'Connell received the Divine commission? If you say, Yes; I will then appeal to my countrymen, and my countrymen will know how to overwhelm you with their scorn: I will say to them, Behold one who boasts that he is a legitimate descendant of the Covenanters maintaining that the Lord hath ordained he should be dependent on a Papist's legislation for forcing an infidel charitably to furnish him with the means of commemorating the death of the Redeemer! Or should you prefer answering, No; and begin to argue that the Legislature should be cleansed of all Popery, and of all Prelacy to boot, and constructed of sound and pure Presbyterianism, as was decreed by our

fathers before us, then will I say, Let your establishment of the Church by the State lie in abeyance till then; first try your hand at clearing and remodelling the Legislature by the Presbyterian rule; act the honourable and consistent part of the biographer of Knox, who will not degrade himself by becoming the pensionary of the Government till it have repented of its errors and backslidings, and the King, Lords, and Commons have solemnly ratified the Covenant. Answer me, then, my plain question, yes or no—Has Mr. O'Connell received the commission?"

From this strain of stinging scorn and withering sarcasm he rises into lofty eloquence, a flight in which we shall not at present follow him. Toward the close of the lecture, having quoted a passage from Dr. Chalmers, he says—"There is here an exhibition of self-contradiction for which it would be difficult to find a parallel, except in the writings of the eloquent but fanciful author himself." Chalmers might almost have exclaimed, "*Et tu, Brute!*" For, let it be remembered, that if Anderson had given him filial homage, he had reciprocated paternal encouragement and praise. On one occasion in Glasgow, when somebody was mocking at Anderson, Chalmers said with indignant emphasis—"Sir, you talk in ignorance; I know something of him; he is the most modest of youths I know, with large promise; I wish he were of our Church; and I am mistaken if he does not turn out a formidable power." And so he now had—on the side opposite to the Doctor! Yet as Anderson never ceased to respect and reverence his old idol, so

let us trust that Chalmers, in his large-heartedness, never lost his original good opinion of his protégé, and never regretted the prophecy he made concerning him, although it was not fulfilled exactly in the way he expected or desired.

On went fast and fiery the wheels of the agitation ; but by and bye they became entangled with the Endowment movement and with the Non-Intrusion controversy ; and their sound and rush died slowly away, as the Free Church, having rent the Establishment in twain, rose itself to be a Fourth Estate in the land. It was a controversy conducted on both sides with great ability, and with still greater heat and animus, although of judicial and philosophic handling there was little, unless in the work of Coventry Dick, which was admitted to be a masterpiece, even by the opponents of its theory. Much bad feeling was produced, and many bonds of friendship—both among clericals and laity—were snapped asunder in the course of it, never to be again reknit. But it quickened the religious life of Scotland ;—it enlarged theological views ; it precipitated a disruption which had long been inevitable ; it thoroughly ventilated the questions as to the relation of the Church to the State ; and it has been a distinct and high step on the way to that Church of the future, which shall come, will come, and will not tarry ; and which shall be a Church without spot or wrinkle ;—the spots of worldly contamination, and the wrinkles of antiquated and narrow opinions.

All honour to these powerful champions on both

sides of the question—to Chalmers' venerable shade ; to Gordon, with his rugged honesty and vigorous sense ; to John Bruce, with his quaint but real genius ; to the mild Gray, and the manly Cunningham ; to the sturdy sons of Themis, who mingled more or less in the contest, Moncreiff and Dunlop ; to the cold but marvellously acute Moderates, Cook, Inglis, and the two Lees ; and to the then young hopefuls of the Church party, now in their age, bitterly opposed to one another—Drs. Candlish and Begg ; and on the other side to Dr. Wardlaw, *facile Princeps*, at the time, of Scottish divines ; to Dick, with the large *Siccum lumen* of his theology, and the consummate clearness of his style ; to the versatile Heugh, and the sturdy Marshall of Kirkintilloch ; to Drs. Brown, Alexander, Ritchie, King, and Eadie ; and last, not least, to William Anderson, one of the most earnest, most powerful, and most eloquent of all who drew the sword and flung away the scabbard, in what they thought, and thought rightly, the cause of freedom, justice, fair play, and truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

PASTORAL, PUBLIC, AND POLITICAL LABOURS.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, though an admirable visitor of the sick, was not famous for pastoral visitation. We remember a story illustrative of this, which, unlike many floating anecdotes of the kind, we know to be substantially true. Some person called, complaining that he had been eighteen years a member of his congregation and had never been visited by his minister. "You should be very thankful," replied Anderson. "How that, sir; thankful for your neglecting your duty, sir?" rejoined B. "Sir, I never visit any but those into whose houses God has entered by affliction. It seems you have been eighteen years without affliction in your family; few are so highly privileged. I trust other eighteen years may elapse ere I be in your house, sir. Good morning, Mr. B."

We have met those who have taken Mr. B.'s part in this colloquy, and held that Dr. Anderson was too peremptory and contemptuous in his treatment of him, as well as wrong in omitting the ministerial duty of pastoral visitation. A great deal, however, depends on circumstances and on the habits of ministers, and on the expectations and employments of congregations. Pastoral visitation in many places is now simply a

thing impossible, although it is still pursued with considerable energy and effect in others. In these busy times members are seldom at home, in cities at least, in the mornings, and the visitation becomes, therefore, a partial one, to the family, while the head of the house is, like Hamlet in the play, omitted by special desire. In the evenings the minister, when he is not occupied in public meetings, classes, &c., ought to be in his study, and usually the members are too much occupied with their own amusements or their own repose to desire his company. People that want to see a minister may easily find some other opportunity of doing so, and some ministers, we believe, fix evenings for that purpose in their own houses. But, especially in an age like this, no general rule can be fixed. In fact, the pastoral tie itself is far from being so strong as it once was in Scotland, and ministers are rapidly becoming better or worse paid "servants of all work," including sometimes and sometimes not that of visitation. To discuss the causes and to speculate on the consequences of this state of things would take up too much time, and would be foreign to our purpose.

Anderson, from the beginning of his ministerial career, had determined to continue a student and to become a public man; and to combine these characters along with that of a regular visiter from house to house he found impossible for him—it is found to be very difficult for any man. Besides, he was not a *visiting man*. He had little turn for gossip or small talk, and latterly his deafness was a difficulty in his way. But he was at home in the sick chamber. Even where

typhus was raving or cholera writhing he was to be found, fearless as at his own fireside. He had a firm nerve, a strong faith, a high sense of duty, and almost a contempt for danger when met in duty's path. His prayers by the bedside of affliction, as indeed everywhere, were distinguished by unction, originality, pathos, and an instinctive adaptation to the peculiarities of each case; and even when Azraël, the Angel of Death, stood on one side of the bed, the patient feared none evil when on the other there appeared this grave, simple, sincere, kindly, earnest minister of Christ, pouring out his heart to God for his departing spirit.

Of Anderson's attention to the young we have spoken before. Socially, too, he was always ready, and delighted to mingle with those of his people who used hospitality; and then and there, as well as with his brethren in the ministry, came out those rich stores of anecdote, those racy reminiscences of his past life, those traits of human character he had noticed and cherished in his memory; that unostentatious piety, that honest, sometimes stern advice and rebuke, that child-like enthusiasm, and that *pawky* humour, which gave to his conversation such a charm and power. Some charged him with dwelling too much upon the dark side of human nature; but to counterbalance this, we must remember that no one was more easily deceived by the semblance of goodness, or was more charitable to offenders than he. But of these aspects of his private life we shall have occasion to speak afterwards, when we come to "Anderson at Home."

In public, besides the advocacy in the pulpit of ideas and causes dear to his imagination and heart, he became soon a power, and by and bye the power on the Glasgow platform generally, and specially in the City Hall after it was built. When we come to speak of his Jubilee services, we shall quote the apostrophe to that City Hall as the scene of his triumphs ; which at an earlier date would have been in bad taste, but which uttered by a man retired from public life, and standing on the brink of the grave, was as graceful as it was eloquent. To name all the public causes in which Anderson was more or less engaged, would be a difficult task, and the selection might be an invidious one. Yet we must point to a few in which he was more particularly interested, or in advocating which he laid about him with more than ordinary energy.

When the Irish Education question was agitating the country, a great meeting was called in the Assembly Rooms, when a motion in behalf of the plan of Lord Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), was moved by Sir Daniel K. Sandford, and seconded by Dr. Anderson. Both spoke with great power. Sir Daniel Sandford's speech was so successful that it led to the desire in the mind of the public, as well as in his own, that he should be in Parliament. The effect of their joint efforts was to carry the liberal measure with acclamation. Sir D. K. Sandford then, and at other times, expressed his high opinion of Anderson's eloquence and liberality of sentiment.

When the cause of Temperance was first broached

in Glasgow, under the auspices of Mr. John Dunlop, Mr. William Collins, Mr. Robert Kettle, and other estimable persons, Anderson became its ardent, practical, and active adherent. He spoke and lectured in its behalf, not only in Glasgow, but all round the West Country; until indeed, he said, that from over-exertion, "Collins and his cause had nearly killed him." He never, however, we think, became a member of the Total Abstinence Society, although he highly approved of its main end, the suppression of intemperance, and was very intimate with some of its principal supporters.

With the Reforming movement in the Methodist body he was strongly sympathetic. James Everett—that noble old man, who, after a life of eighty years and upwards, during the greater part of which he was engaged in the most varied, efficient, and incessant ministerial, literary, and public labours, recently fell asleep (we knew him well, and in our annual visits to Sunderland we miss now with sorrow that white head, that long, sagacious face, that stooping form, from our audience), was, when he came down to Glasgow to advocate the new Church he had formed, admitted to John Street pulpit, honoured with Anderson's warm esteem and regard, and often expressed to us his reciprocal admiration and love for our friend. "O, he was a fine fellow," Mr. Everett's usual formula of panegyric, and by which he used to designate even such friends as Robert Southey, Ebenezer Elliott, Watson, and Hall, was profusely applied to Anderson. We may mention here that Dr. Anderson had all along a favour

for the Methodist body. He was the first to open his pulpit to their preachers; and to this fact he referred when, upwards of fifty years after, he preached—it was amongst his last public services—at the opening of one of their chapels in Glasgow.

To the Abolition of negro slavery, he was a warm and an early friend. It was, by the way, when he was addressing an Abolition meeting in Glasgow (in, we think, the Trades' Hall) that we first had the privilege of hearing William Anderson speak. This was in the winter of 1836. We had seen him once before in 1830. Dropping, on a fast-day afternoon, in company with the long lost friend of our student days, George Beveridge, of Stewarton (a remarkable youth of vast lore of every kind, and great logical acuteness, who died at the early age of twenty-five, having given uncommon promise), into John Street Church, we heard a sermon from a country minister upon the text, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not, with him, also freely give us all things?" According to the usual custom, Anderson, as the minister of the church, went up to make some intimations, and to pray. We have a faint recollection of his appearance, as a dark-haired youngish man, imperfectly seen in the dim light of the spring afternoon; but remember the prayer as very striking, particularly one sentence of it: "Hast thou given us thine own Son, and *wilt thou not give us bread?*" "That's a remarkable man," thought we, and said to our friend; we had previously only heard of him as "Daft Willie Anderson."

This evening, in 1836, he preceded George Thompson, the eminent anti-slavery lecturer. It was a crowded tea meeting, and after tea Anderson was, we think, the first speaker. There was a considerable impatience to hear Thompson, who had newly returned from America. Anderson knew this well, and consequently his speech consisted chiefly of a panegyric on the coming lion of the evening. It contained an estimate, although very eloquent, somewhat overdone; but we remember the pleasure with which we listened to the manly sense, the cutting satire, the exhaustive, though exaggerated criticism, and the strong, loud, unmitigated tones of his voice. Dr. King followed in a neat, clear, and very effective speech; and then Thompson delivered a most eloquent account of his American experiences, when, for the first time, we heard of William Lloyd Garrison, and other early heroes of abolition.

When the American war began, and when a division took place in the ranks of the Abolitionists, some of them, including Lord Brougham, transferring their sympathies from the enslaved blacks to the insurgent whites, who seemed to them fighting as much for national independence as for slavery, Anderson sided with the North, and was, perhaps, in Scotland its most enthusiastic partisan.

The following note is from the Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey, Glasgow, dated February 18, 1873:—

“From the year 1844, until the time that God in his providence settled the question of American slavery by the sword, there was scarcely a single meeting in Glasgow in regard to anti-slavery at which Dr.

Anderson was not present, and at which he and I did not speak. On account of circumstances connected with 'Woman's Rights,' &c., he and I were left almost the only ministerial members of the Emancipation Committee. I cannot think of him without the remembrance that he was the only minister with whom I found myself on the Emancipation platform for many long years, and on whom Mr. Wm. Smeal, its trusted secretary, could ever depend. His last anti-slavery appearance was on the occasion of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison being in Glasgow, when I had the honour to occupy the chair, and he presented the address. I have been more frequently on the platform with him than with any other minister. In regard to all the public questions of the day I found myself most generally beside him. Nothing could gag his mouth on any question when there was need for an outspoken statement of his principles. I cannot forget the encouraging laudations he gave me as a speaker when a younger man, and how much I appreciated what I reckoned the generosity of his utterances. His hearty praise of what I said on the 'Ecclesiastical Titles Bill' in a speech in the City Hall, 'On Hungarian Liberty,' and on 'The Mixing of the Meal,' was something which I truly valued, for I knew it to be no matter of mere lip service, though it might be the expression less of the judgment than of the heart. Let me say there is not one who has passed away from us to rest whose loss I more deeply mourn."

Mr. William Smeal, the unwearied and valuable Secretary of the Glasgow Anti-Slavery Society, in a

note of February 24th, 1873, after referring to Dr. Anderson forming one of an Emancipation deputation to London, in November 1837, says, "From the period of his coming to Glasgow, Dr. Wm. Anderson continued to the termination of his life, to be one of the most ardent, zealous, and uncompromising friends of the slave, whether in our own colonies or in any other quarter of the globe. I have omitted to notice the last occasion of Wm. Lloyd Garrison's visit to our city, when he was entertained to a public breakfast in the Merchants' Hall, in the summer of 1867. Dr. A. prepared the address to Garrison, and presented it after the breakfast. Truly the scene was a most touching one during the reading of the address; and when, amid the cheers of the company, Dr. A. poured out his benedictions on the head of the honoured and venerated champion of Slave Abolition in the United States."

No one in Britain sympathised more than Anderson with "the cause of freedom all over the world," as the old Whig toast had it. There was a throb in his heart, a bright glance in his eye, and an eloquent word on his tongue, for every struggling nationality; from Greece and South America, in the days of his youth, to Poland in his middle life, and to Hungary and Italy in his declining years. His house, too, and his purse were open to exiled and battered patriots from every land; and when some of them deceived him, he took the spoiling of his goods, if not joyfully, yet patiently, while mourning much for the disappointment of his hopes in those who abused his generosity. And never was he more powerful, never did the black eye

get more terribly luminous, or the screeching voice scream with a weirder power, or the eloquence and the sarcasm, and the ire break out into more "torrent-rapture," than when in the City Hall, or in his own pulpit, he was thundering against Nicholas, or praising Mazzini or Garibaldi, or backing Kossuth; or, above all, denouncing Louis Napoleon, for whom he had a certain special fancy—in truth, he was the very darling of his contempt and indignation! How the death of the ex-Emperor might have affected Anderson's feelings towards him we cannot, of course, say; but he was not the man to allow conventional customs to alter rooted convictions, and if he uncovered his head as "he saw the wicked buried," it was for a moment, and more in a spirit of general respect and pity to Man *in extremis* than to the particular man sharing in the universal doom. *Nil de mortuis nisi verum* was his masculine motto.

We were fortunate enough to hear Anderson in what was, perhaps, his loftiest mood on this his favourite subject, and in his favourite spot,

"The haunt and the main region of his speech,"

in the City Hall of Glasgow, when Kossuth was there in 1854. The meeting was in the afternoon, and was a very crowded one, as afternoon audiences usually are by the *élite* of Glasgow *men*; there were few if any ladies. Whether it was that Anderson was inspired by the subject, or by the audience, or by the fact that he had Kossuth behind him, at all events he rose at once into the whirlwind of his eloquence; and although there were opposing elements in the

meeting—some doubtful about the cause of Hungary, others prejudiced against the great Magyar himself, and not a few who thought Anderson's estimate of him rather high—yet it was not long till he melted them all down into one through the exceeding power and thorough sincerity of his oration. Then we saw the phenomenon of four thousand men moved as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind; and it was not mere brushwood either, but strong, stately, somewhat reluctant oaks, over whom he was wielding a master power, and from whom he was eliciting a rough and noble music.

Even Kossuth, when he rose afterwards, at first seemed tame in comparison with the "inspired Willie." But he soon attained his own power and took his own place, and as he spoke we occupied ourselves internally in comparing with a critical eye the two speeches as representatives of different classes of oratory—Anderson being the man of nature and impulse, Kossuth one in whom nature and impulse had been subdued and strengthened by culture, calmed and toned down into that very high kind of speaking which, although best suited for the refined, tells more or less upon all classes and intellects and ages of men, and alike in the open air and in the Senate. Anderson had the gold within, but he lacked the "golden mouth" without. This Kossuth possessed in higher measure than any orator we have ever heard, unless Daniel O'Connell, whom he excelled, indeed, in philosophical thought and in taste, perhaps also in Burkean wealth of fancy, but who surpassed Kossuth

again in that wonderful humour and ease of transition from one mood of feeling to another, and in strong, sinewy, simple conversational style. Had Anderson and Kossuth addressed an assembly of old Covenanters, or of American Indians, Anderson would probably have been the favourite. With an Edinburgh audience, or with a fastidious audience anywhere, Kossuth would have had it all his own way. In Glasgow, the suffrages were about equally divided. But all agreed that it was an oratorical treat of uncommon excellence, and the more so from the variety of the materials.

In the evening of the same day, and in the same place, Kossuth spoke again with still more effect; and the public were delighted with a speech, besides, from the late Professor J. P. Nichol, LL.D., who was in the chair, of a very dignified and thoughtful character—perhaps going deeper into the philosophy of the subject than any of the others, and delivered in soft, tremulous, and thrilling tones.

Five years afterwards, having the afternoon of a Sabbath day to spare in Glasgow, we went along with a friend to hear Dr. Anderson. He commenced the services by giving out a psalm, but before reading it, proceeded to utter, as a sort of preface, a most extraordinary address. It was of a political kind, and might have suited a hustings better than a pulpit. A pulpit however, by the bye, it was not, for the congregation were then worshipping in the City Hall, while their new church was being built. It was altogether a most racy political oration in Anderson's boldest

and most characteristic style, although the time and the occasion gave it a somewhat *outré* aspect. This, however, was not felt by the people. Immediately after, Anderson calmly read the psalm, and after a brief prayer, proceeded next to take out his MS., and to read a good plain evangelical sermon on the text, "The Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." Our object is truth, and therefore we record this little trait of Anderson; and at the same time, must give the *caveat* that such outcomes of political feeling, though they occurred sometimes, were not the rule but the exception; he was, in general, as useful and practical a preacher as was to be found in Glasgow.

Had Garibaldi made his intended visit to Scotland, we may easily conceive the rapture with which Anderson, then (1864) in the full possession of his powers of body and mind, would have welcomed the

"Bravest, truest of all modern men,"

as he certainly thought him, and the torrent of eloquence which would have awakened the echoes of the City Hall, as he saluted the conqueror of Sicily and Naples. Toward Mazzini, too, Anderson entertained feelings of very warm admiration and respect, and that these were reciprocated by the patriot, we know from a note dated June 15, 1859, in which, in the view of a great meeting to be held in the City Hall, we find Mazzini writing Anderson thus,—

"DEAR SIR,—Allow me, on the eve of a meeting in

which you are going to propose a resolution concerning the Italian question, to thank you, with deep feeling, for your devotion to and defence of Italian liberty, both in your pulpit and on the platform. You are a noble man, fighting resolutely for a noble cause, and your name will remain dear to me through (failure) or temporary defeat. I have just now written the chairman of the City Hall meeting what my views are about the actual question, and the direction which the agitation ought in my opinion to take, and hope he will communicate to you these few ideas.—Believe me, dear Sir, ever gratefully yours,

“JOSEPH MAZZINI.”

We know not how far Anderson's sympathy with Mazzini, in his peculiar path of politics, extended; perhaps he thought that he went too far, and pursued the right not only at the expense of the expedient, but often by the sacrifice of the right itself—justifying equivocal means by an undeniable end; but he admired, in common with all who really knew that wonderful man, his concentrated persevering purpose, pure as that of a seraph, persistent as that of a bloodhound (the propagandism, as Mazzini well phrased it to us, of every moment); his union of the disinterestedness of a Howard, with almost the subtlety of a Machiavelli; his lofty conceptions of man; his contempt for all that was low, and mean, and selfish; his patriotic yearning over his country as she was, and his grand dream of her as she would yet be, as well as his great intellectual and imaginative qualities. We

cannot tell if he ever met with Mazzini in private, or saw how these qualities were incarnated in his dark fathomless eyes—

“Orb within orb deeper than sleep or death”—

in his brow, a great placid mass of white marble, as if cut out from some noble statue, and his slight spirit-like form, the whole reminding you of Dryden's lines—

“A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.”

Anderson was sometimes charged with narrowness of view. This arose from the intensity with which he held, and the boldness with which he avowed his religious and political convictions. But that he was a broad-minded man withal, was proved by nothing more than his connection and sympathy with these Italian patriots. He knew very well that they were of a very different religious creed from himself; that they were not sound in the faith. But he knew that it was greatly disgust at Popery and arbitrary power which had driven them off from their centre. He regarded them rather with sorrow than with anger; and did not proceed to read them lectures, in public or in private, on their limited faith or unlimited doubt. He simply showed them how, in his own case, love for liberty could co-exist with a devoted belief in Christianity; and how hatred at Popery as intense as their own might be found in unison with strong Protestant convictions. And had they said to him—“Would thou wert altogether such as we are except these thy bonds;” he could have answered, “Would God that I

could bind your free and noble arms with these golden links of Christian love, till from being brothers in Adam we became all brothers in Jesus Christ."

In keeping with his occasional habit of preaching on political topics, we may here mention a sermon which he published in 1832, on the coronation of his Majesty William IV., entitled "Christian Loyalty to Earthly Princes." It is in many parts a very characteristic and admirable sermon; far worthier of being preserved than many which we find in the collected works of popular preachers. Nobly does Anderson denounce passive obedience and non-resistance. And thus he speaks of a class who are to be met still:—"There are some preachers who presume to inculcate that it is unbecoming of Christians to take a part in political disputes, and they will prostitute the Scriptures in their advocacy of the perpetuation of abuses, calling upon us to 'meddle not with them that are given to change,' as if all desire of change implied a discontentedness of disposition which nothing will satisfy. Those declaimers against politics will usually be found to be themselves the most violent political partisans in the defence of corruption, that it be allowed to fester undisturbed. It is impracticable to dissociate the history of patriotism in this country from the history of a Reformed Church. The Covenanters and the Puritans are the heroes at once of its religion and its liberty."

Anderson was often accused of political preaching; but while the charge was exaggerated in detail, he could not and did not seek to deny it in principle,

may, he defended it. He held that while religion should neither, on the one hand, be the lord of monarchs, nor, on the other, the slave of power, it had its own sphere of legitimate political action. Although not seeking to level any rank, it should seek to leaven all. It should, and were it in a healthy condition it would, proclaim and enforce, as far as moral suasion can, the truths that the great broad principles of Christianity apply to our present political state; that political evils should be assailed by Scripture arguments; that political men should be tried by Scripture rules; that the falsehood, time-serving, duplicity, and tergiversation of governors should be subjected to the criticisms of the pulpit as well as of the press; and that the weight of the Cross in its moral spirit should be flung in more frequently to turn the balance of great political questions. As it is (and Anderson felt this intensely), what a poor shrinking spot of ground the Pulpit has become when compared with the iron pavement which supported it in the days of our fathers! It was then a pinnacle commanding a view of both worlds. On it the Knox, the Melville, the Owen, and the Howe stood up in majesty, like the composite creatures in the visions of Ezekiel, with four faces—one uplifted to heaven in worship, another proclaiming God's love and reconciliation to men, a third bowed in holy contrition, and a fourth looking around in righteous indignation at the wrongs and abuses of the Church and the age. The thunders such men uttered against wickedness in high places were not mere boltless sounds; they shook it

if they did not shake it down, and this because they were the echoes of profound earnestness, of the voice of God in the souls of preachers. In this high position they were sustained by the general opinion of the Christians of that day, who, although wrong in their notions of the financial and the legislative relations of the Church to the State, were right in their belief that the Church has a general supervising moral, intellectual, and spiritual authority over civil as well as sacred questions, and that religion, if really effectual on the public as on a single individual, touches, tests, and rules it at every point. How different with Christianity in its present state!

No doubt the genius of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is working for the liberties and political as well as religious progress of man, and is seeking silently to sap the foundations of the principal grievances of society. Still, we are persuaded that had there been more such manly exponents of that genius in our pulpits as William Anderson, men speaking in the spirit and the power of John Knox and Martin Luther, it had been better alike for politics and for religion.

CHAPTER IX.

THE POPISH CONTROVERSY.

IN mentioning several public causes in which Anderson was interested, we omitted the Popish controversy advisedly, because we saw that it would require a short chapter to itself, both from its own magnitude and the importance attached to it by Dr. Anderson. He was a vehement supporter of Catholic emancipation, and an opponent as determined of the Established Church of Ireland, so that he might be said to come into the arena of the Popish controversy with clean hands. If ever man deserved the name of Protestant, it was he. His whole life had been a protest and a struggle. He might have taken up the language of Burke, and said, "*Nitor in adversum* is a motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. At every step in my progress in life I was traversed and opposed. I had no arts but manly arts."

Anderson's contest was with the innumerable shams he met with on his way. He had a sermon on *shams* which we would have gone a number of miles to hear, and which no doubt would have refreshed the soul of Carlyle, who found the *thing* in abundance all around

him, wandering nameless; and who, in an evil hour for it, and a happy hour for his own fame, invented a name that shall last as long as there are shams in the world. And when Anderson looked to the Popish Church, he found a vast system of shams which awakened all the scorn and contempt that were in his manly nature. He looked on Popery as the caricature of Christianity, bearing to it such a general, staring, impudent resemblance, connected with a total dissimilarity of spirit and expression, as we sometimes notice in two countenances—like as eggs in one sense, and yet in another as unlike as is an egg to a diamond. It is a counterfeit of the religion of Jesus, though executed by a very masterly hand. At a distance, how similar the two! You are reminded of the famous story of the two bunches of flowers, one natural and one artificial, by which the queen of Sheba is said to have tested the wisdom of Solomon, and tortured, as well as tested it, till at his command the window was opened, and along with the air of heaven came in the bees like a cloud of witnesses and settled the question.

It were easy to show that, though Christianity and Popery profess to be supernatural, to have a distinct head, and to possess a unity; in reference to the first of these qualities, the supernaturalism of Christianity is charily used, and the *vindex* never brought in but when there is a *nodus dignus*; while Popery has diffused, cheapened, and degraded supernaturalism; substituted a glaring meretricious lustre for a chastened and solemn light; multiplied beyond all measure miracles and interventions; made drafts on human credence so

numerous and so large that they could not fail to be dishonoured; although it seemed to think that the true way of destroying scepticism was to increase the demands on and the difficulties in faith, as though a man doubtful of the common facts of history were told to reassure himself by swallowing all the Arabian Nights' Entertainments! How for the true celestial centre—Christ—it has substituted the false earthly centre of the Pope, its system revolving in a movement as absurd as though the planets and the sun were turning round the earth; and how the unity produced by this false centre is pretentious and plausible, but unnatural and forced; the unity of dead, not of living substances; the compactness of a crushing despotism, the uniformity of a landscape covered with snow—the obedience produced by Popery resembling the hush of a school over which presides a tyrannical pedagogue; that produced by Christianity the hush of a large assembly over which an orator has breathed his spell, subduing the most contradictory elements into one; the power of Popery being the force of fear, that of Christianity the magic of love.

Anderson felt all this and much more, especially when he contemplated Popery from his peculiar pre-millennial point of view, as the enemy against whom Christ was to direct the first bolts of his vengeance when He returned again. And while he abhorred, as a Liberal, the very appearance of persecution for conscience sake, he thought that many Liberals took far too light and shallow a view of Popery, which *he* regarded, not as a bad form of Christianity, but as an

untameable monster, a ferocious and Anti-christian intruder upon the Church, or, as he had a grim delight in always entitling it, "The Man of Sin."

His productions on the Popish question, although not large or numerous, are exceedingly rich in knowledge of the subject, and are full of all his characteristic strength of statement—of close reasoning when he pleases, and fierce declamation when that mood comes upon him—besides being seasoned with the rough salt of his peculiar, and, in its own style, matchless humour. Alas! that the *manner* in which he uttered his humorous passages cannot be retained as well as the *matter*—the savage glee shining in the face, the audible smack of the lips, the voice (like Sir Walter Scott's) becoming plaintive with excess of merriment, while there were unshed tears of riotous satisfaction in his eyes, and a kind of *neigh*, or, Scottice, *nicher* broke from his lungs when he had reached the climax of his satirical or ironical triumph. And yet there was not one trace of malignity in it all; there was nothing diabolical, nothing even impish. It was just a manly, healthy nature enjoying its sense of the absurd, the quizzical, the grotesque, in an exquisite degree, and all the more when the feeling was connected with a religion which, but for the serious damage he believed it to have done to humanity and to God's truth, he must have regarded with a contempt leading to incessant and uproarious laughter.

In his remarks on the Genius and Power of Popery, he shows how that system deceives its votary with the delusion that he is religious, while it at the same time

by its accommodations gives liberty, as he phrases it, "to live at a distance from God, in a state of estrangement from him;" that it lends licence to men to commit sin, and delivers their consciences, after committing it, too easily from a sense of guilt; and that it favours intellectual indolence in religion, and a mere mechanical worship. These, and other propositions, he enforces and illustrates with much power and perspicuity. There will be various opinions as to his "Man of Sin." Anderson is thoroughly convinced, indeed, of the truth of his own theory, and says that, "I regard the proof here of the Pope being the Man of Sin, as being of the character of a demonstration." He is quite as certain as the Irish minister, who, after going over in the pulpit all the *Apostolic* marks of the Man of Sin, closed by saying, "And now, my friends, if I were to put this photograph of the old scoundrel into the hands of any decent Bow Street detective, I am quite sure he would bring me back the Pope!" We are not so confident as the worthy Milesian, or as our noble friend, of the identity of the two. We understand that Dr. Eadie, in his forthcoming book on the Thessalonians, intends to bring all the weight of his learning to bear on the confutation of this common view, and to prove that the Man of Sin is a mysterious personage to be revealed in a future age, and immediately before the coming of Christ.

But if Anderson's tractate be no thorough photograph of that phantom called the Lawless One, it is certainly an able and graphic picture of Popery in some of its aspects, especially in its arrogance and

presumption. These Anderson lived to see culminating in the memorable events of the year 1869-70, when the Œcumenical Council sat in Rome, and by decreeing the Infallibility, manifested the fulness of that pride which "goeth before destruction," and the excess of that haughty spirit which precedes a fall.

The tractate on the "Mass" is longer, more elaborate, and on the whole more valuable than the others. It aspires to a comprehensive character, and has a distinct scientific value. It is his *chef-d'œuvre* as a Controversialist, just as his Regeneration is his principal production as a theologian. In six chapters it goes over—1st, The Priest and the Altar; 2nd, The Consecration; 3rd, Its Elevation of the Host for Adoration; 4th, Its Oblation as an Expiatory Sacrifice; 5th, The Sacramental Communion by the Priest; and 6th, Its Communion by the people; and is altogether a terrible piece of critical anatomy, by a hand that never trembles while holding the scalpel—nay, that sometimes brandishes it aloft in savage exultation as if it were a tomahawk! It ranks with Justice Keogh's charge, and Froude's English Rule in Ireland, as one of those productions which touch the very raw of the Popish question and of Papistical feelings, and are sure to be followed by cries of pain, raging blasphemies, and threats of murder. It evinces a knowledge of the controversy quite as great as Dr. Cummings, but wielded by a far more powerful hand, and shows that begun familiarity with Fra Paolo's History of Trent, which led him afterwards to the project of translating it into English. All must regret this was

never accomplished. Had Dr. Anderson performed this task, and prefixed a volume developing the previous history of the Apostacy, we venture to say that his name would have been ranked hereafter with our greatest Pro-Protestant standard authors—our Barrows, Chillingworths, Middletons, Hurds, William M'Gavins, and Blanco Whites.

All of these productions were lectures delivered—that on the Mass in Dr. Wardlaw's Church, and the others in the City Hall; and those delivered in the latter place were attended, he tells us, by audiences of four thousand persons, chiefly of the operative class. Some may think that he was wrong in appealing such questions to an audience of common people who were not qualified to weigh his statements, and might, besides, be supposed prejudiced against Popery. But while the Scottish humbler classes may have little learning, they have much common sense; and *that* is a balance which Popery fears, and has good cause to fear, since in it its proudest pretensions and most subtle arguments have often been weighed and found wanting. While admitting the existence of popular prejudices, and deducting much on account of them, we should not forget that they are rooted in righteousness, in past experiences, which do not come to the surface as arguments, but which send up from below throbs of power, and exert a pervasive and perpetual influence. Burns nobly speaks of a "tide" of Scottish prejudice which shall boil in his veins till the floodgates of life shall shut in eternal rest; but there are more prejudices in Scottish hearts

than are infused by the story of Wallace, and one is a prejudice against Popery—the old enemy of our civil and religious liberties, and the murderer of our saints; and if that has, to some extent, merged in the open partiality of our upper ranks, or the philosophic impartiality and indifference of our *savans* and philosophers, it exists still in the hearts of the better and the more intelligent of our mechanics and our peasants, and it was of these hearts that Anderson's rude but powerful eloquence made him the lord and master.

One illustration of this power we have heard connected with these Popish lectures. He had, in the course of a lecture in the City Hall, wrought up his own feelings and those of his audience to such a pitch—it amounted almost to frenzy—when painting the enormities of Popery, that he felt impelled to close with a tremendous imprecation on the Pope! and the sympathy of four thousand people was with him to such an extent that when they dispersed our informant overheard some of them, in remote parts of Glasgow, when repairing home, repeating the words with enthusiastic approbation, as if they had come from the authentic judgment-seat of Almighty God, and were not the utterances of Anderson's own excited heart.

Some critics and "goody" people may object to this; but, in the first place, they are not competent judges of a man of genius like Anderson in his loftier mood,

"Inspired beyond the guess of folly,"

by pure moral indignation, when his anger might be said to come down "like fire and brimstone from

the Lord out of heaven!" and when he might be compared to one of the seven angels pouring out purged perdition from his dark vial, while he himself was clothed with linen clean and white. De Quincey says, the grandest *oath* in rhetoric was uttered by a Dissenting minister in Cambridge—grander than even the famous one in Demosthenes' oration on the Crown, "By the shades of them that fell at Marathon"—who, after appealing to his audience, by this and by that, in a long swelling catalogue closed by saying, "By the Iliad, by the Odyssey;" but we think Anderson's curse was sublimer far. However, secondly, we believe that Anderson himself, in any way but as a conscious minister of the Divine displeasure, would not have plunged a finger of Pio Nono into the fire that never shall be quenched!

In 1852, Dr. Anderson delivered another series of Lectures in the City Hall (November 17th, 24th; December 1st and 28th), on "Penance," which he afterwards issued in a small volume. These lectures are somewhat more discursive, and also more humorous than those on the Mass, but equally earnest, logical, and exhaustive. As a specimen of his scathing satire (in which he could be at times as strong as Lord Brougham, and far more genially humorous), take his account of the Popish *Limbus* of Infants:—

"Ever since Christ came the *Limbus Patrum*, where the souls of the patriarchs, &c., were detained till his coming, has been untenanted, the Pope, who holds its key, being puzzled how to dispose of it. Intermediately, under *Limbus Patrum*, and above Purgatory,

lies *Limbus Infantum*, the region of infants who die unbaptised—not perfectly dark, but with the least perceptible light—with the climate neither wintry cold nor summer warm, but temperate, say at 50° of Fahrenheit—tens of thousands of acres broad and long for the vast population, all covered over with a kind of creeping, broad-leaved dock-weed, under which the melancholy infant spirits cower and weep. Their parents having been negligent about their baptism, or having never heard of such a thing, or the priest having wanted *intention* at the time of performing it, the little helpless victims are doomed by the Papists' god to suffer for eternity the punishment, not of *sense*—no, he is more merciful than that, but of *loss*—he must have some gratification of vengeance—*i.e.*, not the pains of hell, but the privation of the bliss of heaven. This distinction of the scholastic doctors betwixt the punishments of sense and loss is an ancient one; but the rare genius of Bellarmine greatly improved it. The punishment of Limbo, he says, is on the one hand not so bad as annihilation, but on the other not much better. Is not that acutely discriminated? Remember who Robert Bellarmine is: *Facile princeps*, the None-such of Popish divines. And yet, I protest it is superior theology to that of those Protestants, an opprobrium to the name, who consign multitudes of children two regions further down. Reflect, especially, that when the Puseyite perjury hold the same views with the Popish apostacy on the necessity of baptism, they at once limit the genuineness of its administration to a much narrower circle, making no allowance for the heretical

Dissenters, nor midwives either, I suppose, and have made no provision for such mitigated punishment as that of Limbo. Their Moloch-massacre of infants is far more fiendish, both for extent and cruelty. Generous, freedom-loving England! whose aristocracy legislate, and whose people patiently endure, the taxation of millions of her wealth for the pampering of the infanticides. Yea, pious England! who bribes them so high for the blaspheming of her God!"

We see here the germ of his coming Defences of Infant Salvation.

We give one other passage, in which his scorn inflames into red-hot anger. Fastidious people may call it verbally coarse; but all earnest men, who look more to sense than language, will call it terribly true and powerful:—

"Had I time, brethren, to quote the enumeration of these good works, with which, as a fertilising shower, he represents the believer, justified by faith, as descending upon the earth, your indignation would know no bounds that Rome, all ulcerous, leprous, putrescent, fetid with profligacy, with its fumes and vapours steaming and reeking up to heaven to obscure the sun, should yet, in pretended concern for virtue, the hypocrisy of which stinks most abominably of all, have dared to denounce the holy Luther as an enemy of good works. It was an inexpressible villany. It exceeded that of the Devil in his accusation of Job. There was philosophy, and a sharp insight into common, unregenerated human nature in that insinuation, 'Doth Job fear God for nought?' But, when Pope Paul III., with his two

little bastard Cardinals behind him, accuses Martin Luther of unbridled licentiousness, because he had espoused in public wedlock Catherine von Bora—Satan, with some remaining sense of dignity, will have no personal communion with him, and delivers him over to the tutelary care of him whom Milton describes as ‘the least erected spirit that fell.’”

In 1853, Anderson, though he had been a man of war from his youth, appeared for the first and the last time as a public challenger. Dr. Cahill, a well-known champion of the Papacy, had been lecturing in Glasgow. Dr. Anderson challenged him to a public debate on the subject of the Mass. Dr. Cahill declined in a courteous, cautious letter, in which, however, some of the most offensive Catholic tenets are brought forward like poison wrapt up in jelly. Yet to do him justice, we admit the truth, and are ready to endorse every sentence of what he says about the evils of public disputations on religious topics: “Public animosities are engendered, religious rancour is inflamed, social harmony is disturbed, the charities of the Gospel are extinguished, and even the ties of long matured friendship are but too often rent asunder by the mutual argumentative recrimination of theological combat.” Anderson, however, was of a different opinion, and in an Exposure which he soon after published of Dr. Cahill’s letter of declinature, he adduces with great freedom and force reasons for his belief in public debate. And he takes occasion, with a fidelity to truth which redeems the savage Salvatoresque force of his picture, to draw some of the more

obnoxious features of the Roman Catholic system: its impudent claim to unity, its appeal to authority, its contempt for private judgment, and its aversion to progress. In the course of this remarkable pamphlet—many thousands of which were put into circulation throughout the country—he throws some fierce side glances in the direction of the Council of Trent, which seems his natural game, and which draws him toward it accordingly, at whatever stage of his argument he is, with irresistible attraction.

Perhaps, after all, Anderson as a controversialist, does not suit this "mealy-mouthed" generation so well as he might a former one. There is rather too much of the Scaliger, the Luther, the Bentley, and the Andrew Thomson, in his style of dealing with his opponents—too much "horse-play in his raillery," too much plain speaking in his language, and sometimes not a little that is one-sided in his views and judgments. But those who read and applaud Thomas Carlyle's furious diatribes have no right to blame Anderson. In both, such language is the escape of men, too terribly in earnest to have either time or inclination to pick their words, to round their sentences, to check their enthusiasm, not to be at once the fire and the fire-engine. There is a demoniac force within them which must speak in "flame words," or they die! There is in them, too, as in many brave honest men, a certain noble scorn with which they are fond of blowing away as through snorting nostrils these sophistries, evasions, and meannesses in controversy, which are beneath argument, baffle logical exposure,

and can be reached only by contempt. Enough that Anderson's strong utterances of anger and scorn were altogether disconnected from personal feeling to his adversaries; that his anger was that of a childlike nature, and might be called inverted love, that in its day it did good service; and that its echoes are not altogether forgotten yet by the survivors of the tens of thousands who at various times and places listened to it as to a powerful voice pealing from above!

CHAPTER X.

AS AN AUTHOR.

ANDERSON was comparatively late in appearing as an author, so far as works of elaboration and size were concerned. But it was quite clear from the beginning that his peculiar powers and his longings for wide sympathy would lead him irresistibly, and with effect, into the field of the press. If he had never given himself the highest literary training, there were, nevertheless, the elements of successful authorship in him. He had power of thought, great copiousness rather than selection of words, a fertile if not filtered spring of imagery, a clearness and practicality of purpose, and an ever ready, almost riotous, vein of humour. His reading had not been very extensive, and we miss in his writings that indescribable something connected with a thoroughly learned mind—those far-flashing allusions—that general rich result, in style and imagery—which charm us in Burke and Macaulay.

He was emphatically a man of one book ; and this, while it secured the proverbial strength of a one-booked man, as of one dwelling in a castellated tower, denied him the free prospect and the artistic calm of wider culture. There were certain writers he often wished he had read more carefully and lovingly. He

praised Burke, for instance, highly, but had not studied him. Coleridge, as we said, was substantially a fountain sealed. Of the German Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Fichte, and so forth, he knew very little. And of the modern school of daring prose and verse writers, who have done so much to revolutionise our literature, and, to some extent, our thought—such as Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Carlyle, Bentham, Hazlitt—although his knowledge was considerable, it was by no means extensive. Godwin he always abuses, without apparently having mastered his principles, or got familiar with his main works. On the other hand, certain authors who agreed with him in the chief articles of his creed, he, on that account, rather over-rated. Rowland Hill, certainly one of the sincerest of men and useful of preachers in his time, but also one of the most twaddling of writers, was a first favourite in his early days, and he seems to have imitated him in that *seria cum joci* which distinguished his pulpit style of preaching. On Douglas of Cavers his verdict was far too lofty. He could not, indeed, rate too highly that author's learning and judicial calm. But few will now concede him oracular depth and Baconian breadth, and he is now emphatically, more than even Isaac Taylor, an author left behind. In the beginning of his preaching life, Anderson was a great admirer, and to some extent an imitator of the popular French sermon writers, Massillon, Saurin, and the rest; but he did not remain long in love with their strained and artificial style, and their singularly shallow and commonplace thinking,

but came under the manlier, bolder, though belated influences of Edward Irving, not merely as his guide in prophecy, but as his model in writing.

We have already had occasion to characterise some of his earlier published productions while pursuing the stream of his story. None of them could be considered a serious trial of strength, and the style in most is subject to certain critical drawbacks, although eloquence and ingenuity are common to all. There is one of them we have not yet named, to which we must object upon another ground, and which serves to support a special charge against the character of his culture. Wide reading usually either reveals or creates wide sympathies and wide mindedness. These came in a large degree to Anderson in his later days, but the opposite qualities are visible in his sermon entitled, the "Prospects of the World," preached at Aberdeen, in 1841. This is a discourse which we might put into the hands of his friends if we wished them to be more deeply impressed with an idea of his powers of mind, and into the hands of his enemies if we wanted them to see his weaknesses of temperament and limitations of view. The spirit he displays to Robert Owen, a sincere mistaken enthusiast, and the language with which he covers him all over as with the slime of the Dead Sea; the gloomy onesidedness of the view he takes of the increase of evil and the spread of doubt—society and the Church rushing emulously on to destruction, and jostling each other as they run; the deep shade at the back of the picture in which he perhaps unwittingly throws the grand agencies of good

which are working in the world, and the *fearful* stress which he lays on the Second Advent as the only conceivable counter-weight to the Superstition, Atheism, and Licentiousness of the Times, are really appalling; the discourse rising here and there into a morbid eloquence worthy of Foster in his darkest mood, but not leaving on our minds the impression of being a true and philosophically measured statement of the case; and the result, we fear, as leaving no alternative but utter spiritual ruin for the earth and universal atheism, or a fiery baptism from heaven, must have been to some indeed cheering, but to others bewildering, and to many the occasion of the most dismal and disheartening doubts.

We may only add that Edward Irving, in many of his writings, has exposed himself even more than Anderson to the charge of the undue use of a single dark tint in his pictures of the present state of the world. The "Man seated on the cloud" may see the fields slowly getting white unto harvest, and view the tares growing along with the wheat, if not with complacency, yet with calm; Irving gets impatient, and, dreaming that it is all dead ripe, cries out in fury to the sickle to begin instantly its dread semi-circles of destruction.

Anderson, it must be observed, while believing to the last that nothing but a supernatural intervention could save the world or rid it from its many monster evils, did not on that account (as was to a great extent the case with John Foster) lie down in the wheelway, like the waggoner in the fable, and make no effort to remove these evils by his own exertions. Instead of

this he took, as we have seen, an active part in every political, social, and religious reform. He supported the Reform Bill. He was the zealous and devoted friend of Missions. He lent his countenance and his aid to every agency in Glasgow for suppressing vice and for instructing ignorance. And, when the Corn Laws seemed to him to obstruct the progress of society, and to bring starvation to so many hearths and homes, he was again found at his post, and delivered a lecture on the subject which is not the least interesting or characteristic of his minor productions. It contains some powerful and pathetic passages.

Burke, in the close of his matchless picture of Hyder Ali invading the Carnatic, when he comes to speak of the horrors of hunger, cries—"But I drop the curtain, and leave it to your general conceptions." The curtain dropt by this great master, Anderson ventures thus to uplift:—"Hunger! What shall we say of Hunger? The strongest appetite of our material constitution—that which stimulates to nine-tenths of human exertion—without which the world would lie down in ignominious sloth. O, you may be certain that when the Creator designed it should be that within us which without fail would secure our activity and the employment of our powers, He made it strong and imperious in its demands. Well, hunger is the denial of this principle's claims, man's life-appetite balked, its gulph-like vacuity unsupplied, its gnawing turned in upon itself through failure of its proper *matériel*. Even in her of the ladiest and most fairy-like form; even in him of the most spiritualised heavenly-mindedness; even in

the old man of fourscore years, in whom all other passions have expired, how strong is the appetite for food! What violence is done to nature when it is denied gratification! What disease, what gnawing of rheumatism, what corrosion of cancer, what grinding of stone, may be compared with the torment of hunger! How devoutly thankful the greater part of us need be, that we must draw on our imaginations for understanding what hunger is, even in a moderate degree; when all we know of it from experience is, after a plentiful morning's repast, to have had dinner delayed till the evening; or when we were thoughtless children to have wandered too far from home on the summer holiday, among the hungry grass of the hills, without having made provision for the journey."

With the like fidelity to truth, he paints the cold of famine, and then the shame of poverty—"the shame of its withered countenance and lean and shrivelled person—the shame of its patched and antiquated raiment—the shame of its mean and ill-furnished dwelling—the shame of its ragged children—the shame of its paltry subscription—the shame of turning away without making a purchase, or returning home without entering like the rest to enjoy the holiday sight—the shame of being dependent on charity and begging for alms."

These all, however, were but preliminary to more valuable productions. In 1844, he issued a volume of sermons which met with general favour from the press, and some of which contain perhaps the best specimens of his writing. We have a great many of

his sermons in MS. on our table, from which another volume might and probably may be compiled, and some of them are very original, and contain powerful passages, *e.g.*, one on the Power of God, and another on Pleasing God. But we have found nothing in any of those we have perused superior to some of the better parts of his first volume. Perhaps the three most interesting sermons in it, at once in their subject and in their treatment, are "On God's Omnipresence," "Religious Melancholy," and the "Re-union of Friends in the Heavenly World." In the first, we find much of the deep introspection and strict questionings of the conscience which distinguish Foster, particularly in his preface to Doddridge. The Re-union of Friends in Heaven, a favourite theme with Anderson, is handled with much beauty and pathos. How fine the conception of a mother who has lost her child meeting with a son whose mother has perished, at the Judgment Seat, where Christ says, "Woman, behold thy son," and, "Son, behold thy mother," and the wounds of both hearts are healed. Beautiful—but is it true? Might not the woman, like the mother in the history of Solomon, her bowels yearning over her own son, cry, "Ah, that's not mine. He never came from my womb, he never lay on my bosom; where, where is my own child?" Alas! Anderson only casts a gleam of light on a shut mystery, like sunshine on a closed coffin, or moonlight on a troubled sea,

"Brightening the storm it cannot calm."

His sermon on Religious Melancholy may be considered an argument against his former self, for at

one time he seems to have been far from a cheerful Christian. He meets the charge that Christianity is a melancholy faith by pointing to Infidels, and asking if they are happy. He might have gone farther, and asked if any man, of any religion, is perfectly or normally happy. It is quite clear that man (apart altogether from the *fait accompli* of the Fall) at present is in a half-developed, imperfect, transition state, with his lower and higher natures engaged in undecided contest, with the contradictory elements of his composite being unreconciled; and to predicate happiness, which implies harmony and peace, about such a creature, is absurd. So far as any man attains approximately to harmony within, and as he combines with this health of body and circumstances of comfort without, he is, but still imperfectly, happy. To this end Christianity undoubtedly contributes more than any other spiritual cause. But even it fails in producing complete harmony and perennial peace. And while as a life it is so noble, as a discipline so useful, and as a hope so precious—so long as it is yet surrounded as a doctrine with so many difficulties and dark shadows, and is itself only in the bud of development—its influence in producing happiness must be limited. Nor do the records of Christian biography sustain Dr. Anderson's theorem about the cheerfulness of Christians. In our own age, if Infidelity or Scepticism has had its Byrons and its Shelleys, Christianity has had its Fosters and its Halls, and its Robertsons of Brighton—all noble vessels, with the flag of the Cross floating over them, but all "built in the eclipse and rigged with curses

dark"—not to speak of the Johnsons and the Cowpers, the Brainerds, the Martyns, and the Miltons of the past. We have selected these instances, and we could have selected more from various sects of Christians, lest it should be thought that either Evangelicalism or the want of it led specially to dispeace, and have included Hall, proceeding on the view which not Olinthus Gregory, but Morris gives of his state of mind. Irving was in every way an exceptional case. Chalmers kept in exuberant spirits by his incessant activity.

In this, as in various other parts of his writings, Dr. Anderson aimed his shafts, and with terrible effect, at that low, coarse, profligate infidelity he found near him. He seldom alludes to what is one of the most interesting, painful, yet unquestionable facts of our modern day—the existence of scepticism among men of high spiritual pretensions, exemplary life, and religious aspirations. To cast at such men the names of Rousseau and Paine, were altogether to mistake the position, and to fall short of the mark. Anderson himself was changeful in his moods. It was with his experience as with his face. A certain deep and dusky gravity lay on his countenance till some happy thought arose, or pleasurable incident occurred, and then it glowed with glee, and when the glee subsided it was into an impression of quiet complacency most delightful to behold. And so it was with his mind. A deep, dark current of cogitation ran below, but often brightened at thoughts of the love of the Father—at the sight of a child—at a beautiful prospect—at sacred music—or a glimpse from

the mountains of vision of the expected glory of the coming King. He says in his sermon:—"We are all responsible for gladness of heart towards God, inasmuch as we can, by meditation, place ourselves under the influence of the scenes of Bethlehem, of Calvary, of the garden of Joseph, of Mount Olivet, and the Throne, which, contemplated by faith, will as necessarily produce joy of heart as the finding of treasure or the gaining of a victory." This was his own experience, we doubt not.

Another delightful sermon in this volume is entitled, "The Claims of Children," and is written with a pen which he has dipped in his own heart. Another still is a discourse entitled, "The Cloud of Witnesses," preached at Fenwick on the first Sabbath of May, 1853, upon the occasion of the renewing of the memorial stone erected to Captain Paton, one of the Covenanting heroes. Anderson preached it standing on the gravestones of some of the martyrs, and with three thousand people as his audience. The sermon is a good one; although, coming from such a man in such inspiring circumstances, it might perhaps have been better.

Dr. Anderson took part in a course of lectures delivered in Glasgow to young men in 1841. His lecture was, "On the Influence of Young Men on the Prospects of Society and the Prosperity of the Church," and was a very able and useful one. We give the introduction:—

"Towards the close of the fifteenth century, about the year 1495, there might be seen a man of the

name of Trebonius conducting a school after a fashion of his own. At that time the world had need of eccentric men, and John Trebonius was one of them who met its exigencies. What may have been the character of his demeanour towards adult men biography has not recorded. We can easily imagine, however, that as a scholar of superior attainments, and a philosopher of the highest class—that class which makes human nature the subject of its study and contemplation, with much besides of the prophetic spirit in him, calculating far into the future, and devoid of which all philosophy must be lean and dwarfish; thus accomplished, I say, we can easily imagine that it was with slight ceremony Trebonius treated the rude nobility and ignorant priesthood of his times. But when he entered his school he was affected with the most profound reverence. No persuasion could induce him to appear covered before his boys. ‘Who can tell,’ said he, ‘what may yet rise up from amidst these youth? there may be among them those who shall guide the destinies of the empire.’ Schoolmaster this of the right sort! Worthy of the pupil whom God sent him to be educated! Martin Luther was one of these boys! and you may depend on it, that in the school of Trebonius the heaven-trained Reformer learned more than the accident of his grammar and the construing of his Nepos.

“Those whose interests specially claim my attention at this time are of an age farther advanced than was that of Luther and his schoolmates, when Trebonius felt such respect for them: but that my way may be

clear, I must ascend still earlier than the years of boyhood. To a contemplative mind, what a mystery is an *infant*! There it lies in its cradle, nothing in all nature besides to be compared with it for impotency: and yet, such principles and energies may be slumbering within that tiny form as shall send him forth, when developed in his manhood, as an angel of light, not only to gladden and honour his father's house, but, as a philosopher, to advance the sciences and arts; as a poet, to charm all around with his song; as a patriot, to conduct the counsels and arms of his country; as a divine, to illuminate and awaken the church; as a philanthropist, to affect with happy influence the whole world; and at last, as one of the nobler of redeemed spirits, to excite to higher rapture the anthems of eternity. Think of the infant Luther! Carry back the light of Time and cause it to shine on his cradle, and feel how you have need of being defended against the temptation to worship him! Or, woful alternative! that babe may be developed as a demon, not only to anguish the hearts of the parents that begat him, but to be the scourge of the earth, and at last to deepen the blasphemy of the abodes of despair. Think again—think of the swaddling bands and cradle of Napoleon!—these two—Martin Luther and Napoleon Buona-partè—the one or the other this suckling may become.

“All you who love the sublime, come and see! Nor shall we permit the fables of phrenology to spoil our mystery for us as we gaze on the child. Of such mystery there is little in the mature man. From

what we see in him at present, we can predict with considerable certainty whether the world shall profit by him or not, and the imagination has no scope in surveying him; but there are no limits to its speculations in contemplating a child. And in the hope of charity, that the one whom I now place before my mind shall take the angel's path, is it enough that for his father and mother's sake I should smile to him and make sport for him? Nay, but for his own sake I shall mingle my sport with reverence and respect. Were I merely to make frivolous and mocking play with him, the remembrance of it might in a future day overwhelm me with shame, when he is revealed as one of nature's nobility. Nor shall the circumstance of his being of humble birth, cradled amid meanness and penury, restrain my imagination so as to diminish my respect. Some of the most illustrious forms of humanity have come forth, like Christ, from the cottages of the poor. Luther, when at school, was an alms-boy, wandering from door to door and begging for his bread and the means of his education."

His book on "Regeneration" appeared in 1850, and the first edition was exhausted in a few years. The second appeared in 1861, published by Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh. We need say little more about it than that of all Anderson's works it is the most elaborate, thoughtful, systematic, and complete. It treats of the Nature, the Characteristics, the Necessity, the Instrumentality, the Agency, the Development, and the Manifestation of Regeneration; and in the course of it he touches more or less fully upon

such vexed questions as the entrance of Evil, Original Sin, Eternal Punishment, Irresistible Grace, and the Nature and Extent of the Atonement. Its views are those of a Moderate Calvinist, and are expounded with great clearness and energy. While it is systematic and strictly logical, it is also very practical in its tendency, and singularly close and urgent in its appeals. It consisted originally of a series of lectures, delivered to his own people in his own church. That such a book should be popular in an age like this—a book on the *New Birth*, when so many are doubting the *Old*—a book on the Work of the Holy Spirit, when so many, if they have ever heard of a Holy Ghost, deny his existence or his personality—a book on Regeneration, when Creation itself is not conceded—can hardly be expected. But it has found, and may long keep, its own place as a masterly theological treatise, and none the less that we see in parts of it a certain relaxation in the iron scales of old-fashioned Scottish orthodoxy.

Dr. Anderson never became what is commonly called a Broad Churchman in creed or position; but the generosity and catholicity of his nature are fully more legible in his later than in his earlier outcomes, whether in the pulpit or the press. And though he never was an Evangelical Unionist, yet his sympathies with that body were strong, and his esteem for some of its leading men—such as our friends Dr. James Morison and the Rev. John Guthrie—included admiration and brotherly love, as well as latterly ministerial communion. Indeed he had been from the beginning

unusually wide and catholic, and had exchanged pulpits with various denominations—Congregationalists, Baptists, Wesleyans, and others.

In 1860 he issued a second volume of Discourses. Of those we may say, in general, that while they have not the racy originality, the fanciful richness, the Andersonian boldness and peculiarities of his first series, they have a deeper vein of thinking, greater massiveness of style, and, if less brilliant, are calculated to be more useful. One of them, "Uncharitable Judgments Judged," is a masterpiece of moral anatomy and searching thought. It pierces to the "dividing asunder of soul and spirit," discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart, and you read it more in awe and silence than with applause. Lord Brougham has expressed his strong admiration for it, and he was only the leading exponent of a very general feeling.

Of his Anti-Popish productions we have already spoken. Of his Letters on the Death of his Son, and his contribution to the literature of the benign doctrine of Infant Salvation, we shall have occasion to speak when we touch on his family bereavements; and some of his speeches and lectures may be more appropriately characterised when we come to the public occasions when they were delivered. His last production, "Filial Honour of God," was published by Hodder and Stoughton, London, in 1870. It is full of those deep-sea soundings of the human heart, those novel views of Scripture, that independent force of judgment, and those sudden and unlooked for appeals to the inner man and the conscience, in which Anderson's

great strength lay. In the Appendix appear two papers of much value—one on “A Collection of Testimonies from Varied Authors to the Reward of Good Works in an After Life,” and another on “Gethsemane, and What its Cup Was”—so thoroughly were his evangelical tendencies, and his eager researches into Scripture exhibited at the very last, and so vividly

“Even in his ashes lived their former fires.”

Dr. Anderson, when preparing his volume on the Fatherhood of God, frequently remarked that he had more hope of young ministers and students of divinity coinciding with his views than of those more advanced in life. This suggested to a friend (who many years ago had greatly profited by his ministry) the idea of placing Dr. Anderson's books in the hands of divinity students; and accordingly arrangements were made to carry this into effect. The Divinity Professors of the various Colleges in Scotland were corresponded with, who readily agreed to take charge of the volumes for their students. In Edinburgh University the books were distributed by Professor Crawford; in Glasgow University, by Professor John Caird; in St. Andrews, by Principal Tulloch; and in Aberdeen University, by Professor Milligan; also, in the Free Church Colleges of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, respectively, by Principal Fairbairn, Professor Rainy, and Professor Brown. The students attending the Halls of the United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, Congregational, and Evangelical Union Churches, were likewise supplied with copies. Books were also sent to the Professors and Tutors of all the Dissenting

Colleges in England and Wales for their students; including the Independents, the Baptists, the Wesleyans, and their various sections, and the English Presbyterians. Each of the divinity students of the various Universities and Colleges above enumerated received a single volume; while to the Professors and Libraries, were sent copies of Dr. Anderson's Treatise on Regeneration, Discourses, and Filial Honour. In acknowledgment, numerous letters were received, all referring in eulogistic terms to the esteemed and honoured author. It may be stated that the number of volumes distributed was upwards of 1800.

Ere closing this view of Anderson as an author, we have a few words in addition to offer. His style is essentially a spoken style. Indeed, almost all his works consist of sermons or lectures originally delivered to audiences. Nor has he, in general, elaborately polished and artistically prepared them for that more fastidious auditory to which books address themselves. Hence you often feel, "We wish we had heard this; it would have told better in the delivery than when read, as now, in the cool closet." This defect Anderson's style shares with that of Chalmers and many other popular preachers. Still you can read it with interest and admiration, which is not always the case with the effusions of orators, when transferred from the glowing lips to the calm page. The speeches of Fox, for instance, and the sermons of Dean Kirwan are absolutely illegible. But the qualities which made Anderson's style popular when uttered—force, boldness, quaintness—render it

readable when printed—readable but not classical, or, perhaps, permanent. But, alas, how few sermons of the present age seem destined to live! Hall's may, for their perfect English; Robertson of Brighton's, for their abundant thought, pat to the period and edged with beauty—the lofty and perilous paths bordered with flowers over which they conduct. Of Caird's and John Ker's we augur also favourably. But whatever be the future fate of Anderson's discourses, they contain in them much that *deserves* not to perish—much profound thinking, deep spiritual dissection, with gleams of real genius shining above a *stratum* of solid, manly sense.

To the modern students of Theology and Hermeneutics Anderson's treatises must appear somewhat deficient, not so much in knowledge and learning as in the absence of that scientific method, that calmness and catholicity in investigation which are now so commonly taught in our Universities, and still more in those of Germany, and cannot be fully learned, perhaps, anywhere else. Alike in discussing theological and critical questions, he is far more of an advocate than of a judge—he debates rather than decides, and sometimes declaims instead of reasoning. It would have probably been otherwise had he undergone a more thorough training in his youth. Occasionally, instead of answering his opponent, he strikes him down. In systems and in men—opposite to his own and unlike himself—he allowed too little that is good and true; and in critical estimates of books his feelings often outran his judgment. Sometimes his love for certain

men led him to exaggerate the merits of their sermons and writings, and sometimes his dislike at others deepened the anathemas which he poured on their literary failures or theological mistakes. But he was more a man of the past than of the future. He did not seem fully aware of the fact, that such is the even balance on which many most momentous theological questions are resting—the weight of evidence and of talent on both sides being so equal, and the progress on every branch of cognate science at the same time being so vast and so startlingly rapid—that whatever savours of dogmatism in statement, and the imputation of motives, and the use of invective, is now generally tabooed. The sky of modern investigation has become a clear, stern azure, in which the thunders of ancient polemic are meanwhile heard no more.

It is interesting, however, now to contrast with the balanced sentences, and bated breath, and hesitating tones of modern divines, the grand oracles of conviction, and sometimes of curse, pealing out from the sanctum of the orator's soul, as from a shrine—the full assurance or “absolute shall,” as Shakspeare has it—the undoubting, unwavering words springing from a sincerity as profound as that of the martyrs and Reformers, which are to be found in Irving and in Anderson. They seemed strange even in their own age. They seem a great deal stranger now when opinions are so diverse, and when the Law and the Testimony, erst the acknowledged umpires, are themselves being tried so as by fire.

A recent sceptical writer avers that the "Popular Christianity of the nineteenth century is not that of the first and second centuries. The early Christian, if recalled to life, would be utterly bewildered at the loose way in which his creed at present sits on its most eminent professors; at seeing them burn incense to gods whom, though not bearing the names of heathen deities, he would nevertheless stigmatise as idols and demons. To him it would be altogether astounding and abnormal that this world should be now-a-days so much to everybody, when the very key-note of his creed is that it should be next to nothing, *Vilius alga*; that even the so-called regenerate should be devoting themselves with so much assiduity to worldly pursuits and money-making during the brief interval of time which separates them from Eternity; that the Scriptures should not be consulted on every occasion to which they apply, but, on the contrary, be quietly ignored or set aside; and that the debates in Convocation on the Athanasian Creed should not awaken infinitely more attention than the debates on the Public Health and Ballot Bills." The supposed resuscitated Christian might form, perhaps, strange conclusions from this state of matters. But were he reading the works of Irving and Anderson, he would soon see that the "ancient spirit" had not long left the Church, and was not beyond the hope of recall, returning probably in a yet nobler and more primitive shape, with equal earnestness and with greater breadth, with similar simplicity, but with more candour and more charity, than it assumed in the works or pulpits

of these two sainted and true-hearted men, "of whom the world was not worthy."

[At the close of this volume will be found a number of Dr. Anderson's better passages, which will be found very interesting in themselves, and furnishing a very fair specimen of his works.]

CHAPTER XI.

ANDERSON'S MERIDIAN.

WE now come to look at William Anderson as he appeared in the full meridian of his powers and of his fame. That, indeed, in the West country had long begun. His name was a household word; it had passed from a jest to a proverb of power and popularity in all the regions through which the Clyde rolls her waters; and beyond them, through the fair districts of Kyle, Carrick, and Cunningham; and thence wherever in Scotland the Dissenting Churches had any place or influence. We remember there was a little misgiving connected with his name, even after his remarkable powers were fully acknowledged. "Very clever, odd man; nothing daft, certainly, about him, but still very queer and eccentric; were he but giving these oddities up, what a great and useful man he would yet be." Such critics failed to see that with a man of William Anderson's order his eccentricities were a portion of himself, as distinctly as his stature or the features of his face; they did not arise from affectation, they were not the exuberance of mere youth, they arose from the peculiarity of his nature and the individualism of his genius, and, therefore, while time might soften and culture prune, they

would never altogether remove them. This is, indeed, a very common mistake in judging of men of real but eccentric genius.

Growth is justly expected from them, as from all healthy minds; but it is expected, also, that their peculiarity, whatever it be, will disappear along with their growth, although it were as reasonable to hope that adult years shall remove a cast in the eye or the scar of an early wound in the forehead. How vain this hope, and the well-meant criticisms founded on it, will appear when we consider the literary history of such men as Walter Savage Landor, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Wilson, or Carlyle! Such men are chartered libertines, they deal with language, and with thought too, as they please—toss them about as the autumn wind leaves; often in the agony of their earnestness, or in the fury of new excitement, they seize on rude and unpolished words, as Titans on rocks and mountains, and gain artistic triumphs in opposition to all the rules of art. These men we must just take as they are, and be thankful for as they are. We must give them their own way; and whether such a permission be granted or not, it is likely to be taken. "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Will he make many supplications unto thee? Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib? Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou believe him that he will bring home thy seed, and gather it into thy barn?"

No; like the tameless creatures of the wilderness, or the chainless elements of the air, such men obey a law and use a language and follow a path of their own.

Sometimes, however, it takes a long while to have this privilege generally conceded; sometimes not till the man is near his end or past it. To Anderson this came while he was still in the prime of life. To the applause of the masses, which he had early, was added, first, that of his own brethren, who, appreciating the worth of his character and the honesty of his intentions, were the more ready to own the power of his eloquence and the reality of his genius. Then came in such dropping salutes in his honour as the praise of Sir Daniel K. Sandford, himself a man of high culture, brilliant eloquence, and Attic taste. We cannot positively say how at this period Edinburgh was affected towards him. Its standard has always been somewhat exclusive, and modelled upon certain highly accomplished persons who were born within its walls, perambulated its streets and courts of law, and been buried in its own proud mausoleums. Subsequently, we shall see how Anderson took metropolitan audiences—or at least audiences meeting in the Scottish metropolis, although mixed with many provincial elements—by storm.

There was, however, another scene which promised a fuller and a fairer ordeal, where many men of merit, rejected by the provinces and by provincial metropolitan cities, have met with a rapturous reception, although it must be granted that there many

pretenders too have obtained a footing they could hardly have got anywhere else—namely, London—and here Anderson also had to repair. It was in the capital of the world that Irving first felt

“Like a swimmer that has found his ground”—

first met with a mirror gigantic enough to reflect his own full-length image. And it was a London audience that first set a decisive seal to the floating reputation of Chalmers, by the declaration coming from the fastidious lips of George Canning, as from its mouth-piece—“The tartan beats us all.”

The visits of Anderson to London were not numerous. They extended at intervals over a period from about 1833 to 1850. He appeared first as one of a deputation from the Anti-Slavery Society, then on behalf of the Scottish Missionary Society, at another time to try by his preaching to resuscitate Albion Chapel, and once more to plead the cause of Dr. Adam Thomson's cheap Bibles. It was on one of these occasions that he appeared on the same platform with Daniel O'Connell, pleading the Anti-Slavery cause, and received a high practical eulogium from the most eloquent orator of his time. Each speaker was allowed only ten minutes; but Anderson became so powerful that O'Connell, who seemed enraptured, allowed him to go on, and he sat down amid a tempest of applause.

So far as occasional visits gave London an opportunity of judging Anderson, it welcomed him with the greatest unanimity of enthusiasm. In the pulpit, his strong West country accent and deep doctrinal preaching were counterbalanced by so much that was bold,

unconventional, practical, and eloquent, that his sermons were listened to with general admiration. But it was on the platform that he was the special favourite. In Exeter Hall he found himself at home at once, nearly as much so as in the City Hall, Glasgow. He hit the Cockneys, as he did the Glasgow folks, between wind and water. What they first recognised in him was his fearlessness. He made no efforts, as many Scotchmen do, to conciliate them by mincing his words, attenuating his tones, and mangling his accent. He spoke in his natural manner, and his motto was, "Whether ye bear, or whether ye forbear." Along with that frank fearlessness there was a strong grasp of the facts and bearings of the particular theme which he handled—he not only knew them, but knew their weight, their measure, and their number, and it was hard to tell whether the minuteness with which he recollected, or the logical clearness with which he stated them, and the inferences to which they led, were the more admirable. Then there were bursts of tempestuous eloquence, which recalled the memory of the days when Edward Irving was thundering in the Caledonian Chapel. And, best of all, there was a running fire of sarcasm and wit, which, although very plain and free, yet was exceedingly palatable to the English taste, and elicited as loud laughter and as hearty cheers as were ever heard within the precincts of Exeter Hall. We have heard of him once demolishing a West Indian, who stood up to defend slavery there, in a style so masterly and scathing that laughter at his demolition became blended ere long with pity for his misery; for

Anderson drew his net of sarcasm round and round him in a merciless mesh till he literally writhed, and had ultimately to rush out of the room.

During these visits to London, Anderson became acquainted with and preached for many of the leading divines in London :—Dr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society; Dr. Morison, the genial and frank-hearted editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*; Dr. Blackburn, the accomplished editor of the *Congregational Magazine*; that fine fatherly man, Dr. Leifchild, of Craven Chapel; Dr. Alex. Fletcher, of Finsbury Chapel; Rev. James Sherman, of Surrey Chapel; the famous Dr. John Campbell, of the *British Standard*, who continued to the close one of Anderson's fastest friends, and whose facile and powerful pen never seemed to move more rapidly or with more force than when praising Anderson's character and analysing his works; and last, and by no means least, alike in himself and in Anderson's opinion of him, Thomas Binney, now, we think, the sole survivor of these eminent men, and around whom—the Nestor of Non-conformity—there has gathered what Chalmers calls “the grandeur of age without its infirmities,” and who, in the union of a certain degree of eccentricity with real worth and genius, bears a striking resemblance to Anderson himself. He probably met when in London, at all events he knew him well when in Scotland, Edward Miall, the distinguished “Liberator” of the Church, who, although not yet an old man, stands now—the last of the early Voluntary champions—like a lonely pine upon a mountain summit, whose fellows have all fallen,

but which still overlooks the prospect with unaltered confidence, and confronts the blast with unflinching courage.

These visits to London bore one memorable result in Anderson's experience, and had nearly borne another of still greater importance. It was, we believe, Dr. Blackburn who first suggested to Anderson the idea of removing to London, and becoming a minister of the Gospel there. Much might have been said *pro* and *con* on the motion—Translate or not William Anderson to the metropolis. It is clear that had he about the age of 40 or 45 entered London, being then in the full vigour of his body and mind, he would have taken a very high place among London clergymen. He would have gathered a large steady congregation, with Scotchmen for its staple, and with a considerable sprinkling, besides, of that class of the English who like the condiment of oddity along with the good solid food of Gospel truth. On the platform he would have been a great power, perhaps unequalled at that time, among London divines. The United Presbyterian Church in London has had, and has many most respectable and able men among its ministers. But notoriously, since the days of Dr. Waugh, she has never had one that has ridden triumphantly on the popular wave as Anderson could have done, could not, in fact, have helped doing. He had a magnetism in him which, out of a vast mass of people like that collected in the capital, would have drawn to him his own audience, and that in a short time.

On the other hand, London would have tried even

his iron constitution, and probably, as with Irving, cut him off ere his prime was past. Peace and repose he would have enjoyed none. His sensitive heart would have bled more copiously than even in Glasgow, as he saw the enormous sin, and ignorance, and sorrow around him—sin he could not reclaim, ignorance he could not enlighten, and sorrow he could not alleviate. And although literary men would have hailed him at first as a curiosity, and respected him as an honest and able man, they would, by and by, have flocked away from him as they did from Irving. And we doubt, too (founding this on some things we saw in Glasgow), if his doctrines, particularly his Millenarianism, would have suited the new school of Sceptics (or *Considerers*, as they may be called in the original meaning of the Greek word), who have now existed for many years, and are found in all churches.

On the whole, Dr. Anderson acted wisely, we think, in remaining in Glasgow. In London, it was suggested to him that he should publish a volume of sermons, which he did in 1844. He alludes to this in the epistle dedicatory of the first volume of his Discourses to his church in John Street, where he says, "When recently in London, as a deputation from the Scottish Missionary Society, I was advised and urged in various quarters to publish a volume, including some of the sermons I preached upon that occasion." Ministers of note visiting London for the first or second time often receive captivating compliments, flattering requests, and seducing hints.

It is a custom of the place, and creates a kind of belated clerical honeymoon in their feelings, so strikingly contrasted it is with the cold indifference of the provinces; but, in Anderson's case, the praise seems to have been more than usually abundant and sincere, and was felt to be so by himself, and on this hint he spoke by publishing his very admirable and racy discourses.

A gentleman who once visited London could, when he returned, give no description of the capital except by reiterating the words, "Wonderful! oh, wonderful, most wonderful!" This was better than John MacDiarmid of Dumfries, who, when he visited it for the first time, sent home letters to his paper about it so long, and laboured, and overflowing with particulars, that Allan Cunningham remarked, that "Mr M. seemed to think that he had discovered London." Anderson preserved the proper medium, and although he frequently alluded to and narrated passages in his London trips, he never, either in correspondence or conversation, became prosy in their description. One glimpse we get of him from Mr. Colin Rae Brown, the well-known Glasgow *littérateur*, who, in a letter to us, describes him (they resided in the same hotel) getting up very early in the summer morning and hieing to Covent Garden to watch the unloading of the vast carts and waggons of vegetables and fruit there—always the first authentic symptom that London's brief night is past, and that her long, long day of manifold business has begun.

How characteristic this of Anderson's everlasting freshness of heart and mind, and of that sleepless

love of Nature—and especially in its Flora—which distinguished him! How he loved the grass, the flowers, the trees of the wood, the sparkling foam of the ocean, the wave of mighty forests, and the rush of sounding waterfalls; the deep solitude of Highland glens, the floating down of the thistle, the falling flakes of the snow, and the bells of the budding clover; the ivy with tremulous filial hand hiding the nakedness of the ruin, and the pine throwing her cones like loose reins on the neck of the hurrying blast! No one detested affectation in the proclamation of love to Nature more, or practised it less; he did not like the class called “Exclaimers,” and he himself seldom exclaimed, and yet few in reality had a deeper, truer, or wider passion for the beautiful and sublime. This arose from that poetic nature in him which was far stronger than he ever had the opportunity, or perhaps the power (from culture and circumstances) fully to express.

In 1847 took place the Union between the Relief and the Secession bodies. This had been talked of for a long time, had gone on at first after the talk had become action with considerable alacrity; had come to a sort of stand-still, but was at last consummated in the month of May, 1847, in Edinburgh. There never, indeed, had been any serious obstruction, although, of course, there was a good deal of petty prejudice to overcome. Till indeed the Voluntary Controversy arose, there was little love lost between the two bodies. The Relief were thought by the Secession somewhat lax in discipline, and in doctrine

too. The Secession were deemed by the Relief rather harsh, narrow, and Pharisaic. In both of the notions there might be some truth, but there was far more exaggeration. Both parties had, in fact, unknown to each other beyond the partition wall which sundered them, been rapidly growing, and had in that silent growth thrown off almost all that was really objectionable in either. But the Voluntary question gave them a common object, a common watchword, and a common foe. And hence for a good many years their nuptials seemed so fixed, and their proximity to each other so great, that all romance of courtship and of marriage fled, and it resembled at last rather a shaking of hands between friends in the market place, or the marriage of two middle aged persons who had been long engaged, than the espousals of ardent lovers.

Both, however, were well matched, and seemed in some points the complements of each other. The Relief brought a somewhat younger spirit, as well as in some respects larger views ; and if its men were not so numerous, their culture was fully as liberal, and their popular power as great. On the Secession side were Brown and King, and Young of Perth, and Stark of Dennyloanhead, and Stark of Forres, and Harper of Leith, and Macfarlane and Eadie of Glasgow, and Davidson of Edinburgh, and Angus of Aberdeen, and Mackelvie of Balgedie, and a host of others. On the Relief, were Anderson and Struthers, and M'Dougall of Paisley, and Lindsay and Taylor of Glasgow, and Gorrie of Kettle, and M'Michael of

Dunfermline, and Edwards of Glasgow, and Auld of Greenock, Brown of Wishaw, and Brooks of Johnstone, and Beckett of Rutherglen, and many besides. Not long before the Union, Heugh and Mitchell, and Balmer of Berwick, and Duncan of Midcalder, had died; Ritchie had resigned his charge; and on the Relief side, some patriarchs too had departed Simeon-like, while the desire of their hearts was almost in their arms. On the other hand, many of the present luminaries of the Church were as yet below the horizon. On the whole, however, both denominations brought to the erection of the new temple a mass of most admirable material—their spirit, if not enthusiastic, was very harmonious, and the excitement, if not so violent as that which accompanied the birth of the Free Church four years previously, was more rational, and gave a more trustworthy augury for the future. It was a Union, in short, of which, as Sir Philip Francis said of the Peace of Amiens, everybody was glad, but nobody was particularly proud.

Dr. Anderson was from the first friendly to the general idea of the Union, although he felt a little sore at the hard names which had been thrown at the Relief body by some of the Secession, and had said at the Synod that he had a little bit of cold hard ice in his bosom which must be melted ere he could go heartily into it. It is told that a Sabbath or so afterwards Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, appeared unexpectedly in John Street vestry, and said, "Mr. Anderson, I have come to preach for you this morning, if you will allow me, and to try to melt that bit of ice

about the Union you said there was still in your breast." Anderson received him most warmly, mounted the pulpit, gave out the psalm, and in announcing Dr. Brown announced also his purpose, and said that he felt the ice already fast melting away.

At the soiree held in honour of the consummation of the Union on the evening of the 13th of May, 1847, Anderson was one of the speakers. His subject was the duties which Dissenters owe to themselves and to the community around them. He first recapitulated the story about the ice, stating that it was, however, not icy hatred or icy contempt he had felt for the Secession, but icy fear, knowing their feelings to the Relief, and that the last particles of that ice had been removed by that warm room and the many warm hearts it enclosed. He then expressed his conviction that the Relief body had that day, in proportion to their numbers and their wealth, contributed to the common fund their due quota of learning, piety, and zeal for the Gospel. He next launched out on his theme, and delivered a brief, bold Andersonian speech, in which, while speaking of increased missionary enterprise as one result of the Union, he said, "But another great arm must go out on the other side preserving the symmetry. We have a great mission to show that the purest form of Christian faith is not only consistent with, but in the highest degree inspiring of, the spirit of civil liberty; to disabuse the mind of liberal sceptics of that great prejudice against our faith, generated so unhappily by the conduct of too many professors, that Christianity is inimical to civil liberty."

In April, 1850, he received the degree of LL.D. from his own University, that of Glasgow. He had said previously, when the thing was mooted, that he would not take a D.D. from Glasgow University, as its Senate had not been in a position to judge of his divinity. For such honours Anderson had no special desire, as he had no need of them whatever. He never, with some, manœuvred to obtain a degree, nor, with others, purchased it. We think he rather regarded degrees with a slight feeling of contempt. We remember his once speaking with scorn of the false and factitious advantage a divinity degree conferred on clergymen over their superiors and seniors in public advertisements, meetings, &c., so that the small doctors often took precedence over the older or the greater man. We suspect he accepted the degree, for which he certainly never applied, to oblige the friends who wished him to get it and the University which frankly conferred it on him. It added nothing to him, but it took nothing away; it could not raise him, but it did not lower him; it did not make him more respectable or eminent, but it did not make him ridiculous. Most of his admirers preferred plain "William Anderson" to Dr. Anderson, although many also thought that giving him a degree, so richly deserved, rayed back honour on those who bestowed it, and served somewhat to redeem the practice from the general contempt into which it was fallen. He felt it, however, a great honour, and valued it highly in his later years.

During these years of his meridian fulness and

brightness of success, his labours continued most abundant. Diligent as ever among his people, and frequent as ever in his pulpit, he was ready as ever to speak at soirees, to assist brethren, and to attend all sorts and sizes of public meetings. In the City Hall he continued to lay about him like a man inspired; his eloquence resembling the description so often given of that of Charles James Fox—the whole man being in an ecstasy of convulsive earnestness, his voice screeching or yelling out his words, his eye shooting out black fire and horror, his words pursuing each other like a crowd running from a conflagration, and the audience partaking almost to agony in his high wrought excitement, and moving almost to frenzy to his stirring eloquence. When a hiss, as was sometimes the case, questioned the accuracy of his statements, or rebuked the asperity of his language, he would probably take no notice of it at the time, but pass on to some triumphant point in his argument, and then pausing, look his opponents in the face, and in broad Scotch, and with an eldrich squeel, cry out, "*Hiss noo, if ye dare.*"

Nor meanwhile were his private studies neglected. He had been, as we saw, a good student, a first-rate mathematician, and excellent Latin scholar, and knew some modern languages. His mathematics he abandoned, but he did not permit himself to rust in his Latin or his French. If he did not read many of the new books of the day, he made up for this by his diligent perusal of the newspapers. He had especially great delight in reading the *Times*. For some years he made a point of reading every leader in the leading

journal, and also the chief part, often the whole of the foreign correspondence. In this way he passed many pleasant hours in his later years, when deafness deprived him of conversation. A friend used to send him a vast number of *tid bits* in newspapers and periodicals, which greatly refreshed him. He had considerable interest, too, in the higher literature and poetry of the day, had read Festus, and the Life-Drama, and other poems of the age, and became acquainted with some of the rising *littérateurs*—notably with Mr. Charles A. Ward of London (whose *nom de plume* is Feltham Burghley), a man of real genius, and with whom he carried on a long correspondence. One of the last poems he read was Olrig Grange, and he greatly enjoyed it, and especially what it says of formal professors of religion. It may be mentioned here that William Anderson in his early ministerial days knew Robert Pollok, the author of the Course of Time, saw, we think, that poem in MS., and although he was not an enthusiastic admirer of it as a whole, admitted great merit in particular parts, and regarded the memory and early fate of the author with warm sympathy and sorrow.

To students and young preachers, Anderson was always accessible and friendly. He loved the young fermenting brain, the self-forgetting enthusiasm, the crude but exuberant life of young men, their heartfelt aspirations and half-fledged pinions, and in their society his flesh and feelings became, in Job's language, "fresher than those of a child;" and he exemplified the truth of the saying, "that the Sons of the Morning are always

young." And yet he was faithful in rebuking their faults, in correcting their prejudices, in guarding their judgments, and in abating their self-opinion and rash assumptions. When surrounded by a knot of aspiring youths, he delighted to tell them stories of his own early days, his successes and defeats, his ecstasies and his chagrins. Yet withal, he never compromised his self-respect, or lowered his dignity by a single iota. Sometimes too, as with his other friends, he would lift up a book that was interesting, read passages from it, invite their criticism, challenge their sympathies, over-ride their remarks when they were captious or smacked of envy, and endorse them when they were candid and just.

And now surely Anderson might have been expected to follow thus the "ever running year with profitable labour to his grave." But besides the family losses which disturbed his serenity, there were other circumstances before him calculated to test his manhood and his faith. These we shall detail when we come to speak of his decadence and decline; and we shall close this chapter by showing him in what we may call the climax of his power, as standing up in Edinburgh and speaking at the Tercentenary of the Reformation. This was on Wednesday, the 16th of May, 1860. After some others had delivered their speeches on various aspects of the Reformation, Anderson rose to handle its defects. His rising in the Music Hall excited quite a sensation. The look of the man, as of some old Puritan or John Knox *redivivus*; his sudden appearance (he seemed, said a countryman who was present to his next neighbour, "like ane just rising up

oot o' the grund"); the daring treatment of the theme; the manner in which, after having given the Reformers their meed of praise, "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over," he proceeded to find "hairs in their neck;" the happy reason he assigned for this, that "his worship of the Peerless One and his devotion to Protestantism might remain pure and entire;" the freedom and force and fearlessness of his strictures on Luther and Calvin (strictures which, to its honour, the meeting adopted as its own, and cheered to the echo); his admirable hits at the Confession of Faith, and the blunder it committed by producing the case of Herod gathering his assembly of high priests and scribes to demand where Christ should be born, as a proof of the right of the magistrate to call synods; and the noble closing remarks, in which he denounced our trimming and paltering in a double sense and sacrificing to a feeling of false brotherhood with other Churches our original manly attitude as a Voluntary Church, renders this, perhaps, Anderson's *chef d'œuvre*, and certainly no speech of his ever received such rapturous applause from an audience, or, when printed, ever made a more profound impression. One thing, in our judgment, it lacked—namely, a proclamation of the non-finality of the Westminster Confession, or of any other elaborate and lengthened standard of religious opinion. But this was not so manifest, even to Anderson's keen prospective glance, as it has become of late to most men who "discern their time" and the manifest stream of its tendency.

CHAPTER XII.

ANDERSON AT HOME.

IT is seldom that the great author or preacher translates well or fully into the man. Often something, nay much, is lost on the way, and the imposing, overwhelming leader of the people, whose words are laws and stamp an earthquake, is found in private to be a very common-place or selfish individual, self-travestied into an exceedingly small, consequential, and shabby version of the public man. To say that no man is a hero to his valet is to say too much; to say that few men are, is to state what we believe to be the truth,

On the other hand, some of the greatest authors or preachers have been very delightful companions; and even when their conversation has not been equal to their writings, their *bonhomie*, geniality, humility, and child-like simplicity have rendered them general favourites. How many have spoken to us of Edward Irving as in the undress of private life the most fascinating of men! Not a few, we believe, remember Dr. Andrew Thomson, the Thunderer of St. George's, as combining the manners of a gentleman and the intellect of a giant, with the utmost frankness, cordiality, and fun. Of Professor Wilson and of Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Chalmers we need not speak. Many who enter

Thomas Carlyle's company deeply prejudiced against him are converted, less by the wonderful power of his talk than by his kindly ways, his farmer-like homeliness of manner, and his broad Annandale accent. De Quincey's suavity, humble air, and politeness were almost painful, when you remembered what an intellect and imagination, what learning, and subtlety, and genius belonged to him. And without placing Anderson exactly beside such *dii majorum gentium*, on this point he was entitled to rank with them. From his pulpit, on which he stood as on a throne, he subsided into private society as easily and gracefully as a wave from its sweeping power and crested majesty into the level of the deep. He did not descend with compulsion and laborious flight. He did not assume a mock humility. In the pulpit, on the platform, with thousands cheering him to the echo, or convulsed with laughter under the sting of his humour, till it threatened sometimes to become the sting of death, or paying him that tribute of silence which is the "best applause," he had been simply a child, inspired and influenced with a fine frenzy. When it was over he was a child still, free to sport and play, his work over and his holiday begun.

Emerson describes some of the Neo-Platonic Philosophers as "babe-like Jupiters sitting amidst their clouds, and conversing with each other and with no contemporary." Such an epithet is as appropriate to Anderson. He was a babe-like Jupiter both when he sat throned on thunders among the clouds, and when he plucked buttercups and chased butterflies in the

fields. Sydney Smith describes a young lady who once in his company at dinner, in her terror and confusion, began to crumble her bread; and he says that in the presence of a Bishop he always did the same—in that of an Archbishop with both hands! We imagine that few ladies, or men, or children crumbled their bread at Anderson's side, or, if they did so once, they never tried it again. The danger was of feeling too much at ease with him. Instead of merely coming down to your level, he *got into yourself*, and it became not condescending intercourse but incorporation, till, in delightful interchange of souls, you forgot you were in the company of one of the most extraordinary men of his body.

In these moods how delicious was the "two-handed crack"—how pleasantly profitable his reminiscences of the past, of his college days, of departed ministers and friends—and how, when he got some racy anecdote to recount, he "rolled it like a sweet morsel under his tongue!" You almost heard the operation even before it strengthened into a chuckle; and how abundantly ready he was to listen to what you had to say, which, in spite of his deafness, he caught up with marvellous celerity and general correctness—sometimes, indeed, getting you to repeat it twice while he was pondering a reply, if it was an argument, or preparing a Roland for an Oliver if it was a joke! And then he had his serious moods, in which, from his point of view, he bemoaned the state of the world; or told some lamentable story of moral failure and delinquency—always, however, more in

sorrow than in anger; or, perhaps, at the "witching hour," the Clyde heard wailing down the valley, and the large stars of midnight looking in, he would strike on a weird and eery note, recount a ghost story, rehearse some of those warning voices—

"Earnest whispers heard among the hills"

at dead of night, and how their portentous tidings had been fulfilled; or in half shuddering, half rapturous tones speak of the unexpected and cloudy coming of the Son of Man!

At other times he was fond of *darting* on a favourite volume (we use the word advisedly), and proceeding with child-like rapture to read to you its better passages, looking round the while as eagerly for your opinion, as if they were from his own pen. We have witnessed often young authors reading their own MSS., and have pitied the helpless droop of their faces if you were not pleased; but seldom have seen a countenance fall as Anderson's did, when the words of *others* fell flat upon his hearer. We found him one day at Uddingston, when he must have been 65 years of age, deep in Tasso, repeating with intense delight some of his lines, and pointing out their exquisite melody and smoothness. He had, we think, only mastered Italian at a late period of life, and this reminded us of Robert Hall, when, in his grand climacteric, he read Macaulay's paper on Milton, in which he sketches Dante, and was found a day or two after on his back, with an Italian Grammar in his hands commencing the study of that language, that he might be able to read the great poet for himself.

Although Dr. Anderson's critical faculty had not received much culture, and was not certainly one of his leading powers, yet in sincere enthusiasm for literature, and warm appreciation of what he thought good, as well as in honest and unmeasured disgust for what he disliked, we have seldom met his equal.

We may perhaps be permitted to describe as briefly as possible one or two of our meetings with Anderson, in which there was involved some element characteristic of his character. One of the first times we met him was in his own house in Glasgow, in 1847, having called on him along with our mutual, and mutually much esteemed friend, Dr. Hamilton MacGill. He was kind and pleasant but grave, and we thought, not then knowing his ways, somewhat distant. Swarthy solemnity seemed the expression of his face, and we wondered if the rumour which ran, that he could keep audiences in roars of laughter for hours, were true. We remember only one of his remarks. Talking of public speaking, he said, "there are two kinds of it, speaking with the throat, and with the lungs. The first fatigues the speaker less—the other impresses the audience more. Almost all who speak a great deal and preserve their health, speak with the throat. The minister's sore throat and *bronchitis* affect chiefly those who speak with the lungs." The remark was new to us then, but is undoubtedly in the main correct, and had been founded on extensive experience.

In the year 1848, we had Anderson assisting at our Communion, and then for the first time we saw him in all the genial *déshabillé* of his private manners, and

learned to love as we had long admired him. There occurred a scene which has been pictured under fictitious names elsewhere, but which is far too characteristic to be omitted here. We give it nearly as it happened, and Principal Tulloch, who was present, can verify our statement. (Dr. Anderson had that day told us the particulars.) Dr. Anderson was sitting one day in his study, when a stranger is announced, and in stalks an elderly man of majestic presence, mild expression of face, and with long grey hair floating down his shoulders. He accosts Dr. Anderson, "I have long known you, sir, and highly esteemed your character. You are one of the few ministers in this land who have advocated the ancient Hope of the Church. I, sir, am Jesus Christ! I am newly arrived from heaven; and you are the first man in Glasgow I have called on." (He was, of course, an escaped lunatic.)

Dr. Anderson evidently did not like the somewhat ludicrous turn we heedlessly gave to the story, but if it was folly, he answered it accordingly, without a moment's hesitation. "That's nothing to another story. A minister was one day sitting in his study reading Sartor Resartus, when a stranger is shown in of a very remarkable appearance. His stature is tall, his complexion and hair dark as night; his forehead is furrowed with deep scars, his large eyes gleam with what Milton calls 'black fire,' his air is majestic, but unspeakably melancholy; his aspect altogether that of a fallen prince. He approaches the clergyman, takes him by the hand, and accosts him thus, 'I am happy, sir, to see you; you have done justice to some of my

fastest friends, who have been greatly misunderstood in the world, such as Shelley and Byron. I have come to thank you in person. I am that much misrepresented character—Lucifer!’” One can conceive the effect of the rejoinder in a company which consisted entirely of clergymen. We record it as a specimen of those witty and rapid retorts in which no man excelled him in his social hours, as well as sometimes in church courts and public meetings. They seemed to come on him, as they did on Sydney Smith, by a species of inspiration; and we thought the volcanic fire sparkled the more brightly from the contrast with the dark background of his normal gravity, like a wall of lava.

A week or two afterwards we assisted him in turn at his Communion in John Street. We were much interested in the services of the whole day. The congregation we found large; and, thanks to him, one of the best singing congregations in Scotland. It was thrilling, almost to the sublime, to hear their morning psalm. His sermon, though hardly in his highest vein, was interesting and forcible—it was on the reconcilableness of the Kingly with the Fatherly character of God—a favourite theme, and often touched on in after years. His prayers were minute, comprehensive, and earnest. But the most striking part was his table service. During the consecration prayer, he held the elements in his hand. While lifting up the cup, and pouring out a most eloquent and almost awful prayer for the coming of Christ, as he stood there so like an ancient Jew—dark and solemn—the thought flashed

across our mind, "Here is the *King's cup-bearer!*" The awe-struck feeling was communicated to the large audience, who were silent as the grave, and seemed eating and drinking under the shadow of the coming chariot; and if the morning psalm approached the sublime, the evening anthem sung by the whole congregation standing exceeded it, and rose to the sublime of dreams, when the vision of the night is heaven.

In private we enjoyed exceedingly his familiar and friendly talk. We saw him, we recollect, in his own family, under the influence of a fine private organ, played with the accompaniment of a female voice, and his spirit seemed to rise upon the billows of sweet sound, as if each wave were a step of Jacob's Ladder leading upwards to the Eternal Throne! We then met, as formerly mentioned, his wife and also the members of his family. There was one of these with whom we felt *en rapport* almost immediately. This was his son William—a young man of remarkable promise, inheriting, if not his father's genius, yet all his sympathy with genius, more than his nervous temperament, and an acuter metaphysical intellect—fed, too, by a far wider and more diversified reading. We linger as we remember little traits and incidents connected with this amiable youth, who was deeply loved by his father. We recollect him accompanying us on the Sabbath morning to church—his father, then in the full vigour of middle age, stalking on swiftly before, and the son whispering to us as he passed, "I ken he's no prepared very well to-day." We recollect returning

in the evening, too, along with "young Willie," as he was then always called in contradistinction to his father, and pausing with him at the bridge over the Clyde, where the noble stream, which had been all day serving God in its own way up among the hills, was pouring its dim waters below the arches with a strong yet stilly sound, as if it hushed its voice in unison with the solemnities of the eve of Sacramental Sabbath rest.

In 1849 we saw more of "Willie," and watched with interest the metaphysical tendencies of his mind. We found that he was an invaluable assistant to his father—his *taster* of books—his referée in contested matters of expression, grammar, and dates—the link connecting him with the literature and philosophy of to-day—a kind of living "whatnot"—or revolving table of literary help to his sire. To him the father read his lectures ere they were delivered, from him he learned the impressions they had made, he ferreted out quotations for him, he gave him sometimes advice and always sympathy, and in many points was to Dr. Anderson what young Burke was to his father. Alas! there was too soon another point of resemblance between them! We remember accompanying young Willie that year on a morning call to our friend, the late Professor Nichol, who had never met him before, but who, partly for his father's sake, whom he warmly admired, and partly for his own ingenuous and intellectual look and manner, received him with all that frank urbanity with which he so easily won and for ever kept the hearts of the young. We met this interesting youth for the last time in the year 1854,

while returning from the Kossuth *conversazione* at the Observatory, Glasgow; parted with him in Sauchiehall Street amidst the shadows of the night; and toward the close of 1855 heard that he had left the world, exchanging the weakness of a nervous system and the yearnings of a truth-seeking, earnest, unsatisfied spirit, for the strength, the light, and "the glorious liberty of the children of God." Lamented by his father much, he was lamented even more by his student friends, who still cherish his memory in their heart of hearts. He died 29th Sept., 1855. His mother had preceded him nearly a year, having departed this life on the 9th of Nov., 1854. Over the son's tomb there is the following inscription from Anderson's pen:—

IN MEMORIAM quoque
GULIELMI ANDERSONI, S.S. Theologiæ
Studiosi, qui matrem in cœlum
cito est secutus : eheu ! quam cito,
patri, fratri, sorori re-
lictis, multisque aliis lugentibus
Subito ereptus !
Obiit Sep. 29, A.D. 1855,
Natus 27 annos.

An infant called David Binnie Anderson, who was a special pet of his father's, had died before either of them, January 28, 1835, aged five and a-half years. Another son, John, the eldest, died in June, 1865, aged forty.

Death produced a curious complex effect in William Anderson. No one could love his children or his wife better than he did; no one could more sincerely mourn their loss, and yet there was an element of joy connected in his mind with death which few can

share. Millenarianism was not a mere theory with him; it was a fixed idea, and that idea generated a lively hope. He did not look to re-union with his friends across the gulf of innumerable ages, nor on the other side even of his own grisly grave; he looked up from the tomb to the blue sky as smiling down the prospect of a speedier meeting. We once attended a funeral, where, as the dead man was going down into the grave, a lark arose from the very margin of the sepulchre, and poured out a strain of melody to the May sun, as if it was the spirit of the departed triumphing over death, and ere entering the gates of heaven, leaving this fine strain for a legacy. Anderson needed no such winged voice to cheer him as he laid his beloved ones in the dust. The hope was beating and singing unseen in his own bosom. And whatever we may think as to the Millennial hypothesis, we freely grant that held as Anderson held it, or as Irving held it, it was a well-spring of perennial peace in their breasts, and mingled a joy with their grief which the world could not give or take away, and which ordinary theories of resurrection do not supply with equal force or in a form coming so nearly home to the heart.

Dr. Anderson was married to Margaret Jane Hamilton, his second wife, on the 6th day of February, 1856. As this lady still lives, we can only say that her union with Dr. Anderson was a source of great comfort to him in his closing days. She was a most kind nurse to him, and her assiduities to the poor and the sick were unremitting. One son was the offspring of this marriage, born on August 3rd,

1857, and who died July 9th, 1868, aged ten years and eleven months.

Dr. Anderson's only daughter, Mary, now Mrs. John Wilson, Craigpark, Glasgow, is still living.

William Willie (so called after his father and his first Willie) was the name of his son by his second wife, and of him he has left a delightful memorial. His sermon on the Re-union of Friends in the Heavenly World was exceedingly popular, and he was often requested to reprint it. This he did in 1868, along with a prefatory Pastoral Letter to the members of John Street United Presbyterian Congregation, containing a somewhat lengthened and very beautiful tribute to this Benjamin, the child of his old age, with some notes of his death-bed sayings appended. In reference to this letter and its appendix, one is reminded of the old story of Agesilans the Spartan King. He is amusing himself with his children, and mingling with their sports like one of themselves. A stranger is suddenly introduced. Agesilans looks up and asks him, "Are you a father?" He replies, "I am." "Then let us play out the game, boys." So, if the reader of this Pastoral Letter is a father, and especially a father who has been bereaved, or even although not a father, if he be constitutionally a lover of children, let him read this production, and it will beguile him of not a few tears. We would not advise mere critical and cold-blooded persons to read it at all. They may find other subjects to scoff at besides the devoted, doting (if you will) affection of a noble old man of 70 years of age, for a brave, beautiful, virtuous, and gentle boy, who had

wound himself round the hearts of both father and mother, and a host of others, who had made his father, as he tells us, young again, and whose loss brought home to him for the first time the woes of age; who for ten years had spent a cheerful bird-like existence in this strange world, yet was not unaware of its sorrows and mysteries, and of the consolations the Gospel has supplied to the one, and the solution it has promised to the other, and whose death-bed disclosed a resigned, pious, and benignant spirit, so that when he was passing away his parents might have said in the exquisite language of Leigh Hunt—

“Yes, still he’s fixed and sleeping !
 This silence too the while—
 Its very hush and creeping
 Seem whispering us a smile
 Some thing divine and dim
 Seems going by one’s ear,
 Like parting wings of cherubim,
 Who say, ‘We’ve finished here.’”

William Willie lies now near Knox’s Monument in the Glasgow Necropolis, with the following stanza inscribed on his tombstone :—

“We wonder if it will be long
 Till Resurrection day;
 When we will meet him glorified.
 Come quickly, Lord, we pray.”

In his truly magnificent sermon on the Re-union of Saints, Dr. Anderson had supported very strongly the doctrine of infant salvation, of *universal* infant salvation, although he held that a higher place in the climes of bliss would be given to the infant children of the

good than to those of the wicked. And many years afterwards, when his warm friend, William Logan's "Words of Comfort," after a race of unexampled popularity and usefulness, was going into another new and enlarged edition, William Anderson prefixed an introduction on the subject full of all his usual qualities of strong reasoning, bitter sarcasm, and earnest practical appeal. The scorn he casts upon those writers who, while professing to believe in a gospel of mercy, and a God whose name is love, yet can hardly admit the salvation of infants, and have been driven to certain hesitating and half-hearted concessions on the subject by the pressure of public opinion acting on their fears, is expressed in language of well-deserved indignation and savage irony, fitted to pierce below surfaces of the most pachydermatous character, and touch the very quick of half-slumbering consciences. On a subject like the salvation of infants, Dr. Anderson felt that he did well to be angry. While he appreciated the idea of pardoned guilt, he liked better still that of untainted innocence, and he found this in children; he shuddered at the conception of that innocence being confounded with hardened sin in one common condemnation, under the eye and the hand of a just and a merciful God, and he felt that the sublimest and loveliest attitude assumed, or whichever shall be assumed by the Son of Man was, when he stood and said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Although it is perhaps shooting a little beyond the

point, we cannot close this sketch of Anderson's home life without referring to his retreat at Uddingston, where at last he found out the peaceful hermitage. Here he was perfectly at home among his flowers, his family, and his friends; his three families they might indeed be called. It was a nook or "coigne of vantage" he had long fancied and where he united the *otium* with a true paternal *dignitas*. Some, indeed, thought he had retired too soon, for beyond a little stoop of the shoulders, and an almost imperceptibly increased deafness, there was little else of the old about him. His sympathies, tastes, feelings, and looks were more of a man who had not yet past his prime. But for a long season there he had more leisure for reading; more time for quiet meditation—he heard the tumult and was still. And when he emerged it was always in quest of some public duty he had to discharge, some private sorrow he had to soothe, or some brother minister to assist, or sometimes to take a little run into the country or down the coast. Better won, or more thoroughly enjoyed leisure there could not be, and in its peaceful bosom, ere his evil days yet draw nigh, or the years come in which he must say, there is no pleasure in them, we shall leave him.

CHAPTER XIII.

DECADENCE AND RETIREMENT.

DR. ANDERSON had no more than other ministers any particular longing theoretically for a time when he should take or receive a colleague. We suppose he did not think the relation a very happy idea. Nor did he judge the prevailing practice of multiplying collegiate charges a healthy symptom in the Church. As he knew the history of that sort of charges very well, he knew how often colleagues were forced on reluctant ministers; how often their election was a sheer signal of distress, a disguise of a declining cause, or a pretext for shelving the senior pastor, or the result of intrigues on the part of the junior aspirant and his partizans, and how frequently it led to dispeace and heart-burnings between the clergymen, still more frequently between their families, and often also to the formation of parties and schisms in the congregation itself.

There were, too, peculiarities about himself and his partner of which he was thoroughly aware. The bare idea of such a thing as a colleague to Willie Anderson must, he knew, be felt generally to be absurd. Sir Walter Scott makes Rob Roy say, what a ridiculous thing it would have been to have fixed to the door of Glasgow College the advertisement—" *Wanted, a tutor*

for Rob Roy's sons." Equally ridiculous seemed the idea of an assistant to such an extraordinary and unique character as Dr. Anderson. Then, as it was known, that although the most warm-hearted of men, he had, like most such persons, a peculiar temper and liked his own way. Some remembered the story of Sir David Baird's mother, who when she heard that her son and another soldier were chained together in the dungeon of Tippoo Saib, exclaimed, "Pity the chield that's tied to oor Davie!" and began to compassionate the prospective case of even a very strong man being connected with this restless Titan. And then the main objection was that Anderson was not only not an old man—not much above 50—but that he was as vigorous and active as he had ever been, doing as much work, and doing it as well and with as little fatigue, as ever he had done—his congregation, too, being prosperous.

Had the proposal of a colleague been made to him by others about this time, we can conceive the whirlwind of contempt with which Anderson would have blown it back in the faces of the unlucky projectors who had presumed to dictate to him! But the thought had occurred to himself as early at least as 1853. We gather this from some words he used and hints he threw out to ourselves about that time. One reason for his wishing a colleague, as he stated afterwards at the Presbytery, lay in the increase of what he characteristically called "that abominable deafness." He had an eye, too, to the preparation of more works, specially on the Popish

controversy. At all events, his wish having become well known, the congregation proceeded in 1855 to call the Rev. Alex. Macleod, then of Strathaven, now Dr. Macleod of Birkenhead, a gentleman who had often preached in John Street, and by his able and eloquent discourses had most favourably impressed alike Anderson and his people. He was settled accordingly in the same year. It were quite vain to seek to conceal the fact that, after some years, what we may almost call the normal consequences of a collegiate charge began to show themselves. On these, however, we shall say nothing. This only let us notice, that Dr. Macleod always entertained and still entertains the highest esteem for Dr. Anderson, as he showed by the interesting article he wrote after his death in a Glasgow paper; that Dr. Anderson never, so far as we have ever heard, said a word of his colleague but what was friendly and favourable, and that when the latter published a volume of admirable essays, Dr. Anderson forwarded it to us to review in a Dundee publication, and even distributed slips of the notice in all directions.

Whatever differences, however, were to develop themselves, matters for a very considerable time went on in a smooth easy current. Without Anderson's commanding power or privileged position, Dr. Macleod had a fine rich fancy, great stores of language, and a distinctly modern vein of thought and feeling, besides being a working minister, and a thoroughly simple-minded and sincere man. The congregation continued to prosper, and at last it was determined that a new

church should be built. The old one, which was exactly Anderson's age, having been finished in 1799, the year he was born, was pulled down in 1858, and the present very handsome and commodious edifice erected in its stead. It was opened on the first Sabbath of January, 1860, by Dr. Anderson himself; in the afternoon, the late excellent and accomplished Dr. John Robson preached, and was followed by Mr. Macleod in the evening. The collection amounted to £1,134. The cost of the church was £10,000, and is now free of debt.

Dr. Anderson preached on the words, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid," &c. Towards the close of the sermon he took occasion to refer to the old place of worship, and stated, as a remarkable fact, that it was not till John Street Church was lent for meetings on the Anti-Corn Law question, and other kindred objects, that it began signally to prosper. He brought this in to convince the people that such questions were not unworthy of the countenance of church-goers. Anderson himself said, "When all Glasgow else denied accommodation, our old house hospitably opened its doors to the Anti-Corn Law Agitation. What desecration! cried infidel Tories. Alas, what desecration! cried pharisaic professors: our church was at that time in great depression, but it was the turning-point of its recovery—*from that time the prospects of our church began to brighten.*" This had been, of course, before the City Hall was built. While granting the circumstance Dr. Anderson stated, to be

a remarkable one, it is obvious to notice that a church like that of John Street could not fail to be more extensively known, and to become a centre of greater attraction after it had been identified with a popular cause, and frequently overflowing. The church was seated for 1300, but more than once there has been an audience of about 2000 assembled in it; and nowhere does a large audience tell more in appearance or in effect upon the speaker—they are so compacted together into one unity, and their repose or their emotion, their silence, or their breathing aloud, seems that of one big Being.

Shortly after this Dr. Anderson removed to Uddingston, near Bothwell, where he was to spend the remainder of his days. The place and the neighbourhood are both beautiful. The house stands in the midst of a garden, which slopes gently northwards up a little hill. To the south a fine prospect expands, including in the distance Bothwell Castle and the Clyde. Toward the west, you discern the vast dense pillar of smoke which proclaims the presence of Glasgow. Eastward is Bothwell Bridge. We recollect after lecturing one night in Hamilton, to which Dr. Anderson had sent his machine to take us to Uddingston, when we reached Bothwell Bridge, noticing a dark figure moving on the side of the road—it was Anderson who had walked this length to meet us. We thought it a curious conjunction at the “mirk hour,” in the centre of Bothwell Brig. The night that followed was, we think, the only one we slept under his roof at Uddingston, although we visited it often before

and since, and it was a night of great enjoyment; Anderson being full of talk, and in his frankest, kindest vein, yet with touches, too, of solemn thought and feeling as the night wore on to morning. Uddingston is near and united by a railway to Glasgow, and in the city, of course, Anderson was frequently found. On Sabbath morning he usually drove in to preach in John Street, and returning, spent most delightful evenings in his sweet rural solitude. Very little served to make Anderson happy: a stroll through his garden, a new book, the unexpected entrance of a friend, a humorous anecdote told him, the putting on for the night of his favourite Jewish cap, a tune on some musical instrument—any such trifle, was quite sufficient to soothe his spirit after excitement or labour, and to open up all the sluices of his heart and his conversation. Easy to open, it was not so easy to stop their outflow.

Meanwhile Mr. Macleod was called to Birkenhead, and removed there in 1864. Anderson was again left alone, and could not now venture to re-assume the entire charge of his congregation. In October, 1865, the Rev. David MacEwan, of South College Street, Edinburgh, was settled as junior pastor in John Street. After this Dr. Anderson's connection with that church was merely nominal. He regularly, indeed, dispensed the Sacrament in his turn, and preached about once a month in his own pulpit, but he took little part otherwise in the oversight of the congregation. Sometimes, indeed, he called on old members when they were sick, and on old scholars of his evening classes,

besides attending funerals. With Mr. MacEwan he was on the best terms—highly respected his abilities and character, and received the utmost reverence and filial attentions in return.

But although Anderson's labours in John Street were thus reduced to a minimum, he became a general blessing to the churches in and all around Glasgow. He took a special interest in the United Presbyterian Church, Uddingston, often preaching or lecturing on week-night evenings, when, we were told, some of his raciest addresses were delivered. And on Sabbaths—chiefly Anniversary occasions—whether in United Presbyterian or Free Church, or in the Establishment, or among the Methodists, the Cameronians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, or occasionally among the Evangelical Unionists, Anderson was found ever willing to be in the midst of them. All were glad of his aid, and to all he gave it most cheerfully, without money and without price. In this godly guerilla warfare Anderson, indeed, had always delighted. Even in the early days of his ministry he had gone forth to the country villages to teach and preach, sometimes on week evenings and sometimes after his Sabbath day's work was over. And in after years he had been in the habit of giving lectures, near and at a distance, on general subjects, although always with a religious bearing. One of his favourite themes was Conscience, an expansion of that early essay in Milne's Class—a very thoughtful and well-reasoned defence of the originality and supremacy of that "voice within the breast." And there was a lecture on Music

we were never fortunate enough to hear, but which has been described to us as of no little scientific value as an exposition of the subject, and as, besides, exquisitely humorous in spirit and very felicitous in style.

Presbyteries latterly he seldom if ever visited. There was one exception to this in the year 1866, of which we congratulate ourselves on possessing an account from one of his co-Presbyters whose words we gladly borrow. It may be premised that there was a kind of uneasiness about heresy abroad in the United Presbyterian Church at the time, and that while Dr. Peddie tabled an overture on the subject in the Edinburgh Presbytery, the late excellent and amiable Dr. Lindsay had undertaken to bring forward a similar motion in Glasgow. Dr. John Brown Johnston, Govan, in a letter dated December 21, 1872, says as follows:—

“My recollection of the thing is quite distinct,—Dr. Joseph Brown came to me one day and said, ‘What was the motion Dr. Lindsay tabled last Presbytery?’ I told him it was a motion, or notice of motion, similar to one tabled by Dr. Peddie a week before in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, calling on Presbyteries to be diligent, careful, &c., &c., in recommending, enjoining, and so forth, strict adherence to the Confession. Dr. B. said he had got a letter from Dr. Anderson, and he gave me said letter to read. It began with some such question as, ‘What does Dr. Lindsay mean by that insensate motion of his?’ and then the writer said playfully and sarcastically, ‘If you with your powerful argumentation, or Dr. Johnston with his meek

complacency, do not restrain me, I shall come down and give them a bit of my mind.' I do not vouch for the very words, but I am not far from them, and the sentiment I am quite sure about. Dr. Brown suggested that we should go up to Uddingston, which we did next day, and spent several hours in talking over the matter. He was very angry, and strongly persuaded that, under cover of a general recommendation or injunction, there was a blow designed for certain individuals. It was ultimately arranged by us that Dr. Lindsay should be met; the terms of a counter motion were agreed upon, and the parts of the discussion were to some extent provided for. On the morning of next Presbytery meeting the old man came quietly up the passage with a babe-like look of innocence, though bent on mischief. I was sitting beside Jeffrey (Robert) who said to me, as the phenomenon came on the horizon, 'Dear me, what's up to-day?' I said, 'I had no doubt it was the Confession business that had drawn him out.' 'What side is he on?' said Jeffrey. I said, 'I was sure he would be against Dr. Lindsay.' Just as we were talking, Dr. L. rose and withdrew his motion, saying it had come to his knowledge that some brethren regarded it as a kind of insinuation against their orthodoxy and honour, and as nothing was further from his mind than any such charge, he wished all record of his proposal to be obliterated. A few minutes thereafter Dr. Anderson left the court, and as he passed me in going out, he whispered with a funny look of disappointment, 'He has henned.' Next time I met him we had some diversion about the way

in which Dr. Lindsay had spoiled our eloquent harangues."

Dr. Anderson told us that he had marked the Confession in four places as containing matter opposed to the Word of God, and even to the general belief of the most, if not all, of his brethren.

To the projected Union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian body Dr. Anderson was averse from the beginning, although he took no active part against it; and latterly, we have been told, the sternness of his opposition relaxed. To us in private or in correspondence, his tone of dislike, and the reasons he assigned for it, were invariably the same.

How he regarded that great theological movement, called the Broad Church Movement, which, beginning in England has extended to Scotland, and is passing over the whole Church, we cannot speak with definite certitude. Opposed as he was to rash speculation and foregone conclusions, and full of profound reverence for the past, he was friendly to free inquiry, to scientific, philosophic, and theologic advance, and held it foul scorn that Christianity could be believed in danger from any researches however profound, or progress however rapid. Indeed, as a Millenarian, he regarded all the present agitations in the Church as only the swell in the morning billows to be allayed by the rising of the sun. At the same time he has referred in strong terms to us of the manner in which some of the most working, able, and useful men in the Scottish churches (alluding specially to some well-known ministers in the West), had their labours

interrupted, their usefulness injured, and their feelings tortured by the inquisitorial proceedings and captious criticisms to which they were subjected. At the same time, as we have said before, he could not by any means be called a Broad Churchman, and his opinion about the Canon, Inspiration, and other vexed questions of the day were, with perhaps a few modifications, those of his clerical neighbours. These, however, were questions which he did not seem to us to have very deeply studied. His views of the Atonement had always been liberal.

At length the Jubilee year approached, and in March, 1871, the fiftieth year of Dr. Anderson's ministry was celebrated in a series of interesting meetings. Full accounts of these have been published and widely circulated. We have only space in this Memoir for a rapid sketch. On Tuesday, the 7th of March, the proceedings opened by a sermon from Dr. Eadie on Acts xxvi. 22, 23. The sermon, which was able, and closed with a glowing encomium on Anderson's character and labours, was addressed to a large gathering of members of the congregation and their friends, of ministers from the Glasgow Presbytery, and from distant parts of Scotland. At four o'clock a dinner was given in Carrick's Royal Hotel—the Rev. David MacEwan in the chair. Dr. Anderson, in replying to his health, said some remarkable things—among others, that “he never was actuated in writing one line or in speaking one sentence by the desire of human applause, not only not as a first motive, but not even as a secondary motive.” Perhaps he meant

consciously, for no one knew better than he how insinuating and stealthy a feeling love of approbation is. He said that "he had been an idolator of duty—of doing what was right and of abolishing what was wrong. To gain approbation was never the actuating motive, but when it came, there was never a brotherly human heart that received the salutations of friends more congenially than he did."

In the evening a soiree was held in the City Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The proceedings were of a very harmonious and delightful character. In the course of the proceedings Rev. David MacEwan, the Chairman, presented Dr. Anderson with £1200 on a silver salver, in a warm-hearted speech. On the salver was the following inscription:—

"Presented by the Congregation of John Street United Presbyterian Church and other friends, in token of their esteem and admiration, to the Rev. William Anderson, LL.D., on the completion of the fiftieth year of his ministry in that Church, together with Addresses from the Presbytery, Session, and Congregation, and with the sum of £1200, which Dr. Anderson has generously devoted to the founding of 'William Anderson Scholarships' in connection with the United Presbyterian Church.—7th March, 1871."

To this Dr. Anderson delivered a reply fraught with all the vigour, manliness, eloquence, and affection of his very best days. After a rapid survey of the difficulties and trials of his early years, and how they were surmounted, he came to the counterbalancing advantages; and prominent among those were the

"salutations of the City Hall, crowded with thousands of intelligent, unsophisticated artisans and shopkeepers." And now he burst out into the following apostrophe, worthy of a Fox or Burke, leaving Parliament the scene of his triumphs for ever—"Dearly beloved Glasgow City Hall!—I have had, or have, four homes on earth—the venerable home of my father's house; the sweet home, first and last, of my own house; that earnest, oft-experienced, of the heavenly home, the Church in John Street; and the joyous jubilant home of the City Hall. At our family re-unions here, though the bigger brethren with their clarionets discoursed sweeter music, yet I am ready to flatter myself that the natural notes of my ram's horn sometimes excited to higher raptures the shout of liberty. At all events, your cheering response greatly animated myself. Good City Hall! you have proved a happy home to me. And when I feel as if this evening I were bidding thee farewell, it is with a heart overflowing with gratitude for the manner in which thou hast contributed to the joy, the honour, and the usefulness of my life."

He afterwards passed some graceful compliments on John Street, as having received him along with his *odious manuscripts* at a time when not another Presbyterian Dissenting Church in Scotland would have done so, stating that they had "*made him what he was.*" Before handing the cheque to the purpose to which he had destined it, he told the meeting that he used to have every week in his house a levee of students, that he had a class of instruction for students

in Divinity, and had a warm heart to them still. He closed by speaking of himself and his merits, and his prospects, in the spirit of the deepest humility. After Dr. Anderson had concluded, interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by the Revs. Pèter M'Dowall of Alloa (Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod), Dr. J. Logan Aikman, and Rev. Dr. Jamieson, who suggested in his speech that Dr. Anderson should spend the evening of his days in preparing one or two more volumes of such admirable discourses as he had previously issued, and which might form a very precious legacy to generations yet unborn.

And thus was Anderson's long life of power and usefulness virtually ended. He had closed a career of unflinching honesty, unswerving integrity of purpose, and of that highest kind of consistency—consistency not to party or creed, but to his own conscience and convictions. Jubilees are often matters of mere form and show, emphatically got up for personal or party motives. But if ever there was a spontaneous expression of love and admiration for a man, it was that which took place on Tuesday the 7th of March, 1871, in the City Hall of Glasgow. In the language and in the spirit of Paul, he could there exclaim, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." And if he might be said that evening to have metaphorically *died*, he died on the field of battle where he had often contended for civil and religious freedom, for the cause of God and of man, and with the shout of victory ringing in his

ears as it had rang a hundred and a hundred times before!

Yet Anderson himself was not yet prepared for resting under his laurels, ample as they were. He felt a salient spring of energy to encounter the work which his hand yet might find to do. But God arranged it otherwise. He was to live indeed for another year, and in the course of that time to preach not a little, sometimes with much of the force and the fervour of his ancient manner, and to discharge many minor duties. But beyond that he was to do no more and to advance no further. How happy the reflection that he had done what he could! Dr. Johnson inscribed on his watch seal the words, "The night cometh, when no man can work." Anderson did not need any such memorial to quicken his recollection or to inspire his efforts. The spirit of that solemn text had long been written on his heart, and was indeed but another name for that "idolatry of duty" which he had spoken of as a weakness, but in which nevertheless he justly gloried.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH AND FUNERAL.

DR. ANDERSON had originally an iron constitution—more wiry, indeed, than robust, but capable of undergoing vast labour, and of throwing off the effects of intense excitement like “dewdrops from the lion’s mane.” Like many students and clergymen he chose to create new difficulties for himself, and new trials for his constitution, by the practice of pursuing his studies far into the night, or rather morning; but even these did not seem for a long time materially to affect his system. Many predicted that he would live as long as his father, and from some expressions in a letter to us, dated 1853, we think that at one time he himself entertained a similar expectation. But as *Locksley* says in *Ivanhoe*, he did not allow for the wind in the calculation of the arrow flight—he forgot to take the temperament into account. His father was cool, he was warm; his father resided in a country village; he lived and worked hard in the relaxing atmosphere of a great city. He had more too than the average amount not only of labour and excitement, but of suffering and anxiety. Hence the “days of his years were not to attain to the days of the years of his fathers,” although he was to pass the allotted term of man’s life, and to

die ere yet his eye had waxed dim, and ere his natural strength had very much abated.

Some years before his death, Dr. Anderson had had a very severe attack of pleurisy, which came on him in the pulpit, and had to be assisted out by some of the audience. From this, however, by the giving up of preaching and public excitement for a season, and by visits to the country and the coast, he greatly rallied. When he visited Dundee in the summer of 1867, he seemed in excellent health. He walked indeed more slowly, and climbed hills and hilly streets with more apparent difficulty, but otherwise he was much as he had been in former years, and in his private manners and conversation, while there was perhaps a little more of the garrulous, there was also more of the mild, the gentle, the paternal. He was then on his way to preach for an old friend of his, and he had few dearer—the Rev. James Stirling of Kirriemuir. This gentleman was endeared to him not only by his amiable manners, excellent abilities, and sterling worth, but by the fact that both had been pupils at the feet of Edward Irving, and continued all their life afterwards to hold his views with unabated confidence. Mr. Stirling had even been, we think, in Kirkcaldy Church in 1828, when it fell, and made a narrow escape. How glad would he have been to contribute his reminiscences of his friend, and to recount particulars of that last delightful visit of Dr. Anderson and his wife to his own hospitable abode in the North, where there used to be a kind of general conspiracy in the family to make their guests happy! But he

was first summoned, although a considerably younger man than Dr. Anderson; and both, we trust, are now re-united above. At Kirriemuir, too, he met another very old friend, the late Rev. William Allan of Arbroath—a man who, with some peculiarities, possessed a vast fund of knowledge and much kindness of heart, and who overflowed with anecdotes of Dr. Anderson's early days.

Our last interview with William Anderson was on the evening of the 22nd December, 1869, in a mutual friend's place of business in Maxwell Street, Glasgow. It was only a momentary encounter. We were hurrying to some public engagement, and he was hurrying home, and there was little else than the grasp of the hand and the interchange of a few words of kindly feeling; and we parted, so far as this world is concerned, for ever. "In famous feather" our journal records him to have been, and we remember that he seemed looking well, besides being in excellent spirits. We thought him like a man destined to live other fifteen or twenty years.

Interest in a man deepens and becomes more intense and lingering when we know he is drawing to a close. We then mark his every word, his every motion, his every look, register his every journey, find something oracular in the postscripts of his letters, and something prophetic in the strokes of his pen. Hence we note with interest a journey Dr. Anderson took to Stockton-on-Tees in April, 1871. Mr. Bogue, son of a useful and active elder of John Street, was to be ordained on the 27th of that month,

and Dr. Anderson not only agreed to take part in the ordination services, but, showing his friendly and genial spirit, said :—" I feel peculiarly glad that John goes to England. I earnestly wish I may be allowed to be there at the planting of his tree, to water it as I best can." He started accordingly along with a party of friends for the South. Dr. Anderson, as they went along, admired exceedingly the coast scenery, and was delighted to see Colonel Gardiner's house and monument, and the memorable field of Dunbar. At Newcastle they met Mr. T. N. Brown, one of the able Editors of the *Chronicle*, who once resided in Glasgow, and was one of his warmest admirers and most devoted friends. Mr. Brown was in waiting at the station, and Dr. Anderson was exceedingly glad to meet him, and interchange a brief but cordial greeting.

Arrived at Stockton, he took up his abode in Mr. A. B. Murray's house, where he at once made himself at home, and became a great favourite with the children. On the day of ordination, Dr. Anderson, in consequence of another clergyman not being able to be present, agreed to take his place, and preached with all his wonted energy and fire, from Matt. xvi. 18, on the Perpetuity of the Church. He was present afterwards at the dinner, and spoke with his usual readiness and humour. On Saturday he visited Durham, and was much struck with that grand old city, and with the massive grandeur of its Cathedral. On Sunday morning he preached again a powerful sermon, and then gracefully introduced the Rev. John Bogue, M.A.,

to his people. On Monday, along with a party, he went to Saltburn by the Sea, and was charmed by its bold precipitous cliffs, its wide expanse of sandy beach, and its far outlook on the German ocean. The Cleveland district, that hive of industry and mine of wealth, seemed to astonish him. Returning from their long walk, one of the company asked Dr. Anderson if he did not feel tired. - He replied, "I am a little ; there's been a good deal of it mind for my *seventy-twa* legs." By his own request, while the rest of the party walked to the pier-head, he had been left sitting at the foot of the cliff beside the sea. On their return back, he remarked, "What a power there is in those waves, which seems to be wasted. I've been watching them all this time, churning, churning, churning, and yet they have made nothing of it. Could all that force not be utilized some way?" Next day he returned to Glasgow greatly gratified by his rapid Southland run.

Dr. Anderson closed his pulpit career on Sabbath the 24th December, 1871. He preached in the forenoon in Parliamentary Road Church, Glasgow, the occasion of it being the erection of a tablet in honour of the memory of their excellent pastor, Mr. Walter Duncan. His text was, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus;" and he closed it by saying, with marked emphasis, that as long as God gave him breath he would preach Jesus! In the afternoon he officiated in the Rev. J. G. Stewart's church, Calton, an old Relief Church, where Harvey, the Voluntary champion, had been the minister. On returning home, he felt himself fearfully exhausted, flung himself in his chair, and

cried, "I am done;" and immediately after retired to rest.

It is interesting to note one ceasing to do anything that he has done long—done well—and done as no other one could do it! A First Napoleon giving up his sword—a Pitt closing his bureau—a Sir Walter Scott dropping his pen for ever—how impressive and affecting! And so we feel no little emotion, when we see Anderson, who had preached with such power and unction and effect for fifty years, leaving the pulpit to return no more, and uttering the Amen of his long labours in the words, "I am done ; I am done, and my work is done with me," like a weary wave, which, at the close of a long day's wandering, after wrestling against many a rock, and writhing under the scourge of many a tempest, helping to propel many a fair vessel, and catching many a gleam of warm and cheering sunshine, at last breaks, all spent and shivering, upon the shore.

Early in spring he caught a severe cold, which confined him for some time to the house. From this he had partially recovered when another attack of cold supervened, now, however, attended with a more formidable element—congestion of the lungs. After a brief convalescence, the disease recurred with such violence as to make recovery doubtful. He rallied from this, but seemed henceforth to have a strong presentiment that his end was drawing near.

On the Saturday before the April Communion, 1872, conversing with his friend, Mr. L., after referring, in lowly terms, to his defects as a minister, he

said (in substance), "But I am not afraid of judgment or to die—not in the least. At death I do not expect a great manifestation of glory. I believe that my soul shall be at rest in a state of happy consciousness till the Resurrection. Then I expect to be prepared for taking part in glorious work." The Bible lay open beside him, where he had just been reading the words, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to *keep* that which I have committed unto Him against that day." This struck the friend present the more, as he seldom referred to himself specially. He had not heard him do so for forty years.

In April this year Dr. Anderson received a letter from Dr. Hamilton MacGill, the respected Secretary for Foreign Missions, requesting him to speak at the Missionary Meeting at the United Presbyterian Synod. Dr. Duff and he were to have the principal part of the speaking to themselves. Dr. Anderson was not restricted to time. He would have been glad to consent—alike from interest in the subject, appreciation of the attention implied in the request, and respect for Dr. MacGill, whom he much loved, and who warmly reciprocated the feeling—but his state of health rendered it altogether out of the question, and he therefore respectfully declined. This was the last special public engagement in which Dr. Anderson was invited to take part.

During summer he improved somewhat, but said, in June, to a friend—"My health is such that, while I may *dree* out this summer, I have no hope of

surviving the winter. I have been arranging my books and other things, and so far setting my house in order." By August he was able to go about the house, and to take a short walk in the garden. He read a good deal, and when Mr. MacEwen visited him he, according to his good old fashion, took down Knox's History of the Reformation—a special favourite—and read to him a page and a-half. In subsequent visits Mr. M. found him calm, and full of comfort.

Dr. Anderson had the previous year spent a short time in Crieff, where he resided in the house of Mr. Campbell, merchant, to whom some of his last letters were addressed. He meant to go there again in autumn, but was forbidden by Dr. Goff, his faithful and esteemed medical attendant. He said then, "I look forward to a dark winter;" but long ere winter darkened around him, he had entered on the everlasting summer of the skies.

To an old friend, a few days before his end, he remarked—"Some two hundred times, or oftener, have I given out in public worship these lines of the Psalmist—

'My soul, wait thou with patience
Upon thy God alone,' &c.,

and *now* I find them very refreshing to my own soul." "The Lord," said he, "be praised for the past, and His will be done for the future!"

To the same friend shortly before his death, raising his right hand and extending his fore-finger, he remarked, "The great wheel of Providence is moving

round and fitting all into its proper place." This was said in special reference to his own case.

At another visit, when the words in Isaiah xli. 10 were quoted—"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness"—he added, with a characteristic smile, "What a grand staircase of promises!"

To the Rev. Dr. Jamieson and Rev. Robert Niven, who had called on him, he recommended Isaac Taylor's "Restoration of Belief" as a book which he had found of great use to him in his affliction and immediate prospects.

During the night he soothed his wakeful hours by broken words and murmured sentences of hope and joy. Sometimes he was overheard speaking of a "fiery chariot," and at another time he broke out into the fine characteristic expression, "I shall soon stand on the glorious Mountain of Souls;" adding, as if to supply the reason of this strong assurance, "What a grand thing to have an Advocate who can answer all—the one Mediator, Jesus Christ!"

He had an interesting interview with the Rev. David Russell, Glasgow (son of the late Dr. Russell of Dundee—a man whose praise is in all the churches, whose memory is still deeply cherished by many in the town where he so long and ably laboured, and whose book on "Infant Salvation" was very dear to Anderson's heart), to whom he held out his hand and bade him feel his pulse, remarking "that there were

two contending tides in it—the tide of life and the tide of corruption.” He seemed to be glad to see the minister of another denomination near him in death, that he might give him a parting fraternal embrace, and show his catholicity at the very last.

Speculative doubts had very little perplexed Dr. Anderson's mind. He had marvellous firmness of conviction. And hence on his deathbed we find nothing of that yearning desire to know which has characterised many noble men in their last hours—no cry like that of Goethe's, “More light!” or like Schiller's, “Many things are now becoming plain and clear to me.” He lay before the great unfolding gates of the universe, quiet and calm, as if he saw what was within already—not like one straining his eyes toward some unexpected burst of intelligence or blaze of glory. John Foster saw in Death the uprise of a luminary who was to shed light upon the dark problems of this earth, which had nearly driven him to despair. Anderson looked upon it as a black, narrow chasm, over which he was to leap in an instant, and find himself caught on angels' wings, and carried swiftly upwards to the “Mountain of Souls!” He said to his colleague some two days before he died:—“Tell the congregation that, brought near to death, in looking back to the past I see much dissipated time and energy, for which I have to ask forgiveness both from God and them, but that I have a comfortable assurance that mercy will be extended. Tell them that I now pass into the eternal world without a suspicion or fear of acceptance—but more, not without

hope of some measure of favourable recognition. And, in faithfulness to truth, I would farther say, that my prophetic views have helped in no small degree to give me my present comfort."

To one of his dearest and oldest friends he said, "Farewell—farewell! we meet again; we meet again!"

Early on Saturday, September 14 (the day before he died), he seemed revived and quite collected. On the words, "It is I, be not afraid," being quoted, he said, "Yes, but I long to be home;" then after a pause he added, "I feel very grateful that I suffer no pain." Raising his right hand and closing his eyes, he emphatically said, "Thanks—thanks!" It was at the same time that he, of his own accord, and unexpectedly, made a pleasing reference to the extensive currency that was about to be given to his works amongst the Professors and Divinity Students in England and Scotland.

During his last illness he felt much pleasure in repeating favourite hymns, especially from the old Relief Hymn Book, with which he had been long familiar. On this same Saturday morning he repeated, with perfect accuracy and evident delight, the whole of the following hymn :—

"Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmur'ing thought arise;
His ways are just, and good, and wise.

"He in the thickest darkness dwells;
His work performs, the cause conceals;
But, though His counsels are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

"In heav'n, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confess'd,
That what He does is always best.

"Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And, 'midst the chast'nings of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God."

Sabbath, the 15th, came, and he met it in comparative calm and perfect consciousness; but as the day advanced his weakness greatly increased, and death drew near. About noon, three friends of the Congregation called on him. He recognised them, and said to one, stretching out his hand, "I am wearing away." His last words, uttered in a low and feeble tone, were, "Near the Kingdom." He fell then into a sweet sleep, which, about three in the afternoon, was exchanged for the sweeter, deeper, longer sleep of death.

And thus passed away from the midst of us a right manly, true-hearted, gifted, and pious spirit. "Prospect House" was the name of his Uddingston abode. The title suited the owner. He lived in "Prospect." Like the Pilgrim, he lay continually in that chamber looking toward the East—the name of which is Peace. Let us trust that with him prospect has become possession; faith, vision; hope, fruition; and the great darkness, marvellous light. His life, and death, and few, but fine last sentences, all bear out the comparison we have often made between him and one of the ancient Covenanters, who turned to man a side of iron, to God a heart of love, and who had too thoroughly understood the

responsibilities, and discharged the *devoirs* of life, to dread Death—nay, who, like Renwick, thought it at one time welcome as a bed to the weary, and, in another and a loftier mood, a summons to a marriage.

He was buried on the 19th September. We found ourselves impelled that day westward, and regretted that we were the only person from Dundee or its neighbourhood who could go, but knew that many hearts were travelling beside us unseen. Arriving, we found our way into John Street Church, where the crowd was beginning to assemble. We were shown, by mistake, into that part of the vestry called the "Doctor's room." There we had often been before, and never remember Dr. Anderson more agreeable, more full of geniality and good humour, than when presiding at his simple mid-day meal during the interval here. Now he was for ever absent. Yet we almost expected him to enter, and started when the door opened, and "another came." We found we were, unwittingly, intruders, and that this was the room where the clergymen who were to officiate had been appointed to meet. We passed to the church above, and took our place in the front of the pulpit where the clergymen were to sit. We found ourselves seated between two old friends—the Rev. Alex. Rutherford and Dr. Gunion, of Greenock, who, alas! is now himself dust, and shall soon be ashes. We talked a little in whispers with him ere the service began. He told us he had been baptised in this church. We may add that Dr. G. that day walked beside us to the

grave, and saw us off at the train; our last word to him being a promise of coming through to Greenock to his aid. He died on the 12th February, 1873. He was a man of great talent, thorough honesty, and a warm heart.

The attendance was large. The people—the middle and working classes of Glasgow, who respected and loved Anderson most—were there in their strength, and we felt that no one had come for the sake of mere form and fashion, but from the impulse of sincere attachment. It was altogether a very different scene from the funeral of Edward Irving. That, Anderson who was present, assured us, was a meagre and miserable affair. The service at last began. The Rev. Dr. Jamieson of St. Paul's Parish Church, read with impressive simplicity some passages of Scripture, including (we admired, considering Dr. Anderson's well known sentiments, the good taste of this) one of Paul's strongest pre-millenarian chapters from Thessalonians. Then came a good, earnest and comprehensive prayer by Dr. Edwards, a man much esteemed by Anderson. Principal Fairbairn of the Free Church College followed with a short, though grave and devout supplication. Dr. Gunion referred, as we were leaving the church, to a prayer he heard Dr. Anderson himself give at the funeral of his old friend, M'Dougall of Paisley, as a masterpiece of simplicity, pathos, and admirable characterization of the man.

The procession then proceeded to move through the crowded streets towards that grand old Necropolis, which is surmounted by a statue of John Knox, and

where we were to deposit the dust of a man who bore a striking resemblance to Knox in fearlessness and the combination of great tenderness with rugged power. We passed between the High Church and the Barony, and could not but dart a thought aside to the brawny man (Norman Macleod,) who had so recently ministered there, and who had succeeded Anderson in the lawful autocracy of the pulpit and the platform of Glasgow. We were now in the heart of the scene so magnificently pictured in Rob Roy, although the city of the dead has marvellously increased as well as changed its aspect. But still the Molendinar Burn runs on, and still the old firs sing their everlasting requiem in the blast, and still from the height may be seen the great metropolis of western wealth stretching below,

“A monster sleeping in its own thick breath.”

Through the many mausoleums or monuments of Glasgow's distinguished dead, we approached Dr. Anderson's resting-place, and after the coffin was laid low, we drew near, and cast a last lingering look at it, and paid a final parting reverence to one of the truest men we ever knew, as well as one of our own warmest friends, and with whom we had enjoyed more thorough communion and genial intercourse than with almost any other minister. *Requiescat in Pace!*

Next Sabbath, the 2nd September, the Rev. J. Logan Aikman, D.D., and the Rev. David MacEwen, preached to crowded audiences very eloquent and impressive discourses. The one on the words, “David,

after he had served his own generation, by the will of God fell asleep;" and the other on the words, "There is a great man fallen asleep in Israel." The latter has appended to it a vivid sketch of Dr. Anderson's life. Both, at the request of the Session of John Street, have been published.

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE.—(SECTION I.)

WE propose to give specimens of Anderson's correspondence, and a very few specimens too of the many letters addressed to him.

Letter writing, as an art, Anderson had never studied, nor are we prepared to say that it was his *forte* as it was that of Cowper, or of Jameson of Methven, or of Thomas Carlyle, to all of whom a letter seems the best mould into which their best thought can possibly be cast, into which indeed it seems to rush as of its own accord. Still, Anderson's letters are often very characteristic, full of *canny* Scottish sense, of honest and hearty expressions of opinion, sometimes of overflowing tenderness, and sometimes of sly and caustic humour. None of them appear written with the view of publication, and to "publish letters any more than sermons, not left expressly for publication by the author, is to be an assassin of posthumous reputation, and a sacrilegious trafficker on the memory of the dead." This rule has had many exceptions, but there are soundness and sense in it notwithstanding. We have decided therefore to be somewhat select in this department of our task.

We have a number of letters to Anderson from

Cunningham of Lainshaw, but none which are of general interest.

With Henry Drummond, M.P., he had also some correspondence. That was a very different man from Cunningham—a man of great practical shrewdness, readiness of speech, brilliance of wit, and force of character, strangely blended with much that we must call childish fanaticism, and with considerable partyism to boot; resembling, in fact, very much one of Cromwell's fighting saints—who put their trust in God, and kept their powder dry; he looked up with the one eye to the coming Messiah, and kept the other to the fixed centre—prices current and bank accounts. His letters to Anderson, however, have no share of his humour or other well-known Parliamentary qualities, but are full of dreary prophetic platitudes and logomachies which can have no manner of interest to present-day readers.

We must go down a good way in Anderson's history ere we can find any letters worth presenting to our readers. In the signatures to those subjoined the initials only of the writers are given:—

Dr. ANDERSON to Mr. ROBERT A. BOGUE, *Glasgow*.

DEAR MR. BOGUE,—I have said it a hundred times, and I care not to whom or by whom my statement is repeated, that my youth was withered by being at first placed in a city charge, and that I am comparatively a *stunted* tree this day from the blighting of that awful frost. For three years at least I never knew what it was to be of a joyous spirit—harassed day

and night with anxiety about these sermons and lectures. Ask Mrs. Duncan, who kept my house the first twelvemonth, about my life of misery. The closer witness of the next two years is away, I am sure, with the remembrance of the manner in which she sympathetically shared the burden.—Yours very affectionately,

W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON to JOHN STREET CHURCH.

Saturday, 11th February.

DEAR BRETHREN,—In consequence of being called away to assist at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in the country, I shall not be present with you to-morrow to share your enjoyment of the Rev. Hope M. Waddell's ministry. I lament this for another reason besides the loss I shall sustain.

If present, I would have spoken a few words in the way of seconding Mr. Waddell's appeal to your liberality. I pray you listen to me when I do so by means of epistle. Some of you may be ready to make abatements from Mr. Waddell's representations, as if through partiality he had over-coloured the picture of the prospects of the Mission to Old Calabar. Any such partiality cannot be imputed to me; and my opinion, formed from all I have heard and read is, that, excepting China, of course, where the prospects are so magnificent, there is no other department of the missionary field which gives such cheering promise of success as that of Calabar. I earnestly appeal to you that your contributions bear a good proportion to the importance of the cause. You will be addressed in the

afternoon on a subject nearly as interesting—the prospects of the Church of Christ in Ireland—by one of the excellent brethren from Ireland whom our Synod have taken by the hand.—Yours, dear brethren, with much affection,

W. A.

DR. ANDERSON to JOHN STREET CONGREGATION.

In 1864 the Doctor had been unable for some time from personal affliction to preach. In prospect of an important collection on the first Sabbath of 1865, he addressed a letter to his people, of which the following is an extract :—

That you should have preserved so well the unity of the Church is at once a matter for thanksgiving to the grace of God, and a reason for the admiration of observers. Continue ye in this grace, and take care that you lose not your character.

Those who have been educated at the College are wont to speak fondly of it as their *Alma Mater*, i.e., their *Bountiful Mother*. How much more may not many Christians take up their parable and say *Alma Mater* of their respective churches in which they have been reared. And I am bold to say, notwithstanding all her shortcomings in the discharge of her maternal duties, that it is a goodly number who have reasons to pronounce with fervency *Alma Mater* on John Street. *Alma Mater*, then, let that be the watchword for next Sabbath-day's collection. Brethren, our dear and Bountiful Mother has an ugly spot on her brow. She is spotted with debt. Let us in a spirit of filial honour have it washed away, that,

among other considerations, she may in her present urgency, when she looks out for one who may help her in the education and training of her children, appear more fair, and more enticing for the union. *Alma Mater*, then, I say again : and express my hope that the contribution of next Sabbath will be such as it is fit to begin a new year with.—Yours, dear brethren, in the love of Christ and his Church,

W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON to his *Daughter*, MARY, *when a child*.

DEAR MARY,—Last week I was at Aberdeen, and William was at Benlomond, and John was wearied, and Mamma was unwell, so you got no letter, for which we were sorry. You are not to think we were forgetting you. At Aberdeen, when I was seeing the Queen's beautiful yacht and the Prince's little hammock, I was wishing you had been there to see them too.

Mamma and Aunt Jane will be down at Largs in eight days to bring you and Susan home. Well, I think you will be glad and sorry and laughing and crying, all at the same time, when you leave all the dear friends at Largs. For two or three days you will be very happy at home, but after that you will be saying, "I am wearying to see Miss Sutherland and all the sisters." What will we do then? I think you must write them a letter; and perhaps about New Year Mamma will let you take a sail to see them. And perhaps Miss Sutherland will allow some of them to come up to Glasgow and see you.

I am sorry that when you come home you will see neither Tio's dog nor pussy, for they are both away. But the organ is playing beautifully.

I have not time to write any more. But when you come home I will tell you about a good girl who died very happy, saying, "O *that* Jesus, I will soon see his shining face!"

YOUR PAPA.

*Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN to DR. ANDERSON on the death of
his first WILLIE.*

LONDON, 9th Nov., 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I take the opportunity of a little leisure here, on my way to preach at Bristol, to write to apologise to you for not sooner expressing my deep sympathy in your recent distressing bereavement. I had intended to do so, but put it off from day to day. Assuredly the delay was not owing to any want of sympathy. The loss of such a son in such a way to such a father must have been altogether overwhelming. The cry, "The Bridegroom cometh," was seldom uttered with more piercing intensity and amidst circumstances of more pathetic interest. It was a masterpiece of enmity in the Great King of Terrors to deny you a single word from your son's lips—a single look from his dying eye—or even the sad satisfaction of receiving his last breath. How thankful you must be that that enmity is limited to earth, and cannot deny you the hearing of his halleluiahs, or the sight of the smiles of his everlasting victory. But at present you know the devil "hath the power of death," and often cruelly acerbates the evils of that unavoidable curse.

I knew well and loved much your departed son—admired his fine talents, taste, and acquirements—loved him for his warm heart and social virtues—and had hopes that time would have indurated his system for a successful battle with the world. It has been otherwise ordered, and perhaps—nay, certainly—it is better both for him and all of us. He will henceforth live in your and our memory as one of those sweet bright mornings does, which, though early overcast, has yet enchanted while it shone, and with whose recollection no dark association has blended. God, to copy Hall's fine accommodation of the language of Virgil, has *showed* your amiable and admirable son to the world, and then hastened to make him up among his jewels.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

G. G.

DR. ANDERSON to a Bereaved Parent.

"Sept. 8, 1857.

Have I not reason to apprehend that your sorrow for the dead is somewhat *morbid*? From experience I can at once sympathise with you and warn you. The death of my promising boy David at five and a-half years of age did me great good, but William's continues a bitter agony, as intense as that awful morning. I thought that by calling my new-born child *William Willie* I would get some soothing; but it is of no avail—rather the reverse. How is the insensible infant to supply the place of one who, had he lived, would have been so helpful to me with my new volume of Discourses? Every page I write I feel his want. *You* will also have your imaginings of how

it would have been much better had your dear child been spared to you. Oh, the unbelief! Let us both exercise ourselves to correct *feeling* by *faith*, and *persuade* ourselves that it was *far better* for *all* parties that matters should have been arranged for us as they happened.

DR. ANDERSON *about his Books.*

4th November, 1859.

I feel very happy in the thought of your aged mother enjoying her ease under the shelter of your roof, and that my discourses anywise gratify her. Perhaps, in her meditations, she may think, "I wonder what Mr. A. himself thinks of his book." Well, tell her, that when I have had patience and time to read it myself, there is nothing in the volume which I can say *anything like satisfies* me but "Christ the saint's life," and "Christ a master." All the rest I could wish *purged* and *amended*.

How fast time flies, and how much labour to be gone through! I have in my manuscripts yet matter for three or four as good volumes, which I would not like to perish with my death, but which would require painful preparation for the press. I will never accomplish it all; but I hope to be spared to do a little of it. *Your* labours of zeal and love are less manifest *now*; they will be *more* manifest hereafter, I mean, than mine.—Yours, in *honest speech*, W. A.

DR. ANDERSON *on Re-writing "Filial Honour."*

I am very nearly done with what I may well call a

second writing (many pages have been written twice, thrice, and more times), so that I will have little to do when I return but rapidly write out a clean copy for the press. And yet I am engaged with the most difficult question, amid the many I have encountered, in treating of Resignation—Christ's prayer of agony for deliverance, and Paul's glorying in and gladness for his afflictions. I have clear enough views about the manner in which the difficulty is to be resolved. The difficulty lies in expressing them, so as, on the one hand, to be understood by humble minds, and, on the other, to afford no grounds for the objections of captious minds. After trying various ways for presenting the case, and turning the illustration of one hour upside-down the next, I think I found a clear path by which to walk to my conclusion, which I hope will be to-night or to-morrow forenoon. It will be, I think, the most interesting and profitable department of the whole treatise.

Dr. ANDERSON *on the* Rev. HOWARD HINTON *and others.*

May 1, 1860.

I have received a remarkably genial note from Mr. Hinton, London, but written immediately, evidently without having read my "King-Father," and merely in reply to my observations in the note, in which I told him how his *evangelical philosophy* had influenced my youth, and in which I expressed my wonder at the *negative heresy* gaining such ground among the Nonconformists of England, and asking him if he had any explanation to offer. He replies he cannot explain, and that he is confounded.

Mr. Hinton states that he is seventy years of age complete! That comforts me a little; but I will not presume on it. Dr. Macfarlane writes me that my *Homily* in the journal, *buried*, as he says, there, sweetened his Sabbath evening for him, and demands a *volume* of similar mood. I could furnish two volumes such. How much I am misunderstood in the public! They think of me as only an *outré* *protester* and *controversialist*, whereas few have written so many experimental sermons.

At Mr. Brown's funeral to-day, when I read the Scriptures and Mr. Macleod prayed, such was that prayer, that Mr. Macleod's eyes were the only eyes there not streaming with tears, his own heart the only one not suffocated with emotion. His *intellectual* exercise prevented him being affected to the extent we were. He had a noble subject in the *dead*, and excellent *subjects* in the *living*, and he made most extraordinary use of them. It was of a very special *inspiration*. At no funeral did I ever hear anything like it. He is a great man, both intellectually and morally, my colleague. W. A.

REV. JOHN ANDERSON to his SON, DR. A.

(Written when he was past Ninety.)

KILSYTH, 22nd January, 1861.

MY DEAR SON,—It is now some considerable time since we *saw* or heard any thing respecting the health of William. Are we from this to infer that he is now fully recovered, and again running about? I have good reason to be thankful for the state of my health.

I felt indeed very uncomfortable during the three uncommonly *severe* cold days—mercury as low as 24 below freezing, but since the ordinary winter weather set in I am considerably easier. The rest of your relatives here are in their ordinary comfortable way. The distress among the weavers here is not better. The want of work is the want of provisions for the stomach. Yesterday 460 were served with soup and scones. The expenditure about £22 weekly. The weather here is foggy and dark to an uncommon extent. For these three months past I do not know if we have had three days of sunshine, putting it altogether.—With best wishes for you all, I am, your affectionate Father,

J. A.

Dr. ANDERSON to Rev. ROBERT GARDNER, *Annan*.

July 20, 1860.

DEAR MR. GARDNER,—I take your sending of the "Nonconformist" as a very kind act. I was told that a notice of my book had appeared in the paper, evidently by the pen of Mr. Miall himself. Your attention will save me going in quest of a copy. My purveyor in Glasgow has been unwell, and I am not furnished of late with the incense of the Press so plentifully as I once was. He sends off my books to Editors, and waits for notices like a fisher for trout.

Write me something about yourself and Mrs. Gardner—only do not ask me for any service, unless it be some grand *necessity* on a Sabbath day (no soiree), some anniversary or such a thing, when you need the roar of my old trumpet. Old James

Hutcheson said to me, at the Garibaldi meeting in the City Hall, *when I was myself*—"I saw you in your cradle, sir, and you were crying—and I am glad you are crying still."

Mine old Father—I was out to see him this week. He has completed his ninetieth year, and is running the ninety-first. I found him *hoeing* cabbage. His *mind* still clear as a brass bell. Ready to depart—but willing, if the Lord will, to live a little longer, and see what comes of the Pope. Is not that consolatory? I am only sixty-one years of age; if I attain to his, I may do something yet.—Affectionately yours,

W. A.

DR. ANDERSON *on his Tercentenary Speech at Edinburgh.*

Thursday, May 17, 1860.

DEAR MR. L.,—I never had a more difficult subject in hand—"The Defects of the Reformation." I, who am almost every Sabbath magnifying in prayer towards God the blessings of that Reformation which all the other speakers will be recommending themselves by extolling, am appointed to the work of diminishing from its glory! I am sorely beset, betwixt the fear of being *odious* and the resolution that I must not compromise the Truth. Never was I in a poorer state of health to prepare a speech—(after reaching Glasgow yesterday morning I had nearly telegraphed 'I would not be present, so unwell was I—perfectly dizzy, with bile, occasioned by preaching in *an oven* on Sabbath evening at Broomhouse, and then coming out to the cold air)

—and never did I proceed to a platform with more humility, diffidence, and *desperation*. The rumble of the train, I suppose, shook off the bile to some extent, and I went to work with my pencil and succeeded wondrously. I sent notice to Mr. Renton that I would be present in time. Went to the Star Hotel, and got a room for myself. Wrote for an hour. The half of the speech was written in the train and that hotel. Is not that a curious story? A friend assures me that I never performed a feat like it, in steering through difficulties, and adjusting the balance betwixt charity and faithfulness. I never in my life had greater reason to say, “Not unto *me!*” I take the success, for all my friends assure me it was a great success, as a kind merciful recompense of grace for my labours in the Anti-Popery cause. That friend assured me that it was because no human being could doubt my Anti-Popery zeal that they bore with my exposures of faults in the Reformers in a way which they would not have tolerated in any other man. I feel I am pretty safe *within* our own Synod. What will be the result *outside* I care little for. W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON *on Popularity.*

May 9, 1860.

I never in my life sought for an opportunity of magnifying myself. Circumstances, ordered I believe of the Lord, together with a sense of duty and liking for the work, *coerced* me into positions in which I got a measure of public favour. The feeling remains with me at this day in its *entireness*. I never, never, seek

honour of man. They *press* me up into the high places of the field at times, and still the sense of duty compels my submission; although at times I have a good liking for the battle.

Dr. ANDERSON to the Rev. GEORGE C. HUTTON, Paisley.

April 3, 1861.

DEAR Mr. HUTTON,—Were I to say that I am deeply obliged to you for your notice of my book on Regeneration, it would no more properly express my feeling than it would, I think, yield much gratification to you. You wrote, no doubt, as a friend, but not to oblige me. Here is the expression of my feeling: I am encouraged by this Hail Frater! of an acute honest mind. I would not lose your notice for a hundred of the indiscriminating *saccharines*. How true it is that there is a *sweet* zest in *acids* when well mingled, *i.e.*, to a cultivated taste; I do not mean in *punch*, but critical commendation.

I have said enough for my *time*, but there is a great space of *blanc* paper before me which I wish not to make *impure* but to *occupy*.

1st. You are *most perfectly* right about my wasting the pages of a Catholic book with these *ebullitions* of temper. But it was not originally composed as a Catholic book. I design it for a small circle; and in the *harrowing* revision (harrowing to my heart—oh, that William had been there!) I modified as little as I could, just to get through.

2ndly. Observe, that even although there was something called original righteousness in Adam, it does

not affect my argument of the necessity of Regeneration ; since unquestionably, according to my theory, there is no such righteousness in any born child of Adam.

3rdly. I class the doctrine of a vague original righteousness in Adam with the doctrine of innate *ideas*, i.e., if I understand either of the dogmas.

4thly. You have not done me full justice (not intentionally, of course) about *faith*. You have *treated* (no that's not the word, but I have not time to correct it) about faith in the abstract ; I have most distinctly treated of it as faith in the *concrete*—not faith that Jupiter has so many satellites, &c., but that God has made a gift of His Son for the salvation of me, an undone sinner. The intellectual conviction of that must *move* the heart, or I do not know what either intellect or emotion is.—Much love to you,

W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON *on an Old Class Mate.*

6th March, 1860.

From your note I was afraid that the notice of Discourses in the *Reformed Presbyterian Magazine* might only be slightly favourable. "You are ill to please," if you are not satisfied. I regard its review as one of the very best. It was much needed—a testimony to the theology of the book. Coming from the quarter whence it has proceeded, it is a phenomenon. That a son of Hutcheson should be hailed with such general paternity by a Cameronian is a striking sign of the times. I have long *yearned*, now that so few

class-fellows remain, to have some communion with William Anderson, of Loanhead. From the Greek Class through to the last, he was Gulielmus Anderson, *major*, and I *minor*. As I grew up, I did not like *minor*, though I had great reason to be proud of my *major*; he was a very distinguished student.

Well, I think it was in the Moral Philosophy Class, I was rejoicing in the undivided honour of my name. A wag called me Anderson *solus*. That continued for a fortnight or so; when *in* one morning steps *my major*! Contrary winds had prevented his timeous arrival from Ireland. I will perhaps take advantage of this notice of my book in his denominational organ to renew "auld langsyne" with him.—Affectionately,

W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON on "D'Aubigné on Servetus."

August 22, 1864.

D'Aubigné's oration is under his own mark, though good. That of Felice, at the commemoration at Paris, was very much superior.

I am inclined to charge D'Aubigné with a designed imposition on the ignorant, when he says Calvin pleaded for saving Servetus from *the stake*. He was Servetus's most bitter accuser, demanding his *death*; and it was only when the odium was strong against him that he began to plead that Servetus, instead of being burned, should only be hanged!—Affectionately,

W. A.

CHAPTER XVI.

CORRESPONDENCE—(SECTION II.)

Dr. ANDERSON to Dr. M'MICHAEL, *Dunfermline.*

May 31, 1868.

I WAS the first individual of whom I knew, that went about pleading both with Free Churchmen and United Presbyterians for *confederation*, acknowledging one another's licence and ordination, and *inter-calling* one another's preachers and ministers—the acceptor of the call of the other denomination subjecting himself to the discipline of his newly-adopted church. For this I pled vehemently. But I have never been an advocate of organized administrative Union :—First, because I am sure it is not imperative. There has been much unscriptural trash, yea, heretical talk, on this subject, as if the unity of Christ's Church consisted in such organization. Secondly, because there are many men on both sides who, for a generation, could not coalesce. Thirdly, because I question if this united body would not be a frightful tyranny, under which the rights of the people would be sacrificed. *Nevertheless*, that hearty good-will manifested by Buchanan, Rainy, and others has quite *overcome* me into a species of acquiescence in the prospect.

Ecclesiastical Establishments! When I was a

young Melancthon, I thought that in the course of ten, or at most twelve years, or say *fifteen* from this organization of the Voluntary cause, we must cast out the devil. When I found that his *possession* was so inveterate, my expectations subsided, deferring this prospect till that Great Event which I now burden with all my expectations. But behold how God works—how He is claiming all glory for Himself—in what unexpected ways He has abolished slavery—desolated the base House of Austria, &c., &c.—and now not less wonderfully is ejecting the demon of Church Establishments! I am like to say, just let us sit still and wait, and let God do all Himself. He will do it better without any co-operation of ours: all our *pecking* is turned to mockery. How happily circumstanced we old Relief men are in this respect, that we have always been on the winning side! In my own special case, in conflicts with brethren, Presbytery, and Synod, I was always, except in the organ case, on the winning side. I never either protested or dissented except in that case and the United Presbyterian decree on reading. I blew up the latter on the spot, and the organ case is nearly won.

W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON to Dr. M'MICHAEL.

Dr. Anderson attended the funeral of the late Rev. W. M'Dougall, Paisley, one of his most esteemed friends, who died February 20, 1867, and whose funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Professor M'Michael:—

So far as the sad circumstances would permit, we

had a gratifying day yesterday at Paisley. About seventy ministers, it is reckoned, turned out.

You have in many respects a noble character for your secondary theme (after Christ's) on Sabbath. In my prayer yesterday, in enumerating those graces which gave us good grounds for rejoicing over him as saved, after noticing his faithfulness as a preacher to the great verities of the Gospel, my very next stricture, as Father Thomson would have called it, was his *strict veracity* in all his intercourse betwixt man and man. Had I been making an oration or preaching a sermon, I would, in the very first instance, have cleared the way for expatiating on his other graces by *dashing* out of it the prejudices in the minds of many, occasioned by his use of his great gift of humour; and then demanded where was the instance in which he ever used it *maliciously*, and, when it was used *sharply*, in which it was not warranted, and served a good end. "He gave offence" at times, did he? Yes, to his honour, we his friends boast of him, that he had the boldness, courage, and faithfulness to give offence in the rebuke of the unworthy.

I have occasionally very sore *stounds* and aches of heart. He was but three months younger than myself, and his death has brought my own very near to my imagination.—*Fraterniter*,
W. A.

DR. ANDERSON'S TESTIMONY AS A VOLUNTARY.

PROSPECT HOUSE, UDDINGSTON, Dec. 19, 1866.

*To the Committee of Heritors for rebuilding the Manse
and Offices of the Parish Church of Bothwell.*

Gentlemen,—I am willing and ready to pay my

equitable proportion of the expense of the building of a new, reasonably commodious, and reasonably elegant manse for him who is the ecclesiastical incumbent of the parish, according to the law of Victoria, *defender of the faith*, and nomination of his *Grace* the Duke of Hamilton. And I am ready to do so the more willingly, that I hold the present incumbent in much personal respect. But I resolutely object to the rule by which you meditate to levy the assessment. By purchase and feu I am proprietor of about two acres imperial of land. Naturally, and through injury done by the works of a neighbour, they are two of the least worthy acres in the parish. But I am willing and ready to pay for them in the proportion of extent which they hold to the rich acres of the policies, gardens, and farms of Bothwell Castle, and of those of Thornwood and Viewpark, and all the other landed properties throughout the parish. I am willing, I say, to pay in this proportion. But you meditate exaction on me by the rule of the worth of the land as increased by the buildings which have been erected on it, by which rule the assessments for ecclesiastical purposes on the lordly domain of Bothwell Castle would, in the progress of feuing and building in the parish, be reduced to farthings.

Perhaps you have *law* on your side for making the exaction. I question that. But although the proof were made clear that you have, my determination would not be in the least degree affected. From my youth, in anti-slavery questions, corn-law questions, &c., &c., I have been engaged in exposing and denouncing those

whom God denounces, when He says, "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees!" And I am resolved to abide by my post, so long as I have ability, as a witness-bearer against all evil-doing and all evil-doers.

In the present instance, I will give my testimony by *passive resistance* of your decree. Gentlemen, if you *will* have the money, you must come and *take it*. I shall not offer you the least *active resistance* when you appear at my door to *spulzie* my library or bed-room for the comfort of your minister. I calculate that ten pounds' worth of books or bed-clothes each year for two or three *raids* will cover both the original charge and law expenses. I can afford that, though my income is small. I pay as much annually for the help of churches which, like that of the church at Bothwell, are so poor that they cannot give roof-shelter to their ministers, but depend on the aid of charity. But, sirs, I warn you, that although *I* can afford to be spulzied, neither the ecclesiastical nor civil administration of Bothwell parish can afford to undergo, before the tribunal of the public, the exposure which the *reive* will most certainly entail on them. You have my *gage* for it in my subscription; its an old and tried one in the cause of civil and religious liberty. W. A.

*Extrads from DR. ANDERSON'S Letters to MISS DOBSON,
Dundee.*

In reference to an illness of a threatening nature which preceded Willie's death by some months, the Doctor says—

We have not ceased being very anxious, but we

are not desponding. I was greatly tried. I could not say "Thy will be done," supposing that will might be that he should die; I could only say, "Oh that it may be Thy will that he should live, and I will be more careful of him that he may be fitted for usefulness, especially to Thy Church." I cannot be much more diligent than I have been in his education, but the Latin, arithmetic, and other secularities were diminishing attention to the pious element, and I felt rebuked when I reflected that should he die the remembrance of his promising scholarship would afford me no comfort, and that I should have laboured more to call forth manifestations of heavenly discipleship which would have afforded subjects of consolatory meditation. Do tell E. [a boy in whom he felt deeply interested] about this, that all of you, should he die soon (which the Lord prevent), will be comforted only by one thing, that he furnished you while living with good evidences that he believed lovingly in Christ.

On the 8th July, 1868, the day previous to Willie's death, the Doctor writes—

We have just been renewing our un murmuring resignation of him to the Lord in prayer, over the insensible breathing, yet beautiful piece of clay. We are all wonderfully composed. I wish we may be able to preserve the composure to the end.

Shortly after Willie's death, Dr. Anderson wrote:—

The further we proceed the more do we feel that his companionship, his training, his serviceableness, formed a great part of our life, and that his removal

leaves an awful craving, yearning void, which will never be filled up in this world, but which we must, partially at least, occupy with other duties—other pleasures are out of question. The solitude is at times like something *positive*; the silence a low, deep, *grinding* kind of delirious sound. The long winter nights are to be our trial—especially mine; when, after tea, the two hours' lessons were my life. He enjoyed them so well; took them so well in; never felt them a task; and when mamma would interfere, fearing the over-excitement of brain, and would say, "Let us have a round of dominoes," I question if there was in all the world such domestic happiness as we enjoyed the evenings of last winter.

On the 30th November, 1868, Doctor Anderson thus wrote—

I have not had such a poor time of ill health for a long period. I feared, at the beginning of the last week, a return of my old congestion, and went down to Glasgow yesterday to say a word about Mr. Robertson, our deceased elder, with much fear and trembling. I got through the service much more vigorously than I expected, and am this morning, though very weakly, yet with my chest little injured. There was nearly a *scene*. Having stated that Mr. James Robertson had "served his generation" long and well, and that it was more an occasion for thanksgiving than sorrow that he had reaped the harvest of his excellence, and that there was little in the case of that which was often the bitterest ingredient in the cup of the decease of friends—*hope cut off*, I was

nearly suffocated in pronouncing these words, and the whole church was moved. I felt the necessity of rallying my whole strength; and happily the next sentence on my paper was on a point of interest, and of a different character. We returned home in the cold, dark evening, our two selves, with our *hopes cut off*, to our desolate dwelling.

In the spring after Willie's death Dr. Anderson said:—

We find that the opening of the spring is bringing us no relief; with some new associations it is rather increasing our sadness. That he is away, we cannot dispute; but when I think what he was—look at his portrait, remember those lessons, the helpfulness to us which for the last two years he in many ways was—I cannot realize the idea of our having to pass the rest of our life, though it should be but a few years, without one who was so large a part of our very *existence*. I may get excited a little in argument with a friend for a few minutes, but I never know what it is to have a *sensation* of happiness. But for the remanding of myself to the reflection that all is for the best, and that if we are faithful we shall see it to have been such, I would weary of life as a vanity and a burden. But though that hope greatly mitigates the affliction, it leaves much of the pain of present loss unremoved.

On 6th October, 1869, Dr. Anderson writes:—

I am at last in the press with my work on "Filial Honour of God," and for a few months will have some relief, from the manner in which it will engage and *divert* my mind. After my manuscript has lain aside for many

years, on reviewing it some parts of it pleases me, others not. I expect it to produce an impression, from its being a *manifesto* against *heretical orthodoxy or orthodox heresy*, both on the subject of the rewards of a saint's good works and Christ's prayer in Gethsemane. I took an hour and ten minutes out of it last Sabbath evening, at the opening of a course of lectures under the auspices of the Glasgow Young Men's Christian Association. There could not be less than 2000 persons present in our own church. I was in good trim, and blew the trumpet loud. It was on the reward of good works. Mr. L. said that for an hour there was not a cough among the multitude, such was the excitement of mind by this now old subject. I got home a little before 11 o'clock. I was never more prostrated; but by Monday, *after my siesta*, I was considerably recovered. I must, however, take care of the like again.

Alluding to conversations he had with Miss Dobson, Dr. Anderson observes—

I fear I have disturbed your faith a little, but, happily, you have a mind which can stand that. I wish you and all others to be redeemed to the New Testament hope of the *Resurrection*, satisfied that our departed friends' souls are at present in safe, happy keeping against that day, in a state of conscious repose, which I cannot particularly explain; only I am certain they are not *glorified*. Were I certain of that, I would not care much about the Resurrection; and, on the popular principle, I see no need of it, and, accordingly, the hope has about become extinct in the Church. "I will raise him up at the last day" is the gospel.

promise ; only to depart into the safe keeping of Christ is far better for some who are troubled, and have finished their course like Paul, but not for all, otherwise all of us should wish we were dead. Do you? *I* do not; I pray for a little longer life.

Dr. ANDERSON to Miss DOBSON on *Pulpit Work*.

16th January, 1871.

As for myself, I am very well considering—considering that I am in my 72d year—but I am very much abused, both by others and by myself, by their exactions and my own compliance. Since June last there have been only three Sabbaths on which I did not preach—not seldom twice, and in the most of these cases on special occasions when effort is necessary—anniversaries, &c. Sometimes, for three or four days afterwards, I am quite exhausted and speechless. I must change tack or *go down*—so I must! and though for next Sabbath I am free, after having been away about 50 miles to Cumnock (where I saw Peden's grave and thorn), it is very likely some *necessity* will come in at the door, and I will yield.

Father Paul, my great literary delight, is getting but small justice from me out of this crazy nervousness. I hope I shall get some escape so soon as I get out to hold communion with hoe and spade with *mother earth*. I will then get sleep which I am not getting now. I will sometimes lie from three o'clock till seven without a wink.

Dr. Anderson, in one of his last notes to Miss Dobson

—one of Mrs. Anderson's long-tried and valued friends—dated 17th March, 1872, says—

As for myself, the disease of *old age* is plainly *wearing* on me. I am better than I was, but I gather strength slowly, and if not always *out of sorts*, never joyously *in the old sorts*, so boyishly exuberant in spirits as you have seen me. I am to an extent, at times, of morbid melancholy, tried with the reflection, as for hours I lie sleepless, if I have faith which would sustain without murmuring such a course as Mr. —'s, and that yet *my days and nights*, but for a sudden removal, *cannot be far away*.

Dr. Anderson, in a note of June 4th, 1871, to the Rev. Robert French, M.A., Dunfermline, says—

I rejoice to hear of your getting on well, but bear to be admonished. The facilities acquired in City Missionary work are a great stumbling-block in the way of a well-pondered system of personal theology, and of *accurate writing*.
W. A.

Dr. ANDERSON to his Daughter, Mrs. JOHN WILSON,
anent his Jubilee.

PERSPECT HOUSE, March 16, 1871.

DEAR MARY,—Your note has touched me very tenderly. I was never much elated about the Jubilee. Its counterbalancing signals of the future affect me more than its *mementoes* of the past. Nevertheless, the three Addresses by Presbytery, Session, and Managers exceeded anything I had anticipated, and Mr. MacEwan's conduct and speeches I felt to be

overpoweringly kind. I was not, however, greatly moved with joy. Ah, the agony! you're the only mitigator of it. Elizabeth entertained me with some particulars on the road home. I stopped the cab at the gate and sent it home. Elizabeth hastened off to the house. I went up the avenue alone, reflecting—"Four sons in the grave, every one of whom would have made my honour his own, and Mary left alone to *identify* herself with me; and my poor, feeble wife waiting me in that mournful manse!" You are very good, Mary—few so good—but you in your oneness could not compensate for all this. With difficulty I kept my feet, and managed to the door.—
Affectionately, YOUR FATHER.

Rev. Dr. WARDLAW, *Glasgow, to Dr. ANDERSON.*

LANGSIDE, *March 21.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your brotherly note. The allusion to Millenarianism in my lecture was clearly *out of place* in your pulpit. The inappropriateness of it in this respect came upon my mind *after* it was delivered. I felt it, and thought of explaining to you; but I was confident there would be no serious offence or umbrage in your mind. Were anything further of the kind called for in my argument, you are not the man who would wish me to abstain from it on the ground of mere courtesy. But it is otherwise; and you may rest assured you will have no occasion given for any explanation on your part to your own flock, or any controversy before them with one who has much more pleasure in agreeing with his brethren than in differing, and, when he does

differ, is desirous to differ in love.—Yours, with true regard,
R. W.

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES to Dr. ANDERSON.

EDINBURGH, 24th Feb., 1851.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your very kind letter, and for the promise of your work on the Mass. It will be the first on my side of the question that I shall have perused, should you do me the favour to forward it as above. I have hitherto confined my researches to the Essays of Roman Catholic theologians—if *theologians* they may be called—relying upon God's holy written word for the means of answering them.

J. S. K.

*The late Rev. Dr. BENJAMIN GOODWIN, Bradford, on
Dr. Anderson's Works.*

February 21, 1860.

I have read Dr. Anderson's second series of sermons with great interest. They are altogether of a superior cast; as vigorous in style as they are original in thought; untrammelled by traditionary orthodoxy, either in phrase or dogma, they are yet decidedly scriptural and evangelical. Though I could not pledge myself to a concurrence in everything advanced, I admire the candour, the independence, and fearlessness with which the Doctor utters his convictions.

I was much pleased also with the pamphlet which accompanied the book ["Exposure of Dr. Cahill's Reply"]. Dr. Anderson is just the man to enter the lists with the bold, the blustering, and unscrupulous

champion of Popery, Dr. Cahill. I heard him at Bradford some few years ago, and wondered that none of the ministers of the town noticed the guantlet that was thrown down in the face of Protestantism by placards in big letters in very conspicuous parts of the town. My spirit was stirred, but my strength was gone. I sincerely hope and trust that a man so qualified as Dr. Anderson, will be ever ready for the field.

B. G.

Rev. Dr. THOMAS GUTHRIE, *Edinburgh, on Dr. ANDERSON.*

November 18, 1859.

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me the volume of sermons. I am much gratified, but not surprised, by such snatches of them as I have had time to take. I have often heard my late friend, Dr. Burns, Kilsyth, speak in the highest terms both of the head and heart of Dr. Anderson.

They are full of originality and power, and, I hope, will secure a wide circulation. Nobody can for one moment doubt that Dr. Anderson is a man who thinks for himself, and has the moral courage to state plainly and forcibly what he thinks, as a faithful and fearless ambassador for Jesus Christ.

T. G.

HENRY WARD BEECHER *to Dr. ANDERSON.*

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Oct. 29, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received this morning, from Mr. M'Cleate, a package containing four volumes of your works, which you have been so kind as to send to me. I shall add them to my library with great satisfaction;

and as soon as this great and decisive election is ended, I promise myself a pleasure in reading them.

They remind me of the great kindness which you did me, now about a year ago, before a Glasgow audience. I believe that events will ere long satisfy every honest man in Scotland that I spoke the words of truth and soberness among them, and that I did not mislead. Praying that you may find your years filled with the consolations of Christ, I remain, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

H. W. B.

Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, *London, to Dr. ANDERSON.*

UPPER CLAPTON, LONDON, E., *March 23, 1870.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read every word of your book,*—indeed, I had done so before it had been three days on my table,—but I cannot write to you very fully, for I am oppressed and overwhelmed with correspondence. I think your argument demonstrative, but I fear some of your Scotch friends will think that you hit rather hard. In the first sermon I ever published (in 1827), “On the ultimate object of the Christian Ministry—to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus,” I stated the matter and enforced it; and in my volume on “Money,” there is *a section* on the rewards attached to beneficence. I am not sure that the passage you quote from “Salvation by fire,” &c., is the strongest that might have been taken. I suppose the popular character of the sermon accounts for the sort of notice taken of the lurking prejudice in the minds of the class supposed to be addressed. I rather

* “Filial Honour of God.”

think that was not the case with the sermon of 1827, which was one *ad clerum*. If you would like to see either this sermon or "Money," I will forward them. As to "Gethsemane," I have not been able to refer to my own piece on that subject, but my impression is, that it is distinctly said that the cup from which Christ prayed to be delivered was not the cross itself, but the mental pressure under which he seemed to be sinking. The prospect of what was to be endured might appal, though no thought should for a moment rise up in the form of a wish to escape it. But it is a difficult subject—and I remember in writing the sermon, now some six and twenty years ago, I did not feel that I had got to the bottom of the subject; and perhaps we never shall.

I was very much amused by what you say on page 220. You seem to refer to yourself as "a younger brother"—and that I, the old one, will not "resent your remonstrance as a presumption." I said to a Glasgow lady, "how old do you think Dr. William Anderson is?" "Well," she said, "I suppose about eighty!" You yourself seem to say that you are seventy-two, or in your seventy-second year. I expect we should find we are near of an age, seeing that I am not yet seventy-two, though in my seventy-second year—but I always say, "I'm an old man between seventy and a hundred!" I think I must be feeling the effects of age more than you, for I am amazed at the vigour with which you write—the elastic spring of your words, and the sweep you give with that broadsword of yours, defying all comers! I cannot but

think your work must commend itself to every fair reasoning and reasonable man,—but many of the Scotch are neither the one nor the other if the least point in the “Standards” is questioned. Excuse this hasty note. I have written some dozen or twenty at this sitting, and some of them long ones.—Yours, my dear Sir, very truly,

T. B.

Rev. WM. BARR, *Jedburgh, on Dr. ANDERSON'S Character.*

FRIARS MANSE, JEDBURGH, 26th Sept., 1872.

The mournful event of Dr. Anderson's death did not take me by surprise. From what I had recently heard, it was evident that the end was fast approaching; and when at length intelligence came that it had transpired, although it deeply affected, it did not astonish me: it seemed like the deeper darkness in which the *gloaming* closes—only a thing to be expected, and even welcomed.

In the decease of our friend a luminary of the first magnitude has set in the hemisphere of time, and risen in that of eternity. His light, no doubt, was peculiar—*sui generis*, one may say—and to some his course might appear exceedingly erratic; yet his motion athwart the intellectual and moral heavens was not by any means that of a mere comet, blazing for a season fantastically and with awful portent, and in the end going suddenly out in utter darkness, without leaving in the horizon one lingering trace of its departed glory. He was, on the contrary, if not a fixed star, at least a planetary orb of refulgent brilliancy; and while personally he has been withdrawn from our midst, never more to

shine in these parts, and to dazzle his fellow-men by the lustre of his genius and the splendour of his eloquence, his works and his memory remain, and will continue for ages to reflect upon an admiring posterity the light of pure doctrine, high morality, and noble enterprise, which he shed so clearly and so forcibly while he lived.

I have no doubt that justice would so far be done to the memory of the Doctor last Lord's Day in the pulpit of John Street, which he so long and so honourably occupied, and possibly elsewhere. My long acquaintance with him, and my profound admiration of his worth, would have induced me, if possible, to have expressed myself somewhat formally and at length on the subject; but, unfortunately, my constitutional temperament unfits me for the tender task of preaching a funeral sermon, and I have never been able, in the course of my ministry, to undertake anything of the kind. The thought, therefore, was abandoned nearly as soon as it suggested itself.

It happened, however, that in the forenoon of last Sabbath I had occasion, in the course of my regular exposition of the Gospel according to Mark, to preach on the Parable of the Sower, and I took opportunity, at the close of that exercise, to make a brief allusion to the sad event. It was not difficult—it required little fancy, I mean, to do so. Dr. Anderson was one of the greatest spiritual sowers of his age—one who trod the field with giant step, who sowed liberally and with both hands, and who was not only instant in season and out of season in doing his work, but strong and

stalwart in its execution even to old age. He had his idiosyncracies, no doubt—some would, perhaps, be disposed to say, his vagaries or eccentricities ; but still, withal, his singularity arose not so much from any oddity by which he was distinguished as from his rare, unrivalled greatness. Like the king of the forest, he towered high above his fellows ; and any little notch or irregularity of form which marked his lofty structure was not only compensated for, but obscured, and in great measure veiled from view by the hugeness of his colossal size, and the pervading beauty of his general outline. He was, in short, a singularly great man, whether viewed in his private or in his public capacity. Great in his power of thought, in the accuracy and extent of his knowledge, and in the range, velocity, and fiery vehemence of his genius ; he was equally great in the nobility of his character—in the vastness and variety of his exalted operations, and in the energy, zeal, and dauntless courage with which he did his life's work. Deducting everything that the severest criticism could possibly urge to his disparagement, enough still remains to stamp him one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, divine among his compeers ; and we shall look long, it may be feared, and look eagerly, before we see his like again.

Circumstances did not warrant me to give myself the melancholy pleasure of being at the funeral, as I should have liked ; but although not there in person, to "weep with those that weep," I need scarcely say that my sense of the loss which the Church has sustained, and sympathy with those more immediately

bereaved, were not the less sincere and profound.—
Very sincerely yours, W. B.

REV. JAMES WATSON, *New Annan, Nova Scotia, on*
Dr. ANDERSON'S Death.

October 17, 1872.

In the death of Dr. Anderson I have lost one of my oldest, dearest, and most beloved friends. It is upwards of 30 years since I came to Nova Scotia, and during all that time he kept up a regular correspondence with me. Every British mail that came to Halifax I looked for something from Dr. Anderson, and, with the exception of two or three times, I never was disappointed. Newspapers, pamphlets, sermons, lectures, and books, found their way from him to New Annan. I have received most of his publications. When he sent me his volume on *Regeneration*, the following inscription in his own hand was written on one of the fly leaves—of which I do not deny I feel proud; perhaps I should say, truly grateful. It is—
“To the Rev. James Watson, with the assurance of the high esteem in which I hold him, as one of the oldest, worthiest, and most affectionate of my friends.”—W.A.

Professor William Milligan, D.D., The University, Aberdeen, in a letter of September 23, 1872, says—

Since you wrote to me, your friend Dr. Anderson has been, I see, taken to his rest. He must have possessed a great deal of character, and independent vigorous thought—the former not easily found now-a-days, when every one is moulded in the same iron mould both at school and college—the latter a gift

looked upon with great suspicion by most of those who affect to be leaders of our churches. It is pleasant, however, to think that Dr. Anderson outlived the difficulties of his youth, and that in his old age he enjoyed the respect and love of all who knew him. It ought to be an encouragement to younger men to persevere in being faithful to themselves, however D.D.s may whisper distrust or Assemblies frown. W. M.

Professor F. J. Falding, D.D., of Rotherham Independent College, Yorkshire, in a letter of date September 30, 1872, thus writes—

I was greatly affected by the notice which I saw in the papers of Dr. Anderson's death, shortly after I had received those books of his which you were so good as to send me, and I am sure you must have been much moved by it. I remember his tall, dark figure as it appeared to me when I saw him in his pulpit, nearly 30 years ago. How energetic he then was! How keen and incisive his language! With what interest the congregation listened to his voice! And now he who was so faithful a servant, as a son gives "Filial honour to God" in the Father's house above. May we, my dear friend, in our appointed sphere of service, so work while it is called "to-day," that we also may enter the mansions prepared for us, even as he has done. F. J. F.

Professor J. R. Reynolds, D.D., Cheshunt College, London, writing in March, 1873, says:—

I have always entertained the greatest respect for

Dr. Anderson, and feel that our students owe a debt of obligation to the kind friend who has made it possible for them to come into contact with a mind so richly stored, so profoundly spiritual, so fervent and strong. His was logic on fire with love, and his discourses are models of exposition, argumentative force, and persuasive power. It is difficult, nay quite impossible, to track the influence of such a mind into homes and pulpits of a second generation; but unless the ministers of the Gospel and the Divinity tutor can be content to leave the indirect results of his work with God, he might often be cast down. Dr. Anderson's work may not be visible, but it is living on in regions of which he never thought.

J. R. R.

The Rev. Chas. Garrett, Wesleyan Minister, Bootle, Liverpool, on Dr. Anderson's Works :—

By the translation of Dr. Anderson I feel as if I had lost a personal friend. I never met him but once; but I have for so many years been an eager and delighted reader of his works, that I seemed to know him intimately. Reading one of his sermons is to me as exhilarating as a walk on the hills of my native county. His rugged thoroughness; his perfect loyalty to Christ; his scorn of everything mean and selfish; his sympathy with the oppressed and suffering; his yearning anxiety to lift the whole human family into a nearer relationship to God, are such, that his name will always be precious. Such men *adorn* the doctrine of God their Saviour. They show us that God's grace can make humanity noble. I thank God he ever lived. Let us

follow him, if with unequal steps, and by and bye we too shall go up out of the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved.

Rev. Dr. Geo. Turner on Dr. Anderson's Meetings with Students in Divinity :—

Dr. Turner of the Samoan Mission, now (1873) on a visit to this country, in speaking of these meetings with the Students during the winter session of the College, says—I can never forget our meetings in the John Street vestry. My brother Missionary, Dr. Nisbet, and many more, some on earth and some in heaven, met with our greatly-respected head instructor and counsellor. He looked upon us all with as kindly an interest as if we had been his children ; and there he sat, sometimes with the leg thrown over the arm of the chair, and in the most easy, unofficial, fatherly way, heard our Virgil and verses of Greek and Hebrew, together with the occasional essay, and diversified and finished up the hour with useful hints on pastoral duties, notices of the current literature of the day, and sometimes cuttings from his correspondence. He especially interested us at one time with some of Mr. Wm. Logan's London letters, depicting the terrible realities of Missionary life down in the very lowest strata of city heathenism. These meetings did a young Student like myself a world of good. And many with whom I have met in this country, after a long interval, have said to me, as the late Dr. Gunion did last year at Dunoon—“ You remember too our meetings with Dr. Anderson in the John Street vestry.”

Rev. TIYO SOGA, *Caffraria*, on Dr. ANDERSON.

The following is part of an interesting letter addressed to John Street Church by Rev. Tiyo Soga, in reference to Dr. Anderson's Jubilee. The letter was written in January, 1871, being about six weeks before the Jubilee, and within six months of Mr. Soga's death:—

DEAR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—That Jubilee of service time marks the advance of the time of life in the case of your beloved pastor. That thought mingles an element of sadness with your rejoicings, for it says the time of final withdrawal from work on earth cannot, humanly speaking, be far distant. Yet these aged, venerable, wise, holy, experienced servants of God, though they themselves may long for their heavenly inheritance and rest, we would fain retain with us long. We are not willing that they should go. A native Christian, four years ago, referring to the esteem and love they bore to a venerable missionary, the Rev. John Brownlee, whose jubilee we were then celebrating, made this remark, that, if a human being, on reaching old age, could be *recast* like a piece of worn-out iron, they should with joyful hearts restore their beloved friend and father to his vigour of youth and manhood. I for one cherish a like feeling in reference to my esteemed father, Dr. Anderson.

It is now twenty-three years since I came into contact with the Doctor. It was on a Sunday evening in the Shuttle Street Sunday School, in connection with Greyfriars United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow. That evening the Doctor took possession of my soul

and feelings. It was not by anything he said that he impressed me as he addressed the scholars of the Sabbath School. At that time I but imperfectly understood the English language. It was his exceeding *fellow-feeling* towards a strange boy that won my heart.

I early perceived that Dr. Anderson was a man of unfeigned faith in God ; of love to His dear Son ; of great and devout and reverential attachment to His holy name. All this the members of John Street Church—who sat longer than I under the Doctor's ministry—know full well. But, in addition to these higher characteristics of a Christian's soul, Dr. Anderson impressed me much with his *universal* humanity, which is the fellow-feeling to which I have already referred. But it developed, and glowed, and intensified the longer I sat under his ministry.

Dr. Anderson has a large heart for his fellow-creatures. He is a lover of his species. He sees God's image in man, and the object of the Saviour's redeeming love and grace. His frequent advocacy of the cause of the suffering and destitute poor in Glasgow—the terms in which that suffering and destitution were expressed—often made me think that there were few men who felt the woes of their distressed fellow-creatures with the sincerity and earnestness of Dr. Anderson. Here is my opinion : In this fine trait of a Christian's heart, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Guthrie meet, though in other respects they are Christian champions of different mental constitutions.

The sympathy of the Lord Jesus Christ with human

woes was one of Dr. Anderson's favourite themes, and perhaps this, as a subject for the exercise and the comfort of his own faith, was the root and the matter of that pitying heart that was so conspicuous a feature in Dr. Anderson's character.

The UNITED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD to DR. ANDERSON.

The Rev. Dr. Eadie, in addressing the Synod on the "Anderson Bursary" fund in May, 1871, said—This gift (of £1200) Dr. Anderson had got from his friends for his genius, high eloquence, and industry in that congregation for half a century. He hoped, therefore, the Synod would accept the gift very thankfully, and authorise the Moderator to send a formal letter of thanks to Dr. Anderson.

We give the Synod's letter:—

We have it in charge from the Synod, as being its present mouth and hand, to convey to you the enclosed copy of minute, with such added words as may less formally express the sentiments which animated the Court on the announcement, by your esteemed colleague, of the munificent destination made by you of the public gift which had been lately tendered you by the affection and admiration of many friends.

We need not say how grateful to our own feelings is the duty laid on us by the Synod's appointment. But we are not now to give expression to our personal esteem and regard. We are rather catching, as we can, the spirit which pervaded a full Synod on the occasion referred to, to be the channel of transmitting to you the love and honour of a whole denomination.

We do not exaggerate when we so speak. You are indeed held in the highest regard by the entire United Presbyterian Church, which has a grateful delight in her chivalrous child of genius, Dr. William Anderson. All of us dwell with pleasure on the many services you have rendered to the cause of truth and freedom, as maintained by our body, and cherish admiringly the recollection of your unflinching fidelity to great principles, dear to all our hearts. Those of us who have been in part your associates in work and warfare—your full compeers are now few on earth—know what courage your tried bravery inspired into our hearts; and still younger brethren have felt and will feel the impulse given by the example of so good a soldier of Jesus Christ. You are by far too true a lover of the brethren not to feel the privilege of having been able to win, by long and earnest service, the affectionate confidence and esteem of so great and noble a brotherhood as we venture to say our loved Church contains.

That esteem, we may say, was scarcely enhanced by the intimation of the generous arrangement to which the accompanying minute* refers—we all felt it

* The following is the minute which was agreed to by the Synod:—
“The Synod, in accepting this gift, so valuable in itself, and so generously presented to them from one who is held in such high esteem by all the brethren, and who has laboured with so much acceptance for the long period of fifty years in one of their churches, agreed to record their unanimous and cordial thanks to Dr. Anderson, their full appreciation of his interest in the effective training of their young men for the ministry, and their earnest prayers that a life crowned with so many years of eminent and successful service may be still prolonged in increasing comfort and usefulness.”

to be so much in keeping with your known character. Exceptional and unexpected acts wake up new admiration; the normal only confirms the old.

One higher award of approval yet awaits you. Ere it come, may you be spared and strengthened to do further service to our Lord. But at length may there be given you the welcome which has all heaven in its bosom—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—Believe us, dear and honourable Father, to be, in name of the Synod, yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN EDMOND, *Moderator.*
WILLIAM BECKETT, *Synod Clerk.*

8th June, 1871.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost."

ON this principle we propose to devote a chapter to a collection of floating anecdotes and memorabilia from Anderson's life.

There is no use denying the fact that Dr. Anderson was what is called a *character*, distinguished as much by *outréness* and oddity as by originality and power. Perhaps the public sometimes remembered this too well, while several panegyrists were disposed to forget it. In some of his letters there oozes out a certain soreness about the impression of his oddity, which was prevalent, as if it were exaggerated, and as if it tended to lower him in the public eye. In this, however, we think he was mistaken. *Characters*, who possess at the same time high qualities of head and heart, are always popular favourites, and are better loved and more sincerely admired on account of their oddities. So was it with George Buchanan, with Professor Wilson, with Thomas Chalmers, with Professor Kidd of Aberdeen, with Edward Irving, with Sydney Smith, and with William Anderson. And those critics who attempted to smooth down the angularities of his

character, and to make its rough places plain, got, and deserved, little thanks, no more than would a painter who, in drawing his likeness, had omitted the pits in his skin, or the sallow hue which overspread his countenance.

There are hundreds of stories, true or false, floating about Anderson's peculiarities. But we must here, as with his correspondence, be select, and that for two reasons: First, It is very difficult to decide as to the authenticity of many of these; and, secondly, just as too many anecdotes introduced into conversation tend to lower, if not to degrade it, so is it still more in biography. To turn a Life into a jest-book, is to thrust it down to the level of a jest-book, which, though one of the smallest, usually becomes by and by the dullest of compositions.

Still, as professing to be a faithful limner, we must trace the vein of humour and queerness which wound itself through all Anderson's grave and solemn history. We have given some specimens of it already. An anecdote has been kindly handed to us, which we now give in his own words:—

“That reminds me of an incident in the beginning of my ministerial life. I had just been licensed to preach, and was despatched to Kirkintilloch to officiate on the coming Sabbath. The mode of conveyance was by the night canal boat, leaving Glasgow at 9 o'clock; the cabin of these vessels was so narrow that the knees of passengers sitting opposite touched. In the centre was a long narrow table, at the stern end of which sat a fiddler, whose duty it was to fill up the gaps between

the political and theological discussions which often made pleasant those otherwise weary night voyages. Opposite me sat an old grey-headed man, the whole make-up of whom indicated a Cameronian Elder of the "straitest sect," and on my right sat a young man, going to the same place, the twinkle of whose eye seemed to say, let us have some fun; and hardly had the boat left the wharf till he looked over to his old friend, and said, 'Ay, David, man, say ye hae been in Glaskie, hae ye? What i' the world hae ye been there for, man? Its na a journey that every body taks; and above a', wha wid ha'e expectat to see ye there?' 'Weel, ye see,' replied David, 'my dochter gat married to a lad that staws there, an' they wad ha'e me to gang thro' an' see them.' 'Weel, David, an' what think ye o' Glaskie?' 'O, man, it's an awfu place, it's aboon a' my thochts, I had nae idea o't, an' I'm just gled to get awa' hame again.' 'Weel, David, an' wha did ye hear preachin'?' 'O, ye ken, I gaed to our ain place, o' course; *we* ha'e a kirk in Glaskie, ye see.' 'But ye dinna mean to tell me, David, that ye didna gang to hear Tammas Chalmers, do ye?' 'Aweel, aweel (scratching his head as if in a dilemma), I's no say that I didna, but then, do ye see, it was on Thursda' nicht, an' I didna think there wad be meikle sin, when it wisna the Sabbath day; but, man, he's an awfu' man that: I never heard a man like him, for I was sittin', whan, an' afore I kent whar I was, I was up on my verra feet, stretchin' o'er the beukboard, wi' my e'en wide starin', an' my mouth wide open, feared I wad loss a word. But ca' ye yon preachin'? Na, na, it was rank black

prelacy ; man, he read ilka word o'd ; na, na, nane o' that abomination for me,—na, na.'

"I thought I might have a little banter with the old man also, and so I said, 'David, ye need not be so hard against prelacy or read sermons, for ye know it is a fact, which ye cannot deny, that you read prayers yourself every morning.' With a smile of contempt, mixed with pity, the old man fixed his eyes on me, and in a solemn tone said—'Laddie, ye'll na ken wha I am, or ye wedna speak that way, for ony body that kens me that has been an Elder o' the Cameronian Kirk o' K—— for aboon thirty years, wid na set sic a sin too my door ; na, na.' 'But, David, I have good ground for what I have said, and I know that you *do* read prayers every morning.' At this reiterated charge, the old man's wrath began to wax warm, and rising to his feet, he exclaimed, in a passion, "It's a lee, it's a lee ; fa ever tald ye that I care na, but it's a black lee.' Feeling that I had perhaps led him far enough, I said, 'Be calm, David, and answer me a question ; do ye not read the Psalms of David every morning?' 'To be sure I do ; but what has that to do wi' the lee?' 'Well, David, are not David's Psalms the best prayers ever written?' The face of the old Cameronian relaxed into a smile, as he sat down and exclaimed, 'Ay, laddie, but ye ha'e caught me noo, ye ha'e caught me noo.' 'But, David,' I continued, 'I am afraid that from the way you have been talking you do not know what a sermon means.' 'I sud think,' he rejoined, 'I sud think that a man wha has been an Elder o' the Cameronian Kirk aboon thirty

years, *sud* ken what a sermon means, if ony body kens.' 'Well, David, let me tell you that a sermon is a proclamation; now you know that when the king makes a proclamation, it is written on paper, and read at the Cross, and that it is not a proclamation unless it is read; now, you know that the gospel is the proclamation of the King of kings; therefore, as all proclamations must be read, so a sermon, being a proclamation, must be read, or it is not a sermon.' David looked dumfounded; the boat had reached our destination, and the old Cameronian, in stepping out, exclaimed—'Tuts, tuts, laddie, ye'r ower muckle Latin for me.'"

The story of the "brown bawbee" is well known. Speaking of the disproportion between wealth and liberality in giving, he described a fashionably-dressed lady approaching the church, and after sailing along in all the majesty of crinoline and consciousness of position and cash, depositing from a white gloved hand in the plate—what? Five pounds, or a sovereign, or even a shilling? No, but a brown bawbee! The hideous anti-climax of this, as told by Anderson, elicited shouts and screams of laughter. He is said to have added: "I stood beside the elders in the porch last Sabbath evening, and observed how the people cast their gifts into the Lord's treasury. I exclaimed, 'There they go! Three a penny—three a penny!'"

Sir D. K. Sandford, of the University, and Dr. Anderson spoke many years ago at a great education meeting in Glasgow. On the way home Anderson walked with a strong partisan on the religious side of

the question. Anderson said to him, "Tell me, honestly, Mr. ———, what personal benefit you yourself ever derived from the reading of the Bible in the day school?" "Well, to tell the truth, I cannot say. Your question reminds me of one circumstance to which I may refer. The class had been reading, for a lesson, the 17th chapter of Job, where it said, 'he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.' Another scholar and I had a bad habit of fighting occasionally, and I often came off second. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I see how I can master him.'" He resolved to take the words referred to in a literal sense, and for several days was at great pains to wash his hands with soap and water. When he thought he had got them in first-rate fighting order, he threw himself in the way of his pugilistic schoolmate, quarrelled, and fought. On this occasion, however, it turned out that the now enthusiastic religious educationist got a greater thrashing than ever! and that night he had the candour to acknowledge to Anderson before parting, in South Portland Street, that he had not a very pleasant recollection of any benefit he had derived from the use of the Bible in the day school.

Stories of his unbounded charity are rife. It was said that he generally came home with his pockets empty; that his *vest* was sometimes given away to applicants for charity, and that he appeared at his own door with his coat buttoned suspiciously tight to conceal the deficiency. This may be mythical, but it is certain that he often gave away his own clothes when he could lay hold of them! We have heard of

(though this, too, wants confirmation) jelly cans which had been surreptitiously snatched by him from his own *aumry* for the relief of poor, fevered families, stowed in his pockets, *bursting* and betraying the secret in rather an uncomfortable way, and of cakes and confectionery prepared for an evening party given by him to beggars who chanced to enter. Most of these stories must be taken for what they are worth. We believe that they are founded on fact, although exaggerated in details, and that the conjoint liberality and absence of mind from which they are said to have sprung were real attributes of his unselfish and uh-worldly character. Such stories never would have been forged concerning a cold-blooded and niggardly individual. In proof of this, the late Mr. S. Barr, who led for many years the psalmody in Dr. Wardlaw's Church, told a friend that when he had fever Dr. Anderson called regularly to see him, and the first thing he saw, when he opened his eyes and was conscious, was Dr. Anderson kindling the fire, and handing "gingerbread parleys" to the children out of his pockets.

Dr. Alex. Macleod relates a story of Anderson which he heard him tell in his own pulpit. He was expounding the words, "He that putteth not out his money to usury." "Does that mean," he said, "asking ten per cent. or more? Not entirely. It means also the spirit in which the per cent. is taken. There was once in this church a poor widow, and she wanted twenty pounds to begin a small shop. Having no friends, she came to me, her minister. And I happened to know a man,

not of this church, who could advance the money to the poor widow. So we went to this man, the widow and I, and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for twenty pounds, and the widow signed it, and I signed it too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk, and took out the money and gave it to the widow. But, counting it, she said, 'Sir, there are only fifteen pounds here.' 'It is all right,' said the man, 'that is the interest I charge.' And, as we had no redress, we came away. But the widow prospered. And she brought the twenty pounds to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who lent it, and I said to him, 'Sir, there are the twenty pounds from the widow.' And he said, 'There is the paper you signed, and if you know any other poor widow I will be happy to help her in the same way.' I replied, 'You help the widow! Sir, you have robbed this widow, and if you do not repent you will be damned.' And, my friends, I kept my eye on that man. And before six months were over God smote him, and he died." A correspondent in Edinburgh adds to this story the following:—"And when his will was produced and read, it appeared that on the very day I had spoken to him he had put to it a codicil leaving fifty pounds to the poor. Poor deluded mortal, to think his soul's salvation could be bought for fifty pounds."

Dr. Macleod gives a story he heard from Anderson in his own school days. Two girls were one day playing, and one of them started the question whether it was right for children to play. She said her minister had told

them the day before that Christ was nowhere described in the Bible as having ever laughed once; he was the Man of Sorrows. The other girl stopped her game straightway, but instantly she added, "I dinna ken, Maggie, but I think the minister was surely saying mair than he had any richt to say. We read that Jesus went to a marriage at Cana of Galilee. The marriage folks would likely, like other marriage folks, be happy and laughing. D'ye think the Lord would sit glooming at them without even a smile on his face? No, no, Maggie. I would not like to say 'laughing,' but I am quite sure if he went to a wedding he would be happy like the rest while he was there. I think we might finish our play noo."

Dr. Macleod alludes to a story of Anderson taking snuff as he was uttering the words, "My soul cleaveth to the dust," but refers to it to contradict it. We have heard a similar story of his raising to his nose a tremendous pinch as he was quoting the words, "All is vanity," and discharging it into his nostrils, while he added, "This also is vanity." But such stories are mainly for the *groundlings*. Although he snuffed, he condemned the habit in others.

Now and then, like other popular men, he took liberties with his people which no man of less power could have ventured on but at his peril. He was very unequal, and sometimes his discourses bore little trace of preparation or evidence of power. Once we heard him in this mood on the 8th Psalm, and, as a whole, it was totally unworthy of his reputation. And yet it was in it that he described graphically, as already

narrated, the effect of "Chalmers' Astronomical Discourses" on his young mind. A friend of ours walked into Anderson's Church on the forenoon of a New Year's Sabbath. The preacher was long of appearing; when he did appear, after the singing, he prayed, read a chapter, gave out a number of more verses to sing and returned to the vestry. When he re-appeared he had some MSS. in his hand. "My friends," he proceeded, "I have no sermon for you this morning, but having given to my female class the subject of "Time" for an exercise, three of their essays are so good that I propose to read them to you in lieu of my ordinary work, and they are much better than it would probably have been." He read them accordingly, then prayed and dismissed the assembly.

On one occasion when officiating in the City Hall, Dr. Anderson was to preach in the forenoon and Dr. Macfarlane, of Erskine Church (a gentleman much endeared to Dr. Anderson), in the afternoon. Dr. Anderson was to have lectured on the passage in Peter on the Duties of Wives. When he should have begun the exposition, however, he told his people that he had been looking at Dr. Brown's Lectures on the subject, and had found the whole delicate matter so much better handled than he could, that he would read them from the volume, which accordingly he lifted up and laid on the pulpit, saying, with a humorous *twinkle* in his eye, "You are a favoured people this day; you are to hear Professor John Brown in the forenoon, and Dr. John Macfarlane in the afternoon!"

Once lecturing in the City Hall about this time, when he was reading Dr. Brown for a Sabbath or two on the Duties of Women, he said, when a number of ladies meet and have nothing very edifying to speak about, what can they do but *bite*? A titter was the reply to this home-thrust.

Dr. Alexander Macleod, in his "Reminiscences of Dr. Anderson," says—

"He was once addressing a crowded meeting in the City Hall on some Church finance business or other, when he had occasion to speak of ministers' stipends—at that time a more delicate subject for a minister to speak about than now. And he dashed into the shabby treatment they received in something like the following style :—' If a doctor comes to see you when you are dying, he will drug you, and drug you, and in gratitude to him you will add a codicil to your will to the effect that he receives a considerable sum over and above his bill of fees. If a lawyer come to see you and make out your will, you will instruct your immediate attendants to give him a beautiful statuette or a gold ring in recognition of his services, for which services he will take care to be well paid besides. But for the minister, who perhaps alone of all the three does you any real service—who visits you daily and pours out his sympathy and instruction into your soul, you not only have no acknowledgment of service to make, but you often do not even bequeath to him the poor reward of thanks.' One would think that courage could hardly venture further than this. But this was not all. The audience by this time were on fire with the justice of

this droll exposure of unequal treatment for ministers. And Anderson burst out in one of his good-natured furies into this further appeal:—‘And why should *we* be singled out for this unthankful treatment? I will ask this assembly of Glasgow merchants and professional men, are we less gifted as a class? Have we less intellect or scholarship? I appeal to yourselves. We beat you in the classes of your boyhood. We took the best prizes out of your hands at college. And we could have distanced you in your own line of things if we had become merchants, or doctors, or lawyers.’ When he had got to this point, he was able to do anything with the audience; and he struck in forcibly with the business in hand—and carried his resolution *nem. con.*

“The peculiarity of Dr. Anderson’s method in dealing with an opponent was, not so much to deal a heavy blow as to expose some ludicrous side of him to the audience, and leave that to the bloodless blow of their laughter. That was how he dealt with the arguments of Father Cahill in those ever-memorable lectures on the ‘Errors of Romanism’ which he delivered nearly twenty years ago in the City Hall of this city, and in many a hall and church besides throughout the land. He had unearthed, in some way or other, the scapulary charms which some earnest devotees of the Roman Church were said to wear upon their breasts at that time. He held up the charms themselves—pieces of calico shaped like hearts. He told his audience how, if they wished to be safe, they should buy one of these and put it on the naked breast; but if they had

plenty of means, and wished to be safer still, they should buy two, and put one on the breast above, and one on the back behind the heart. Then came the climax. 'We have heard of many ways and means of salvation. There is in the oldest dispensation of all, salvation by *works*; and in the Mosaic dispensation, salvation by *works of the law*. And in the new dispensation, we have salvation by *grace*; and we have had, since that new dispensation was set up, many comings and goings between the old and the new—salvation by *pilgrimages*, salvation by *priests*, salvation by *the Church*; but this is the first time in the history of the world that we have been offered *salvation by clouts*.' One is not surprised to learn that it was some minutes before the lecturer could proceed.

"For the most part, Anderson's sermons abounded in analyses. His knowledge of the pathology of the human heart was very great. So was his knowledge of the methods of grace. With one notable exception, the sermons we heard him preach had the Gospel rather in their heart, and at the background, than on the surface. In that one exception we refer to, it was put on the very surface, and in a form as simple as the homeliest Evangelist could proclaim it. This exception was his unwritten, and in many respects perhaps his greatest sermon—the sermon on the woman and the lost piece of silver. In this sermon he fairly revelled in objective statements of the Gospel. His whole face lighted up as he told of the love of God, and worked out the truth, that the silver, though lost, was, in God's estimation, *silver*

still. Nobody who heard that sermon could honestly say that the way of salvation was not made very plain in the preaching.

"It was a great privilege to sit and hear him from day to day when he was at his best. The truth came from the mint in the soul in a shape so rare, so fresh, so truth-like, that it was impossible, if there was any desire to learn at all, not to be instructed. He was a truly great expounder of *the philosophy of the Gospel method*, and the fitness of that for all human needs. And in dealing with 'the great hope,' as he ever called it—'the second coming of Christ'—he was more than an expounder. He rose into the highest powers of preaching, and proclaimed the truth with a directness, fulness, force, and fire, which sent it home into thousands of hearts throughout the country.

"We remember a wonderful effect produced by him once by the mere emphasising of a word. He was reading the sentence—'When He had by Himself purged our sins.' 'By *Himself*,' he said. Then, after a pause: 'Not by his preaching, nor his miracle-working, nor his example even; no, but by *Himself*—Himself—body and soul—on the Cross—He purged our sins.'"

Dr. Macleod further remarks in his "Reminiscences:"

"Our own conviction respecting Dr. Anderson's preaching was that there was an unworked vein in the man's nature which, if he had cared to work it, would have raised him to a yet greater height of excellence and power than he reached. This unworked vein was his tenderness. Sometimes it

cropped up when he was addressing bereaved mothers, or dealing with penitent and distressed souls."

When he assisted at our communion in April, 1866, he announced for the subject of his "Table Address," the History of the Doctrine of Assurance in Scotland, then proceeded to unrol a huge MS., and read for more than three-quarters of an hour a most elaborate and excellent address on the subject. We became afraid that there would have been no time for the communion, and we sat for half-an-hour's time rather uncomfortably. If the people thought the subject scarcely appropriate, and the discussion of it rather lengthy, he made up for it in the evening, by one of his most masterly discourses—forming, we think, the germ and outline of his volume on "Filial Honour of God," afterwards to be published.

These were not affectations; they were simply eccentricities. He knew, too, that nothing tends to deaden all impression in churches more than a commonplace manner of treating routine services. And hence he never was commonplace. He never even uttered a family prayer or a grace before meat but what contained something peculiar, something that struck at the time, and that stuck to memory afterwards. Being really an original man, all this cost him little; had he been one whit less than he was it would have strained him to exhaustion. No doubt he was, as we have granted, sometimes poor, but there is difference between the voluntary poverty and ordinary dress of a millionaire and the "looped and windowed raggedness" of a beggar.

In Dr. Anderson's house you were sure to meet with all the remarkable "wandering stars" of the Christian Church from every quarter under heaven—America, the Continent, Australia, and Caffraria. Among these was the late famous Tiyo Soga, who died in August, 1871, the first ordained preacher of the Caffre race. This gentleman entertained a very warm affection for Dr. Anderson, which was cordially returned. Dr. Anderson, indeed, regarded him as a son. He was educated for the ministry by John Street Congregation; publicly baptized by Dr. Anderson, and ordained in John Street Church in 1857. Soga translated the Pilgrims' Progress, and, when he died, was engaged in translating the Bible in the Caffre tongue.

When Dr. Anderson was informed of Soga's death, he said, with uplifted hands, "What a great loss to Caffraria and the Church of Christ. His death, however, does not take *me* by surprise."

A marble tablet to his memory was prepared in Dundee, and sent to Caffraria at the expense of a benevolent gentleman in Edinburgh. Dr. Anderson supplied the inscription, which we may copy here:—

THIS STONE

Is to keep us in remembrance of

THE REV. TIYO SOGA,

The First Ordained Preacher of the Caffre Race.

He was a Friend of God; a Lover of His Son; Inspired by His Spirit;

A Disciple of His Holy Word;

A devoted Missionary who spent himself in his Master's service;

An ardent Patriot; a large-hearted Philanthropist;

A dutiful Son; an affectionate Brother; a tender Husband;

A loving Father; a faithful Friend; a learned Scholar;

An eloquent Orator; and in Manners a Gentleman:

A model Caffrarian for the imitation and inspiration of his countrymen.

This inscription has been translated into Caffre by that able and devoted missionary, the Rev. John A. Chalmers, who has taken Mr. Soga's place at the Board for the translation of the Bible for Caffraria.

Father Gavazzi was also a great favourite of Dr. Anderson, and admired him much in return. He presented him with a handsome ebony staff, with golden head and appropriate inscription. This staff Dr. Anderson, in his last will, was kind enough to leave to the present writer, who values it highly for the sake of both its previous possessors.

These miscellanæ might have been multiplied indefinitely. Enough, we think, has been told.

REV. GEORGE C. HUTTON ON DR. ANDERSON.

Perhaps this is as appropriate a place as any for introducing some pithy and just remarks on Dr. Anderson, delivered in a sermon on his death, by the Rev. Mr. Hutton, Paisley, on September 22, 1872. After sermon on Job v. 26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," Mr. Hutton thus observed:—During the week a noble servant of God has been carried to his grave; one who, for for more than half a century, held high the banner of truth and right in the West of Scotland. It is little to say that Dr. William Anderson was an ornament and tower of strength in his denomination in his day; he was a moral force in the ecclesiastical and public life of his time. His trumpet gave no uncertain sound, no wavering notes in the battles of Anti-slavery, of

Voluntaryism, of Protestantism. In the thick of the fight his weapon pierced keen, and fell heavily on error and wrong, but always without malice or hurt to character. His charity was as true as his blow was strong. His indignation against wrong-doing was genuine, its expression withering, often volcanic; and its explosions, like a purifying storm, broke vengefully amidst the platitudes and shams of his generation. On the platform, in the pulpit, and in private intercourse he could rebuke in thunder, and admonish as well as cheer and comfort the penitent, the afflicted, and the inexperienced with the softest tenderness. His intellectual powers were of a high order, and they were cultivated and disciplined to an eminent degree. In exposition and analysis and application of truth he was a master; as a theologian he was independent and courageous above most; and, in his chosen departments, exact, profound, and luminous. Of the Popish system he had made a deep study, and his later years were much spent in personal investigation into some of its leading chapters.

Like every enlightened Christian he was catholic in his feelings, and a friend of ecclesiastical union when that could be secured to the advantage of truth; but he had no sympathy with compromise or the appearance of injustice to principles.

His infirmity of deafness caused him to retire comparatively early from regular public labours, although till within a recent period he preached with frequency, and was ever ready to assist brethren of whatever evangelical denomination. While the state of his

health and other providential circumstances prevented him for a considerable number of years from occupying this pulpit, he was known and admired in this congregation as well as throughout the length and breadth of the Relief body, as subsequently he was hardly less widely known and appreciated in the United Presbyterian Church generally, of which, with the true spirit of brotherhood and patriotism, he was a loyal and staunch adherent and champion. Like many superior men he was superficially judged by careless outsiders and indifferent students of human nature.

I suppose it was one of those who accosted me in a steamer: "Well, I see from the papers that a good *story teller* is gone." "Who is that?" I somewhat drily asked. "Dr. Anderson" (or perhaps it was a more familiar title, *Willie Anderson*, I rather think), replied the critic, adding with a satisfied air, "He could *tell a good story*." Doubtless this was true, though far from penetrating. (How quickly disposed of are the best in posthumous remark! And happily, *it is a small matter to be judged of man's judgment. There is one that judgeth us even the Lord*).

In private intercourse Dr. Anderson was instructive and charming, and his pleasures were not only simple and innocent but elevating. To trim his plants and flowers, to rear his vegetable favourites, divided with his studious hours the daily leisure. It was a privilege, if only once enjoyed never to be forgotten, to sit with him amid his tomes, or to walk in the garden at his available ear, and hear him descant on books or men, on problems of theology and history, of nature and

human life; on questions of the day, and questions of man's chief end, as one and another were successively started, or suggested by subtle links of association; touching nothing he did not illumine and freshen.

His last experience was in keeping with the firm tenor of his hopes as a Christian. "Near the Kingdom" ("the kingdom"—that was one of his great words). "Near the kingdom" he was heard to say within a brief time of his departure. Shall we say—we *may* as our mood arises:—

"Now is the stately column broke;
The beacon light is quenched in smoke;
The trumpet's silver sound is still;
The warder silent on the hill!"

We will *rather* say, "He has come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." We will rather say, "Though dead he yet speaks" to all who love truth and right. From "far up the height" to which he was ever pressing, he calls to us behind, "Work while it is day." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." For, "to him to live was Christ, and to die is gain."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARACTER OF ANDERSON.

IN considering the character of a man like Anderson there are three main questions to be answered—What was he? What wrote he? What did he? To answer these questions we shall now address ourselves.

What was he? He was, then, a man of very wide and warm sympathies with human kind, and especially when he saw or heard of humanity being crushed or trampled on. It mattered not whether it was a white or a black man who was oppressed, or whether they were Poles or Magyars, or negroes, or overwrought artisans, that suffered—it mattered not whether it was a multitude or a single man that was feeling the iron heel of power—Anderson's heart was moved from its depths, and then he seemed attired with sudden brightness like a man inspired. We do not believe that in the breasts of Las Casas, or Burke, or Clarkson themselves, there ever burned a purer flame of indignation than in Anderson's. It was unmingled with a particle of personal feeling or desire to create a sensational impression; if ever man did well to be angry, and was angry and sinned not, it was he.

In conversation, when he heard of any unrighteous or cruel action; any mean extortion; anything at once disgraceful and dastardly, how his face sparkled into fury, and his eye became a dart of fire! In public it was the same on a larger scale. To denounce a giant wrong a giant spirit seemed to spring up, and though the duel was fierce, its result was not for a moment doubtful, and loud cheers were always ready to proclaim the victory. In the pulpit he did not hide this terrible talent under a bushel. He once said to Dr. Macleod, "I have kept that church of mine together by *indignation*." Quiet, placid, and even *couthy*, as he usually looked in his pulpit, the audience knew by past observation how he could shoot out boar-like bristles, or even unfurl a set of porcupine quills at a moment's notice, and hence there was a trembling mingled with their mirth when they laughed, and a certain awe overshadowed their spirits when they admired. Often, however, as he told us, the following was his method:—"Some ministers when they *flyte* at their flocks are too serious and severe—nothing with them but the *cold steel*. I rebuke my folks in a funny kind of way, so that while they are looking sad and maist greeting on the one side o' their face they are laughing on the ither, and very rarely do they take offence." We suspect this *auld-farrantness* was principally, however, in his later years.

• He was, it need hardly be noted, distinguished by boldness and independence of thought and action. Should such a man as I fly? was his motto in action.

Should such a man as I take my opinions on trust and tie myself to the chariot wheels of any mere man? was his principle in thought. This rugged and manly independence^d was in him a very different thing from mere pride of intellect or the desire of being singular. It arose from his strong love for truth, his conscientiousness, and his loyalty to God as the supreme Arbiter of conduct, opinion, and destiny. We have seen how he felt latterly the galling yoke of human documents, absurdly supposed by some to be divine; and against some things in them all the Protestantism of his nature rose with almost as much energy of resistance as against the dogmatisms of the Church of Rome. He was favourable to a revision and a shortening of the Standards; was not afraid (as we have noted already) to criticise them with considerable severity, and he never at any period of his history yielded to them a tithe of that homage with which he bowed before the authority of the Spirit speaking in the Word of God. And not only on religious questions, but on all others—philosophical, literary, and political—he thought and spoke for himself. He called no man master upon earth. And along with this there was a courage which always rose with opposition, and which feared not the face of man.

Anderson was often called, and most unquestionably was, a man of genius. Whatever definition we adopt of that fine and rare quality—whether we call it a superabundance of the genial nature, or the power of original thought steeped in feeling and irradiated with imagination, or the power of uttering impassioned

truth, Anderson had it in a large measure and in pure quality. It produced at one time sudden and electric touches of fancy, anon bursts of broad humour, and at a third time long and highly-wrought passages of eloquence, invective, description, and pathetic appeal. Its unexpectedness was perhaps its most remarkable quality. It shone around you sudden as sheet lightning in a dark night, and seemed to take himself as well as others by surprise. You saw this in the smile which mantled on his cheek and glistened in his eye when the good thoughts or felicitous witticisms came upon him.

And yet, still more than a man of genius, was Anderson a man of strong common sense and keen intuitive perception. He could reason, and he often reasoned well, but his power was immediate insight. He saw things at a glance. He was eminently a sagacious man. He had hardly the philosophic faculty of gathering principles out of hosts of facts through a power of calm and wide generalisation. This was too slow a process for him. He sprang, but not blindfolded, to his results, and he seldom lost his balance—almost always he reached the firm ground at which he aimed. When, as sometimes, however, like the tiger, his first leap failed, he seldom tried a second, but retired growling to his 'jungle. For a man of his years, strong idiosyncrasy, and firmly-held opinions, he was wonderfully progressive, even to the close. But we thought that he was too tenacious at times of his character for consistency. We live in an age when rapid and unreasoning change of

opinion is condemned as severely as ever it was. But we live in an age, too, when the continual coming in of new evidence, the vast progress knowledge is making, and the swift way in which points of view are shifting, and horizons of theory retiring, render frequent change of opinion inevitable, even on the most important of subjects, and in the strongest of men. It is far better to be inconsistently right than consistently wrong. But these remarks apply much less to Anderson than to many other great men in churches, who change, indeed, readily enough up to a certain point, but who seem to think it inconsistent with their dignity of position to continue a progressive movement, and who at last stand still like Lot's wife, while truth, led by angels, is advancing with gigantic strides to the distant Zoar.

We have spoken repeatedly of Anderson's child-like spirit. A child himself, how dearly he loved children! We see him still approaching the bedside of a young maiden, who in the season of spring had been seized with some trifling illness which prevented her, however, attending the marriage of a school companion, and saying to her, naturally much disappointed, "My dear girl, be of good cheer—just think on the *gowans*." It is told of an American author and preacher that he would not hear of any of his children being baptized till a minister could be found as innocent as they were to perform the ceremony, and when he became acquainted with Dr. Channing, he thought here was the proper man come, and got them baptized accordingly. We are sure had he known Anderson, he would

have allowed him to officiate in the matter, as he could say with the Psalmist—

“ I surely have myself behav'd
With quiet sp'rit and mild,
As child of mother wean'd : my soul
Is like a weaned child.”

Anderson was a man of sterling honesty, and continued to be so all his life. Many public men, perhaps the majority of them, begin by being perfectly honest and sincere. But to retain this is the difficulty. To continue honest amidst the blandishments of flattery and the claps of multitudes, the confidences they are obliged to give, the reticence they must observe, the glare of publicity by which they are surrounded, the calumny and sinister inferences to which they are exposed, the pains and penalties which follow speaking *out*, or acting firmly, the fear of man which causeth a snare, the desire to please everybody, which forms a snare more dangerous still ; the snare for consciences, deadliest of all, involved in an early and implicit subscription to articles of faith and conformity to rites of worship, not to speak of the general dilution of falsehood in which the conversation and ceremony and manners of society at large are steeped—in all this there are tests and trials for honesty provided which few indeed are able to surmount. Anderson came out as scathless from these as any, and far more than most; he lived and died an honest man, and needed no other inscription on his sepulchre than that he did so.

Anderson was a most disinterested and self-sacri-

ficing man. This was less generally known or less cordially granted than his honesty. His having married a rich wife probably contributed to the delusion, which was at one time widespread, that he was a money *lover*. Nothing could be more entirely untrue. Avarice was a total stranger to his nature. Love money he did not. Save money he could not. About money he had no thought except how most freely and generously to give it away. The rather large sum presented him at his Jubilee went all to the Anderson Scholarships. In this he might be wrong, and for this he has been blamed; but this, at all events, clears him from the current charge. And, in fine, after discharging all obligations, he died leaving very little money.

Anderson, though not precisely a scholar or savan, was a man of very wide knowledge alike in secular and sacred regions. His knowledge of men, however, was greater than that of books, and those who thought him a simpleton or a man who passed through life with half-shut eyes were widely mistaken. "They quite," says Dr. Macleod, "misunderstood the man who looked on him as a great grown-up child who could not care for himself. He could take care of himself and of those who misjudged him too, and he was as capital a man of business, in business matters, as Glasgow possessed." What Dr. Macleod says of Anderson's business aptitude and acuteness is no doubt true, but, as Carlyle says of Burns, "there was a generous incredulity in his heart." He was often taken in, taken in sometimes by rank impostors, especially by those who made a

glad sunbeam from heaven which had shot across this darkness, and thought that an influence which had made saints rejoice amidst the agonies of death, and martyrs smile amidst devouring flames, must have a reality and a power in it, and should be cherished as a source of peace in the bosom, hope in the heart, and fearless confidence as to the Future of the Church.

He had also a spring of gladness peculiar to himself in his expectation of Christ coming to reign on the earth. This, some who once entertained it have seen pass away from their belief like a magnificent sunset, with all its purple and its gold, and what seemed gems and arches and galleries of glory, disappearing like what it was—"The baseless fabric of a vision, an unsubstantial pageant faded, and leaving not a rack behind." But to Anderson its hues remained fresh and untarnished till the very end; they seemed to his eye, as he stood upon the Pisgah of death, to merge in

"Heaven's bright pomp descending jubilant."

And as during his long life he continued ever gazing up to the heavens, we may say, as the poet says of Stephen, that

"God's glory smote him in the face."

Assuredly, when in his higher mood he talked of the Advent, his "face became as the face of an angel."

His writings we have already characterised severally and *seriatim*. We may be expected now to say a word as to their *net* value and ultimate fate.

It is unfortunate that so many of them are controversial in their character. Had Anderson been less of

a polemic and more of an utterer of sweet musical and poetical thoughts, his fame as a writer had been greater than it is, or is likely to be. How soon polemical writings perish! No one seeks to preserve them after a certain date, any more than to prop up a fallen thistle or thorn; but let a flower or a hedge of blooming hawthorn begin to totter to its fall, every passing beggar will become its patron, and discover that there is in his heart some dim instinct of beauty unknown even to himself. Thus Clarke's *à priori* argument (supposing its credit to fall or to threaten to fall) would fall amid utter silence, while an attack on Taylor's "Marriage Ring" would make unknown thousands eloquent. Many Protestants even would mourn less the want of Chillingworth's great works, or Isaac Barrow on the Papal Supremacy, than some of the sublime hymns of the Catholic Litany, such as the *Dies Irae*. And so we would cheerfully have wanted some of Dr. Anderson's controversial publications had he given us more sermons like that on the Re-union of Friends in the Heavenly World.

We have another remark to make. Polemical works, to be permanent now, must be the result of most extensive learning, of the most practised logic, and of the profoundest philosophical culture. The opponents of the Evangelical system possess all these, and the defenders of it must possess them, too, or they are nowhere. In these, as we have repeatedly said, Anderson, with all his mighty force of mind, and all his true and fervent genius, was deficient, and if his "Regeneration" survive, it will be saved so as by fire.

On the other hand, we fondly anticipate a prolonged existence for some of his sermons that are, and for others that may yet be printed.

What has he done? He has fought a long and gallant battle, we will not say for Christianity merely, far less for sectarianism, but for Truth and Liberty in their myriad forms. He was the advocate in Glasgow of every good and noble movement, for half a century or more, for almost all popular measures, and for many of them long before they became popular. From John Street pulpit there came the first peal of the thunder which awakened Glasgow to any new Liberal movement, and that was generally returned throughout the land in a thousand echoes. When other men, ministers included, shrunk back from the responsibility and perils of a young cause, Anderson stood forward to bear the burden, if necessary, alone—to dare the danger, even when he had to “fecht for his ain haun.” And who that saw him throw himself, like another *Horatius*, in glorious abandonment, upon any strong tide of popular enthusiasm, but must have admitted him to be the man of the Westland people, and sometimes called him, tremblingly, *the Spirit of the Storm*. So long as men in that quarter of Scotland, or indeed in any part of it, respect moral worth, sterling honesty, indomitable courage, public spirit, and true Christianity, shall they respect the memory of William Anderson, the “Only one.”

He now sleeps well. He has not lived to see the grand dream of his life, the Second Advent, fulfilled, but has, we trust, reached the foot of the throne

by a nearer way. In him the author of this Memoir mourns a true friend to himself, besides one of Nature's "sturdiest bairns," and one of God's most gracious, yet humble, devout, and true-hearted children.

And thus are the lights of our Scottish horizon going out one after another. First there was Norman Macleod, dying in his full strength, his breasts full of milk, and his bones moistened with marrow. Then there was Anderson, coming to the grave like a shock of corn, fully, but not more than fully ripe. And now Thomas Guthrie, the active and warm-hearted philanthropist, the genuine orator, the man of the marvellous physique, built like a tower of strength and state, younger in years than Anderson, but older in constitution, has followed him to the sepulchre. Who shall now guide us in the perilous times, and in the deep waters, which are before the Church? Echo answers Who? The giants are gone! The thunderers sleep upon their quenched bolts—the grand old oaks are down; and behold what a crop of mushrooms are growing in the now unshadowed pastures! Yet they are not all mushrooms that we see in the naked field. There are still alive some noble men in all the denominations of Scotland—and never had these men a more manlike, a more difficult, yet divine work to do.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. ANDERSON.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BROOKS, JOHNSTONE.

(In a Letter to Mr. W. L., Glasgow.)

MY DEAR SIR,—You have more than once expressed a wish that I would commit to writing some of my personal reminiscences of the late Dr. William Anderson.

My personal intercourse with Dr. Anderson did not commence till 1833, when I became his co-presbyter. It was not my privilege ever to be admitted into the inner circle of his friendship. Between 1833 and 1847, the date of that auspicious Union which threw Relief ministers less exclusively on the society of each other, because it so greatly extended the sphere of their brotherly intercourse, I saw enough of him to enable me to lay up a fund of recollections concerning him which might not lend much assistance to his Biographer in preparing his Memoir, yet may have some value as the testimony of an independent observer. For the sake of order, I shall speak of him as I saw him in the pulpit, on the platform, in the parlour, and in the study, using, however, the licence of epistolary correspondence in introducing my recollections in the place where they happen to occur, rather than in the place to which, according to this arrangement, they belong.

Dr. Anderson took from the outset a conspicuous place as a preacher. He professed to have been greatly stimulated by intercourse with distinguished fellow-students, naming, among others, the Rev. William Ney of Tollcross, who was, like himself, a native of Kilsyth. I have heard him reporting several passages from the discourses of that companion of his youth, which showed that in intellectual and imaginative power the two young men were kindred. He had also been brought into close contact with Dr. Chalmers; and while he dwelt with admiration on the genius and benevolence of the eminent pulpiteer and philanthropist, he did not forget to hint how much he had learned of the art of domiciliary visitation by witnessing his example. To what extent he imbibed his millenarian views from Edward Irving I do not know, but there is no doubt that he was powerfully influenced by him in his style of thought and expression; nor would it be rash to affirm that from Edward Irving, the prince of modern declaimers, Dr. Anderson learned his consummate invective or indignation, as from Laurence Sterne he learned his sarcasm. For one of the elements of his effectiveness he was indebted to Rowland Hill—the power of grafting pathos on humour, or of raising a smile that the plaintive or serious thought might sink more deeply. He was a diligent reader of the French pulpit orators; and in the earlier years of his ministry he did not hesitate, when his leisure or original composition had been unduly curtailed, to give a free translation of one of the discourses of Superville.

I may be permitted to specify here some of the features of his preaching which, according to my opinion, rendered it so attractive and so powerful. He possessed the rare faculty of looking at every object with his own eyes, and describing it as it appeared to himself. Hence his speaking, although not always original (how could it be?), was always fresh, presenting old facts and truths in new lights. He had mastered the invaluable art of presenting his deepest thoughts in a simple and intelligible form: instead of being, as some of the lanterns of the pulpit are, a dark lantern, he reserved whatever he felt he could not bring to the level of the general capacity. He bestowed great and growing attention on the cultivation of his style. If he was sometimes chargeable with negligence, or even ruggedness, it was not because his taste was at fault, but because he sacrificed everything to usefulness. There is a paragraph in the first volume of his Sermons which cost him a whole day's labour as he was strolling along the beach at Largs or Fairlie. It occurs in the discourse on Loving God, beginning on page 193. One of the charms of his preaching was, that he was not ashamed to allow his hearers the privilege of seeing him make up his mind. I used to contrast him with Professor Lindsay, of whom I never knew how warmly I loved him till the Monday morning, never to be forgotten by me, when I read in the *Glasgow Herald* the notice of his sudden death. If you inquired what was Dr. Lindsay's opinion on any subject, he would not answer unless his mind was matured; Dr. Anderson

would have told what were his present views. It was interesting to an intelligent audience to be permitted to watch every step of the process by which a man of his native vigour arrived, on all sorts of subjects, at the conclusions in which he ultimately rested. Another thing which greatly contributed to his popularity was, that there were so many points in Christian doctrine and duty which he had revolved and re-revolved, till he had struck out views which were distinctly his own.

When I first enjoyed the opportunity of hearing Dr. Anderson as a platform speaker, his appearances were somewhat unequal. He often spoke without sufficient preparation, and hence there might be expected great failures as well as great successes. Beside Drs. Wardlaw, Heugh, and King, who were all first-class men of the platform, he was shown to disadvantage. But as he advanced in years, and began to feel his own weight and his own responsibility, he prepared more carefully, and then he never failed to rise to the occasion. In consequence of my distance from Glasgow, I never heard him in the City Hall, which was the chief scene of his oratorical triumphs—the City Hall which he so touchingly apostrophized in his speech at the Jubilee Soiree. I have heard him often enough elsewhere to convince me that in his speeches were the masterpieces of his eloquence. Give him time without stint or limitation; give him an audience with intelligence to appreciate an argument, and sensibility to respond to an appeal, and humour to relish a joke; give him a theme which enlisted all the

sympathies of his own noble and generous nature, whether it was National Education, or the Abolition of Slavery, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws, or the Restoration of the Lamé, or the Wrongs of Hungary, or the claims of the Westminster Assembly—and he would pour out a stream of oratory diversified with original thought, and acute reasoning, and pathetic narrative, and brilliant declamation, and burning passion, and withering sarcasm.

In his sermons, perhaps, the last of these qualities was sometimes in excess. For the most part he complied with the examples of the sacred writers, who reserve the vials of their indignation for hypocrites and incorrigible offenders. Sometimes, however, he displayed more of the spirit of the Roman satirist than of the Christian preacher—as if he delighted in the writhings of the culprits under his merciless flagellations. In a platform speech, which is a more secular thing than a sermon, use and wont impose fewer restraints; and certain it is that he made a liberal exercise of this privilege. Who can ever forget his birling of the “brown bawbee?” I once ventured to ask him, at the close of a fierce philippic which had moved my pity for his bleeding victims, “How does it happen that a man of so much benevolence has so much scorn?” He answered, “Perhaps the scorn is as genuine as the benevolence.” He was right. Because he was so benevolent he was so scornful.

Dr. Anderson was a fluent talker; but he was a fluent talker to whom it was profitable as well as pleasant to listen. On the briefest call, he was scarcely

seated (he generally dispensed with the formality of shaking hands) when he began to pour forth his thoughts on any subject that might be suggested. He told me that, when a student, he was on intimate terms with James Bell—son of the well-known Rev. Thomas Bell, Dovehill—and used to visit him in the evenings for the purpose of learning the contents of any new book which that insatiable book-glutton had devoured during the day in his privileged sittings behind the booksellers' shop-counters. He followed the same plan through life. If he knew or suspected that your attention was much given to any one branch of study—let it be language, or literature, or history, or science, or philosophy, or theology—he directed the conversation so as to elicit the last results of your reading and reflection. On one occasion we had agreed to exchange pulpits. When he arrived by the last conveyance on Saturday night, he was surprised to find me still at home. He had mistaken the day. To find a gig or a cab in a country town was not so easy then as it is now; but instead of being fretful or fidgety, while the means of his return to Glasgow were in preparation, he continued his conversation on some of the public questions of the day as cheerily as if he had been at his own fireside.

The Relief ministers of the last generation were an eminently public-spirited body of men. They felt an anxious interest in all that affected the cause of evangelical religion, or of civil and religious liberty. It was a rare luxury to attend the meetings of the Glasgow Presbytery, when, in the confidential intercourse of

the dinner table, whatever interested the friends of the Christian Church and of the country was freely discussed by Father Thomson, with his rugged but robust common sense—by Dr. Thomson, with his calm and dispassionate wisdom—by Mr. Brodie, with his cultured and classical taste—by Dr. Struthers, with his almost oracular sagacity—by Dr. Anderson, with his many-sided acuteness—by Mr. Harvey, with his rough-and-ready practicality.

Dr. Anderson was well informed to the last on all public matters. He was a deeply experienced Christian; for, indeed, with such a temperament, with such a structure of intellect, living in such an age and in such a city, it was almost inevitable that he should have passed through many a conflict before he could say on his death-bed, "My soul, wait thou with patience upon thy God alone." Being a man of marked idiosyncracies, he seemed to have a special attraction for persons whose mental manifestations were somewhat singular: he found them out, or they found him out. He had a large collection of cases in which he had been brought into contact with persons of various sexes, and ages, and ranks, and grades of intellect, who, as sceptics, or profligates, or waverers, or penitents, or backsliders, or mourners, presented extraordinary phases or phenomena of Christian experience. Some of these cases he delighted occasionally to recall in familiar conversation. As he unfolded the details with all the skill of a spiritual pathologist—as he gave scope to the gushing emotions of his deeply sympathetic nature—as his eye kindled and his

eloquence brightened, I oftentimes regretted that no record of them had been preserved. To a certain extent he has made use of them in his work on "Regeneration;" but most of them must remain unchronicled. "I never caught John Bunyan tripping on anything relating to experimental religion," he once said.

Only once, as far as I remember, did he speak to me about the treatment he received from the Glasgow Presbytery at the date of his ordination. It is needless to conceal that he retained a deep sense of the injustice done to him by his fathers and brethren on that occasion. The months that intervened were months of agony. He used to go home after the public altercations and weep, as he thought within himself, "What can there be in my preaching of the gospel that tends to make people laugh?" He was greatly consoled by the visits and conversation of Mr. M'Naughton, of Milngavie, "the Nathaniel of the Relief Synod," and especially of Mr. Fergus, of Campbeltown, of whom he said, "He was a wise man; he lectured through the whole book of Proverbs." It is right to notice, that notwithstanding his high qualifications for the office of the Christian ministry, and the general acknowledgment of these qualifications, Dr. Anderson was oppressed with a habitual sense of unworthiness. In a letter to me—where he had no inducement to assume the affectation of humility, even if affectation had not been his utmost hate, the object of his implacable dislike—he stated that often a sense of unworthiness hung so heavily on his heart that he seriously deliberated

whether it was not his duty to tender his demission. I have sometimes wondered whether it was not a sense of growing unworthiness, as much as a sense of growing unfitness, which induced him at length to retire from the active duties of the pastorate. Somehow this feeling steals on many ministers of the gospel as they advance in years : more and more they deem the pulpit to be indeed what Spencer of Liverpool called it in his youth, "an awful place ;" and when they are obliged to retire from the work to which their life has been devoted, it would be hard to decide whether the preponderating feeling is that they have ceased to be fit, or that they have ceased to be worthy to serve God in the gospel of his Son.

Dr. Anderson was not a great reader. He knew very little about books in proportion to his age and standing. On the publication of the first volume of his Sermons, I pointed out to him a coincidence in his line of argument with that of Dr. Paley. He surprised me by stating that he had never read Paley ; although this statement, perhaps, would have been less surprising to one who had not been so thoroughly drilled in Paley by the prelections of Dr. Chalmers. Instead of reading many books, he read a few till he had made their contents entirely his own ; for although he might not be able to give a methodical account of them, or to recite long extracts, it was always evident how completely the whole had undergone a process of assimilation. Whatever he perused, fructified in his own mind. He was, to a certain extent, a man of one book ; nor was the one book to which he gave his attention

always what others would have considered the best. Glasius was his authority in hermeneutics, on which there are now so many excellent manuals in English and German. Though he might not know the literature of the subject, he understood the subject itself, and understood it far better than many who have completed a five years' curriculum in a Divinity Hall, superintended by some of the most accomplished divines in Christendom.

Like most of his contemporaries, he was a good Latiner, according to the standard of Latin scholarship fifty years ago. According to the same standard he was a good Greek ; for the study of Greek has made more rapid advances in Scotland during these fifty years than the study of Latin. Dr. Eadie is a Greek scholar of another order than Dr. Brown. Dr. Anderson was more proficient in Hebrew. Before the Union he used to contend that every minister should know at least as much Hebrew as would qualify him to appreciate the results of modern research in that language. He knew a good deal more. His study of the Bible was so thorough and so exact, that when his attention was turned to any of the more difficult passages, he seldom failed to be able to enumerate the leading opinions concerning them, and to assign reasons for that which he preferred. In walking with him one Sabbath from his house in Portland Street to his Church in John Street, he said, "I often find my lecture in Glassford Street." Knowing his ripeness in the Scriptures, I did not imagine that it was there he began to meditate on the passage he intended to

expound. I inferred that it was often only at the last moment, when his mind was stimulated by the near approach of the hour of service, after being solemnized by his morning devotion, that his subject assumed the shape in which it was ultimately presented.

Baillie's Letters engaged much of his study at one time, and it furnished to him a wide field of research in the religious history of Scotland and the English Commonwealth. Then came Father Paul, opening up to him the whole range of the Popish Controversy. I never could understand how he attached so much value to Hobart Seymour's Mornings with the Jesuits. He began to study theology more systematically after he returned to Uddingston. I received several letters from him while he was preparing his book on the Fatherhood of God, and by his request I suggested to him some of the quotations which he there introduced. I have no doubt others were suggested by more intimate friends with larger libraries or of more extensive reading. I wish you had asked some of them to furnish their reminiscences of our lamented father (brother was he not?) rather than me: now you have mine.

DR. ANDERSON'S JUBILEE SPEECH.

WE have already referred to Dr. Anderson's jubilee. We shall now give his speech at length, and add some of the press notices of the event.

On Tuesday evening, 7th March, 1871, a soiree was held in the City Hall, every part of which was filled—the desire to be present having been so great that the tickets of admission were all disposed of many days before the meeting. The Rev. David MacEwan occupied the chair, and on the platform, besides the Rev. Dr. Anderson, were numerous ministerial and other friends connected with the different sections of the Church and from various parts of the country. When Dr. Anderson rose to reply, he was received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause, the whole assemblage rising to their feet and greeting him with loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. His appearance, as he stood before the vast gathering was very interesting, and not a little gratifying to those present, as it would have been to his numerous friends at a distance, many of them now in foreign lands, had they been privileged to witness the scene. His aspect seemed little changed from what it was some forty years ago; and his eye and countenance had much of their wonted fire and freshness. As he spoke, the energy he displayed—the

strength and clearness of the familiar voice, with the spirited accompaniment of not a few of his well-known gestures, afforded pleasing evidence that his natural vigour was but little abated; and, along with the recollection of the fact that his revered and honoured father preached for more than sixty years, gave cheering expectation of still many years of usefulness in the future.

Dr. Anderson said—There is not, I think, a greater misnomer than that of calling such occasions as the present the celebration of jubilees. A jubilee in Israel was a time of liberation of slaves and bondsmen, and of the restoration of lost inheritances. To many it was like a new birth, or life from the dead. Is there anything of this nature in the present celebration? I feel it deeply and sadly to be the signal of the very opposite. Those past fifty years I have exulted as a freeman in proclaiming the Gospel and in pleading and promoting the cause of liberty, of charity, and education; whereas this your jubilee, as you call it, instituted for my honour, is an emphatic signal that soon I shall be withdrawn from the field and, at best, shut up at home, away from the activities of the happy and busy scene; and instead of its being like a new birth, it is the signal that, at best, I shall soon be overtaken by the impotency and dotage of old age. Ah, no, friends, it is no *jubilant* occasion for me.

But, Mr. Chairman and friends, if for your term jubilee, which implies an occasion of happy prospects, you substitute that of commemoration of past advantages—mercies bestowed by God on myself, on which

you felicitate me—and profits which you are kindly pleased to acknowledge you have derived from my life and labours, then all will be consistent betwixt the nature of the demonstration and its characteristic name. And notwithstanding my verbal criticism, this is truly, friends, what you mean. You design that the occasion be one, not of jubilee expectation for the future, but of thankful commemoration in retrospect of the past. As such I accept of your salutations and greetings with a high appreciation of their value. For mark, Sir, I am well persuaded that they are tendered in *sincerity*, and that, not to speak of hypocrisy, they are not merely a formal courteous acknowledgment of an old man, who for fifty years of ministry has behaved himself respectably and without reproach, but that they are genuine expressions of warm affection and much respect. And I am the more persuaded of this, in that, making allowance for some over-colouring, I feel conscious that I am not undeserving of your salutations. *Sir, notwithstanding all your intimacy with me, you never heard—nor did any man or woman ever hear—me utter a boastful word either of my abilities or performances.* But, Sir, the circumstances are peculiar, and not only warrant but require that I speak in a manner which to some may appear vain-glorious. I must defend you, Sir, and friends from the charge of flattering; I must defend myself from the charge of being delighted with the vain incense; besides, junior brethren may profit by the reflection, that if in old age they would be honoured like me they must in youth and manhood work like me.

Well, Sir, on the review of what I may call my public and official life—*towards God*, I see much to humble me, much to deplore, much to confess, much for which to entreat forgiveness, if not of the nature of great perversity, yet of the nature of great deficiency both in respect of work left undone and in respect of the genuine motive of spirituality by which what was done was actuated. If, according to a doctrine favourite with me, I expect any reward at the hand of God, it must be on the principle stated by the Westminster Divines, "that God is pleased to accept and reward that which is sincere (meaning thereby genuine), though accompanied with many weaknesses and imperfections." That is all my expectation *towards God*. I am deeply sensible that the weaknesses and imperfections exceed what is genuine a thousand fold: *yet, Sir, TOWARDS MAN*—I speak of my public life—I have done my duty with much faithfulness, generosity, and self-denial. A few have surpassed me, but equally I contend that few have equalled me in assiduous labour. Not only my strong companionative attractions, but my literary and scientific tastes, have I sacrificed extensively to my sense of duty to the Church and the public.

There are four spheres of labour, Mr. Chairman, which you and I, and our brethren in the ministry of the Gospel, are called to occupy. First, there is the outer sphere of citizenship, patriotism, and philanthropy; secondly, the ecclesiastical sphere of the Church Catholic; thirdly, the denominational sphere;

and fourthly, the innermost congregational sphere. Well, Sir, with regard to the first of those spheres—that of citizenship, patriotism, and philanthropy, for what cause in any of these departments of duty were my advocacy and co-operation ever solicited in vain? Some excelled me in ability and perhaps in zeal in their pleadings and efforts for one object, and others in theirs for another; but the friends of liberty and progress were always sure of me, with my abilities, such as they were, for the battle of right against wrong, in whatever quarter it might be waged. It is few whom their connections permit to be thus universal in their sympathies.

Secondly, there is the ecclesiastical sphere of duty to the Church Catholic. Within that sphere I have gained some credit for my hostility to the foulest and most malignant of all the enemies of the Church—the impostor Man of Sin. But, Sir, I take to myself far more credit for my helpful fraternising with brethren of all evangelical denominations. Not long ago, in the course of one month, I preached—at canonical hours, observe—in an Independent church, an Established church, a Free church, and a Methodist church. A short time before that I had preached in a Baptist church; and latterly I have preached in two churches of the Evangelical Union; and have had a Sabbath afternoon of more than common congeniality of feeling in fellowship with a church of the Reformed Presbyterians. Even at this day of boasted liberality, such freedom of Christian communion is singular. But, Sir, fifty years ago it was my rule, yea, my law

of asserted liberty. Happily the constitutional principle of the denomination to which I belonged—that we are at liberty, yea, obligated, when asked, to hold ministerial and Christian communion with all who hold the Head—saved me from being restrained by the fear of Presbyterianial censure; but my grand advantage was that I was notorious for my controversial and dogmatic spirit, so that no one could charge me with a Laodicean Latitudinarianism. I had learned to make the distinction how two persons might agree in holding in high admiration the Head, when they disagreed in their opinions of the colour of the hair—one saying it was brown, and the other contending it was yellow—and to this disagreement about the shades of the hair were they to sacrifice the fellowship of uniting in the praises of the Head? I adjudged it to be as absurd as sinful; and it has been one of the aims of my life-work for fifty years to break up the pretentious bigotry—pretensions of a pure orthodoxy, when it is exactly what the Scriptures denounce as *heresy*, as consisting especially in a proud, self-sufficient, ill-natured violation of the communion of the saints.

As to the denominational sphere, cosmopolitan as I have shown myself to have been in respect of the Church Catholic, none of my more immediate brethren will complain of my being deficient of the *esprit de corps*, originally as a member of the Relief Synod, and latterly as a United Presbyterian. So long as I was not incapacitated by the failure of hearing, I took a place among the most forward and ardent in Church

Courts, and was charged with a large share of their commissions. And not only before, but since the incapacitating affliction, no one has traversed the denominational circle more thoroughly on ordination occasions, anniversary occasions, induction occasions, church-opening occasions, missionary occasions, soiree occasions, all kinds of occasions of special consequence. My praise as a *serviceable* brother is in all the churches.

On entering into some account of my labours in the interior and central sphere, I would do great injustice to myself were I to take no notice of the eleven months of anguish to which I was subjected by the prosecution of the Presbytery for my using my manuscript in the pulpit, and for certain alleged errors and improprieties in my preaching, such as—that in two of my sermons I had quoted Shakspeare. Of these proceedings I say nothing further at present than that they tainted my name with a suspiciousness of my soundness in the faith, and of my seriousness as a preacher. I suffer to some extent from the remains of it at this day. Thus damaged in reputation at the raw, inexperienced age of 23, I was delegated to be the minister of a church—the opprobrium of the churches of Glasgow, through the failure of the once promising but latterly lamentable ministry of my predecessor. Such a chaos of disorder, and worse than disorder, it is difficult to imagine as existing in any society worthy of the name of a church; and it was in a manner single-handed and single-minded that I was tasked to its regulation and purification—

for its Session was but the name of one, and itself needed to be purged.

There were no congregational managers, and secular affairs were administered by a committee of pew proprietors, some of them not members of the church, and who, instead of being helpful, were for many years obstructive of our progress, till by an extortionate price we redeemed the property out of their hands. If I had been made acquainted with the difficulties of the position, I would have been a most presumptuous youth in undertaking to occupy it; but I was to a great extent ignorant of them, my only anticipated difficulty, and that of itself formidable enough, being, that I might be unable to uphold a creditable performance of the exercises of the pulpit. How painfully my ignorance was dispelled on addressing myself to the administration and discipline of the disorderly mass! Everything was to be done, either in the way of reconstruction, or laying new foundations, or overturning and clearing out what was old. Of course, qualified coadjutors, both in the Session and in other departments, were gained, but it was with difficulty and gradually, and it required many years of anxious and patient labour to raise the church to a respectable position, and to equip it with institutions for its evangelical work. To enter into any detail of the difficulties and engagements, and the labours by which they were overcome and executed, is out of the question; and I conclude this apparently vain-glorious vidimus of my official life, but which, in the circumstances, I trust you will regard excusable, by saying

that, placing myself as much as I can in the position of a neutral observer, I contemplate with wonder the manner in which God gave me at once the strength and the heart for the work I have accomplished.

There follows now a question, which it will be far more agreeable for me to answer:—What is the reception with which my labours have met in the various spheres in which I have expended them? Well, in the outward sphere of citizenship, patriotism, and philanthropy, I received my share, and sometimes a little more, of the obloquy of the pro-Slavery and Tory press; but it was greatly outweighed by the salutations of the City Hall, crowded with thousands of intelligent, unsophisticated artisans and shopmen. Dearly beloved Glasgow City Hall! I have had, or have, four homes on earth—the venerable home of my father's house; the sweet home, first and last, of my own house; that earnest, oft experienced, of the heavenly home, the church in John Street; and the joyous jubilant home of the City Hall! At our family reunions here, though the bigger brethren with their clarionets discoursed sweeter music, yet I am ready to flatter myself that the natural notes of my ram's horn sometimes excited to higher rapture the shout of liberty. At all events your cheering response greatly animated myself. Good City Hall! you have proved a happy home to me. And when I feel as if this evening I were bidding thee farewell, it is with a heart overflowing with gratitude for the manner in which thou hast contributed to the joy, the honour, and the usefulness of my life.

The statement which I have made of my communion with brethren in the sphere of the Church Catholic contains sufficient evidence that I have been widely honoured within the various denominations. In some quarters the "Hail Brother!" has been as warm as it was unexpected.—Within the denominational sphere everybody knew that that unhappy prosecution to which I have reluctantly been obliged to refer being terminated, I presently rose to be a son, a brother, a favourite and *elite*. I was so helpful to them—the *bugbear manuscript* proving to be a means by which I was so very helpful. But, Sir, though I knew well, from happy experience, that I was loved and respected, that address from the Presbytery has taken me by surprise. All I will say is that I feel as if it were too severe of you, brethren, so to overwhelm me with assurances of your esteem, that I can find no language adequate to express my gratification. It is an extraordinary kindness.

How has the John Street Church treated me? That is the main question for the occasion. I have already, when eulogising myself, spoken of them as if I had *made* them *what they are*; but when turning to speak on their behalf, I contend that they are entitled nearly as much, if not wholly, to say that they *have made* me *what I am*. Why, Sir, without them I would never have been a minister, in Scotland, at least. I am convinced that there was not another Presbyterian Dissenting Church in it which would at that time have received me as a minister,

demonstrated to be so imbecile as to be dependent on those odious manuscripts—yea, so profane—yea, so sacrilegious, as to desecrate and defile the pulpit with their nuisance! John Street welcomed me, notwithstanding the odious incumbrance. That was their first act in making me what I am.

But their second was better. They gave me ample scope for placing before them, for their Protestant judgment, my own honest opinions, though new to them, or contradictory of their former beliefs. Nor was it in a latitudinarian spirit they did so. There is not a church in Glasgow more faithful to the doctrine that the great object of our Lord's First Advent was to make propitiatory sacrifice for our sins on the Cross. But suppose any of you ministers—I would it were you all—were privately converted to the blessed hope of his pre-millennial appearing in glory to establish the kingdom of God, which of your churches would give you scope and liberty as John Street Church gave me for expounding your views? This is but a specimen of much like it. There are some friends who are pleased to speak of my originality, and call it genius. It is most absurd. The explanation is that John Street Church gave me scope for the expression of my own views: if the like of which liberty were allowed to many of my brethren in the ministry, they would shine as *originals* far more brightly than I do. It is John Street Church that has made me the apparent original genius that some repute me to be.

Elders, members of the Session, hail, brethren!—

brethren in truth; and you will permit me to associate with you in sad and yet happy imagination the departed dead. I, on my part, bear witness for you that I cannot conceive of a class of men, at once more independent in their personal judgments, and yet more respectful to their presiding Moderator; and I trust that you are equally prepared to bear witness for me that you cannot well conceive of one more divested of all airs of clerical authority in occupying the Moderator's chair. It was—was it not?—a rare *fraternity* of counsel for the church's good—myself always receiving the deference and honour of an elder brother, but never in any manner exacted.—Brethren in the *management* of the temporal affairs of the church—all the injurious treatment which for many years I received from the Proprietary Committee has been amply redeemed by you as Congregational Managers. Your treatment of me has been generous, not only beyond my expectations, but beyond my wishes.

To the Church in a body I render grateful thanks for the happy life they have given me with their affection and respect, with their forbearance—for, notwithstanding all my boasting, I sometimes needed that—their sympathy in dark days of bereavement; and they have been an honour to me as trained under my ministry. Sir, had I been their only pastor, never was dying father more anxious about the future of his daughter than I would have been on my death-bed about the future of this church. But I am saved this affliction. I am saved it, Sir, by you. Never was

father pleased with his daughter's espousals more than I am with this church of my love and pride being committed to your care. May the Lord preserve you to enjoy as happy a jubilee as mine!

Did I just say, friends, that you had been an honour to me? Are you not? Behold the palpable demonstration (holding up the bank cheque)! I need not explain on what principles I steadfastly refused to attend your jubilee meeting were a sixpence asked from the congregation for myself. They have done well and are doing well, and all to which I am entitled; but when you were resolved to approve yourself a church worthy of my training, it is impossible you could have done it in a manner more gratifying to me than that in which you have done it. Well, the principal object is the rearing of a well-instructed ministry, advanced in culture and in science; but you want to do the two things at once, both to execute that great object and to honour me; and I have really earned a bit of Roman Catholic theology from it. I wondered, and have exposed the Papists for saying, that they performed Mass to the honour of the Virgin, or to the honour of Paul. I wondered at that. Mass is the sacrifice of Christ, and yet they perform Mass to the honour of the Virgin. Well, friends, you are helping education to the honour of me. The great object is the rearing of a well-instructed ministry; but you take advantage of the opportunity of being stimulated by respect and honour for me, and this is the manifestation you make of that respect.

You heard Mr. Mitchell say something about

students. My house had its regular levee of students once every week. I had a class of instruction for students—my heart was very warm towards them—and I trust the day is coming when an Anderson Bursar will have a high place of power in the noble new College of Glasgow.—I thank you, Mr. Chairman, as Convener of the Committee for gathering up these contributions. Afterwards I shall meet with the Committee, and we shall determine upon who are to be the custodiers of that money, how it is to be invested, and various things in that respect; but, meantime, I hand it over to you for the education of young men in the College of Glasgow.

In concluding, I give warm thanks to God, who for such a long time has strengthened me in being an instrument of some good. I make humble confession that I should have done far more, and more when I see how friends esteem me. I did not know that I had such power over men's hearts as these documents show; and had I known it, I would have found my responsibility to be still greater. I am not yet quite leaving the church, but somewhat withdrawing from it. I bless God that it is in the hands of one who will care for you so well. O let him be preserved for his own sake, for your sakes, and for my sake! And, brethren, forgetting the things which are behind—though you have in many things done well—forgetting the things which are behind, press onward to perfection; for you have not yet apprehended that for which Christ apprehended you when He laid hold on you, and put you into the vineyard that you might

work there. May God bless us all in our several occupations!

The speech of Dr. Anderson elicited frequent appreciative expressions from the assemblage, and at its close he resumed his seat amid loud and long-continued applause. After sitting down, he handed the bank cheque to the Chairman, by whom it was passed to the Treasurer of the Bursary Fund, Mr. Robert A. Bogue.

DR. ANDERSON ON FREE COMMUNION.

In connection with the Jubilee we may here quote a few sentences from the last paper on which Dr. Anderson was engaged for the press, but which, by his last illness, he was prevented from completing:—

"I proceed," he says, "to what directly pertains to my special subject—those peculiar principles of Gillespie, the founder of the Relief Church. The usual time for the observance of the Lord's Supper had come round. By the dispensation of this sealing ordinance of our faith was the foundation of the Relief Church properly laid. Mark, therefore, the grand characteristic. On the Saturday, on the occasion of distributing tokens for admission to the Lord's table next day, Gillespie stood forth and emphatically proclaimed—'*I hold communion with all who visibly hold the Head, and with such only.*'

"When we consider, on the one hand, the comprehensiveness of these terms, and, on the other, the denominational animosities amid which they were uttered, how apostolic Gillespie appears! The apostle

John, when inculcating brotherly love, expresses himself thus—'Brethren, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. The old commandment is the word which ye have heard from the beginning.' But it had been so covered up and perverted by traditions of men and other evil influences, that practically it was almost all the same as if it had never been legislated. He therefore adds—'Again, a new command I write unto you, because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.' So was it with the commandment for Free Communion. It was old and from the beginning; but practically it had fallen into such desuetude, that when Gillespie proclaimed it to that generation as a principle of the denomination which he was founding, like Paul he seemed to many 'to be a setter forth of strange gods.'

"The union of Boston with Gillespie was of great consequence. Boston was in all respects worthy of his father, the author of the 'Fourfold State;' and he was liberal and zealous, as a Free Communionist, as Gillespie. Though neither of them was of a proselytising spirit, and even to a fault non-aggressive, having the charge of so great a principle committed to them, yet the cause, by its intrinsic power—it was the cause of sanctified liberty—prospered greatly. They soon organised a Presbytery, and afterwards a Synod. At the first meeting of that Synod, in the year 1773, it was declared and enacted as follows:— 'With respect to the overture concerning ministerial and Christian communion, the Synod were

unanimously of opinion that it was agreeable to the Word of God and their principles occasionally to hold communion with those of the Episcopal and Independent persuasions who are visible saints.’”

The following paragraph also may be of interest, from its being the last ever penned for the press by Dr. Anderson—in April, 1872—and from its clearly showing his thorough catholicity of spirit:—

“Ordained as a minister of the Relief Denomination, under its banner I commenced, about the year 1824, to open my pulpit at canonical hours, more especially, of course, to deputations in the missionary cause of all evangelical denominations, and for thirty years nearly continued singular in doing so—singular in the honour of enjoying the ministerial fellowship of such men as Dr. Cook, Dr. Urwick, Richard Winter Hamilton, Valentine Ward, Carey, Jun., Knibb, Knill, and a multitude more whom I might name.”

THE PRESS AND DR. ANDERSON'S JUBILEE.

THE following tributes to the character and worth of Dr. Anderson appeared in the columns of the local and provincial journals named:—

The Glasgow Daily Herald, March 9, 1871.

The public might have appropriately enough joined in celebration of Dr. William Anderson's jubilee on attaining the fiftieth year of his services as a clergyman in Glasgow. He belongs not merely to his congregation, but to the city. As he himself explained, in a speech which only those who are ignorant of his character and the work he has done will regard as egotistical, he has faithfully fulfilled his duties in those four spheres of labour to which he was called—the sphere of citizenship, the ecclesiastical sphere of the Church Catholic, the denominational, and the congregational.

Speaking only in name of those who have heard and who have known Dr. Anderson as a citizen, we may allude for a moment to the services which in earlier and more vigorous days the reverend gentleman was ever ready to perform in the cause of

freedom and in aid of the distressed. Unfortunately, they have to be recalled, for a generation is growing up which knows not the man whose voice was always first, and clearest, and strongest in Glasgow when wrong had to be denounced, and the trampled rights of individuals or of nations had to be asserted. The last occasion on which Dr. Anderson withdrew from his enforced retirement was when the French Empire collapsed at the first strong push of Germany, and the Republic, with fair promise, took its place. He was never an admirer of the man of the *Coup d'État*, and he hailed his downfall and the establishment of the Republic with his old eloquent rapture. With this and a few other exceptions, Dr. Anderson for several years past has been unable, through physical infirmity, to take his old place at our public meetings, and to show the world how warmly the heart of the patriot and the citizen beat beneath the clerical vestment.

But though little known among the sons of good men and true who are rising up, the fathers who still survive can never forget the co-operation of the original and highly-gifted clergyman. They will remember with what force of argument, with what bitter eloquence of invective and sarcasm he attacked the slave trade—at a time when it was far from popular in Glasgow to attack the monstrous evil. They will remember his impassioned appeals in favour of the oppressed nationalities, his scathing exposures of national crimes, and wickedness in high places, his honesty and fearlessness in handling every question of the day upon which

he was called to speak, and that hearty "siding" with liberty, freedom, and truth, which made him such a valiant champion in their cause.

Dr. Anderson's career in Glasgow, looked back upon for fifty long years, is a specially noble and honourable one, of which he may well be proud, and for which Glasgow herself ought to be grateful. There is something pathetic, and at the same time humorous, in the apostrophe which the "old man eloquent" makes to the City Hall of Glasgow, that has so often rung with his voice. The "dearly beloved City Hall," the "good City Hall," has been a happy home to him, for there the natural notes of his ram's horn have sometimes excited to higher rapture the shout of liberty. Its very name stirs up his blood still like the trumpet call in the ear of the old war horse. He bids it farewell with a heart overflowing with gratitude for the manner in which it has contributed to "the joy, the honour, and the usefulness of his life." The citizens of Glasgow return the farewell with equal gratitude, and with regret that, while his intellectual strength is not abated, and the fire of liberty still burns clear within him, Dr. Anderson, though still as willing as he was a generation ago, is now physically unable to fight the good fight either as captain of a band, or, as he had sometimes to do, like a spiritual Hal o' the Wynd, "for his ain hand."

The Glasgow Evening Citizen, March 8, 1871.

The celebration yesterday of the pastoral jubilee of the Rev. Dr. Anderson, of John Street United

Presbyterian Church, possesses more than a merely denominational interest. The vigorous sterling catholicity of the man constituted him, from an early period in his long and useful ministerial career, a power in the Christian community, whose influence bore strongly and with effect against the barriers raised by narrow-minded prejudice and bigotry in the path towards that kinship in feeling which ought to be a leading characteristic of our churches. Like all earnest men possessing broad sympathies, and driven to give them effect in practice by the restless earnestness of the spirit within, Dr. Anderson has been subjected, by people incapable of recognising the glow of his humanity, to misconstruction of his acts, misunderstanding of his words, and even something as nearly approaching persecution as the times would tolerate.

We can scarcely recall without a sense of shame that he was prosecuted by his Presbytery for the use of manuscript in the pulpit, and for "certain alleged errors and improprieties in his preaching, such as that, in two of his sermons, he had quoted Shakspeare." Sustained by the genuine *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which we so often hear of, but so seldom encounter in actual life, Dr. Anderson has outlived these assaults of ignorant intolerance, and taken the place in public esteem sure to be won by a whole-souled, energetic man living a just life, and doing with his might the work given to his hand. In his speech at the soiree in the City Hall last night, he made, like another clergyman of the day, an "*Apologia pro sua vita*"

which was at once a vindication and a revelation, and strongly marked by that force of character which distinguishes Dr. Anderson, and has so greatly promoted his usefulness as citizen and as ecclesiastic. His generous devotion of the magnificent sum, subscribed for presentation, to the foundation of scholarships in connection with the church, was in thorough keeping with his life and acts; and—though that would have no weight with the donor—it will tend, in generations to come, to preserve fresh and green the memory of an upright man and able and eloquent preacher.

The Star, Glasgow, March 8, 1871.

The jubilee of the Rev. Dr. William Anderson, which was celebrated last night, must be considered an event of at least city importance, and ought not on that account to be allowed to pass with only the ordinary notice. For the past half-century he has been one of the city characters. Unlike so many of his clerical brethren, who go about their stated work in a quiet and unostentatious way—who act up to the maxim of the old stoic, and think that “the man has not lived badly who at his birth and at his death escapes the notice of mankind,” Dr. Anderson has been the foremost man in the fray at many a fight where the interests of liberty, education, and philanthropy were involved. For the last fifty years he has not simply, as he himself puts it, with a self-consciousness of merit which might seem to run into conceit to those unacquainted with his stirring public career, “behaved himself respectably.” He has earned what

seems, from various little incidents connected with the occasion, to have been a most enthusiastic jubilee, not simply by his position at the head of a large congregation for the requisite period, but also by the large share which he has taken in the important public events which have made up our social history during the past half-century. How he is esteemed by his congregation, his special ecclesiastical denomination, and by Scottish, Presbyterianism in general, appears from the large and widely representative platform which appeared in the City Hall to do him honour.

It is not, however, so much with his clerical character as with his character as a citizen that the public are specially concerned, although it is impossible to restrain remark upon that catholicity of sentiment and contempt for narrow sectarianism which characterised him, at a time, too, when the principles of religious toleration were not so fully understood, and liberality of religious sentiment was not so much in vogue, as at the present time. The stand which he took against his Presbytery fifty years ago, when a stripling of three-and-twenty, for seeking to prevent him from introducing his "odious manuscript" (as they styled it) into the pulpit, and from practising such glaring improprieties in the pulpit as venturing upon "profane illustrations from Shakspeare," showed even then his power and determination to distinguish between the true and the merely conventional. That early contest, from which, after nearly twelve months' struggle, he came off victorious, gave indication of that power and indomitable inclination to truth and right which he

afterwards displayed to such purpose in his platform appearances.

As a stout advocate of civil and religious freedom, and a stern opponent of oppression and wrong, he found ample scope for his powers in such subjects as the Romish Controversy, the Abolition of Slavery, the Poor-laws, and the extension of popular and unsectarian education. Although now in great measure withdrawn—and that not by his inclination but his misfortune—from any very active part in public affairs, he will be readily admitted, by all who are acquainted with his earlier public appearances, to have done good work in his day. One of the most graceful and unsectarian acts of his life was performed on the occasion of his jubilee. His friends and admirers collected for him a sum of money amounting to £1200. This he absolutely refused to accept for himself; and it is by his direction to be devoted, not to any sectarian end, but to the noble and praiseworthy purpose of founding a bursary or bursaries in our new University. The higher education in Scotland would not long be in its present starving condition if some of our citizens, better able to afford it than Dr. William Anderson, were to show their appreciation of his conduct by imitating it.

The Dundee Advertiser, March 9, 1871.

We observe with pleasure the proceedings in Glasgow on Tuesday in reference to Dr. William Anderson. This distinguished gentleman having attained the fiftieth year of his ministry in John Street Church,

received the reward of a most magnificent jubilee. Jubilees are often matters of mere form and show, got up emphatically for personal or party motives. But if ever there was a spontaneous expression of love and admiration for a man, it was that which took place in the City Hall in Glasgow on Tuesday evening. Dr. Anderson is a man who has had his enemies and fought his battles ; but, as he has lived on and followed his clear and manly course, his enemies have died out or been transfigured into friends, and his battles have been exchanged for repose under the laurels he has won by them.

For almost the whole course of his ministry and public life his name has been identified with all the causes which benevolence has prompted and Christianity inspired in the West—with the education of the lower classes—with Parliamentary Reform—with the Abolition of Slavery—with the Voluntary question—with the struggles of the patriots in Hungary, Italy, and Poland—with, in short, every phase of civil and religious liberty all over the world. He has wielded the thunder at once of the platform and of the pulpit ; and in the press, too, his power has been strongly exercised and widely felt. He retires now, but not altogether, into inglorious inaction.

In Dundee, though less known than in the West, Dr. Anderson's powerful voice has been heard, and he has not a few friends here who will, we know, heartily join with us in congratulating him on his jubilee, and in wishing him long life and health still to

“Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.”

The Hamilton Advertiser, March 18, 1871.

The Jubilee Services held last week in Glasgow in honour of the Rev. Dr. William Anderson were of no commonplace character, even in the necessarily rare classes of commemorations to which they belong. The case, we fear, is not frequent in which jubilee honours are reached by a minister who, besides working hard in his own pastoral sphere that has grown large under him in the heart of a great city, has from the first stood forth as a public man, of strong individualism, fervid sympathies, and very pronounced opinions, and mixed in the excitement of all public questions, ever ready to do valiant battle for the truth and the right.

Dr. Anderson's prime secret of strength lies in that apparently vague but really best understood and felt of all things—character. His fearless independence of thought and robust moral earnestness, seeking vent in words now winged with tempest, now instinct with tenderness, but always racy, original, rath as dew, and having a ring in them well symbolled by the trumpet-tones of his own familiar voice, are all constituents or manifestations of a strong and healthy individualism which he never acquired, but always had, and which he preserves unbreached and uncorrupted to the present hour. As long back as we can remember, Dr. Anderson was universally reputed and respected as the sturdy, honest, earnest, original man he this day is; and one feature of the late commemoration services that interested us more, perhaps, than any other, was his own singularly fresh and characteristic speech, so

representative of the man throughout, demonstrating that he is, and has all along been, what it was a moral necessity for him to be, the fresh, fearless, enthusiastic, and unselfish champion of freedom and goodness that he is; and that, were fifty more years to be allotted to him, his sound young heart would beat true in him to the end. Could anything have been in finer keeping with the man, and more representative of the spirit of his entire career, than the generous act—*for we know his means are moderate*—by which he handed over to a benevolent object the entire testimonial sum, large as it was, that had been subscribed in honour of him?

No man could kindle more readily into enthusiasm than Dr. Anderson has ever shown himself prompt to do, but it was always at the bidding of a high moral purpose. This enthusiasm could drive him into, and sustain him through, the acquisition of a new language late in life, when that enabled him the better to master the sources of a great public question. His zeal for liberty, civil and religious, sympathies with all true advance, and scorn of bigotry and wrong, amounted to a very passion. And yet, with all his boldness of purpose and strength of tone, where is the public man that ever made fewer enemies? Say, rather, where *are* his enemies? As for his friends and admirers, where are they not?

All honour to the old man eloquent! He has reached his jubilee; may it be long yet ere he reaches his life-goal! May his be a prolonged and peaceful and golden eventide!

J. G.

The Ardrossan Herald, April 15, 1871.

Sometimes jubilee services simply represent length of days ; in the case of Dr. Anderson, whose jubilee was so recently celebrated, they recall not merely vanished years, but remarkable work done. The half-century during which he has laboured in Glasgow has been no ordinary epoch. Dr. Anderson entered upon his sacred office as the shadow feared by man was falling on the couch of the mighty Captain for whom St. Helena wiped out Brumaire.

William Anderson had then just turned twenty-three. "Raw and inexperienced" he has pronounced himself ; but if the youthful preacher lacked experience he possessed power, together with that originality of manner and independence of thought for which he has been through life distinguished. In some of his early sermons the Doctor quoted Shakspeare : and though Paul had utilised a heathen poet in discoursing at Athens, the idea of a Scottish minister illustrating the sacred text by a passage from a playwright was not to be endured. Moreover, William Anderson was in the habit of taking his manuscript to the pulpit, an iniquity intolerable in those days. It was the opinion of the Presbytery that one so self-willed must be dealt with ; and deal with him accordingly it did—with what success the world knows. The attempt to transform the incumbent of John Street into a mere conduit of theological common-place proved a thorough failure. William Anderson would neither abandon his manuscript nor ignore Shakspeare. The courser of the sun cannot be put into the harness of a dray horse ; but it

was nearly a year before the Presbytery could be got to recognise that fact. Church Courts have much to answer for in this way. Drivelling inanity, if it only wears the form of "sound words," escapes without censure, while talent is treated in a style offensively suspicious. The mischief thus wrought can often with difficulty be computed; but happily, in the case of Dr. Anderson, no damage was done. He indeed speaks of having scarcely yet escaped from the malign influence which early insinuations of want of seriousness and want of soundness exerted; but who that knew the Doctor could have harboured any doubt on either point?

His published works exhibit a profound acquaintance with the entire range of theological speculation, and his contributions to the illustration of semi-theological, semi-metaphysical problems are the product of a highly-trained intelligence. In sheer force and weight of brain, dialectic subtlety, and genuine oratorical power, Dr. Anderson has long stood without a rival among Glasgow preachers. If occasionally angular, he is ever racy, lucid, graphic. Beyond most men he possesses the power of making a subject plain. A bold and vigorous thinker, he has assiduously sought to brace his people for the appreciation of those studies which are his own solace and delight. John Wesley said the Scotch possessed the faculty of listening to intensely impassioned appeals, but it were impossible for the most unsusceptible of mortals to come within the spell of Dr. Anderson's voice and eye without being touched thereby. In his grandest

moments, and with a theme which absorbs intellect, heart, and conscience, William Anderson looks and speaks a man inspired.

Those who have heard the Doctor at his best can easily recall examples of his electric fervour. The reception of Kossuth by Glasgow was one of these. William Anderson was invited to talk on that occasion. The illustrious Magyar, it may be remembered, had sought a passage to England through France, but Louis Napoleon refused the favour. That fact served the intrepid orator as the basis of perhaps the most withering denunciation of French Imperialism ever uttered on a British platform. In tones of deep solemnity, Dr. Anderson said—"I have no antipathy to Frenchmen; on the contrary, so deep, so ardent is my attachment to the people of France, that although my lot as a Presbyterian minister has been favoured above many mine equals, at one period of my life I had all but formed the resolution to leave my native land and spend the remainder of my days preaching the gospel of Christ to the simple-hearted peasantry of the communes of France. But, Mr. Chairman, I have nothing save execration and abhorrence for the blood-smeared tyrant who now reigns there." It was becoming fashionable then to look upon Napoleon as a saviour of society, and the unceremonious treatment of this crowned usurper startled even Kossuth from his propriety.

There are orators whose eloquence is a calm, smooth, silvery stream. Dr. Anderson's is a mountain torrent, overleaping every barrier, and bearing down

all opposition. When first he won renown his contemporaries were—Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. Heugh, Dr. King, Dr. Marshall. No man could state a case more luminously than Wardlaw, or advocate it with more suavity than Heugh, or invest it with greater moral elevation than King, or defend it with purer intellectual vigour than Marshall, but Anderson's oratory possessed something of the special excellence of each of these distinguished men. Dr. Heugh's *forte*, suavity, was perhaps not over cultivated; but Wardlaw's luminosity, King's elevation, and Marshall's vigour were. With the solitary exception of Dr. King these compeers have all passed from this mortal scene, but during many a day they were the life and soul of movements among the crowning glories of our age and nation.

It was the memory of these triumphs of humanity that in his jubilee celebration constrained Anderson to apostrophize the City Hall of Glasgow. The Doctor does not believe in priestly consecration; but he is thoroughly imbued with Thomas Campbell's conception of "hallowed ground." To William Anderson the City Hall furnished an arena for the discussion of topics which could not be so advantageously treated within the more circumscribed sphere of the pulpit. There are many ministers, worthy enough in their way, who do not realise their citizenship with sufficient distinctness. With this type of Christian William Anderson has little sympathy. His connection with the Church purified and ennobled, but could not obliterate his relations to the State. When Mary Stuart

petulently asked Knox—"What have you to do with this commonwealth?"—"A subject within the same, Madam!" was the intrepid Reformer's reply. Like John Knox, William Anderson has a vivid conception of his duty to civil society, and in aught done for its weal he has shared the burden.

It was never a question with the minister of John Street—Will the movement I am asked to aid be popular? Was it right? If so, that was enough to secure his prompt approbation. What wonder if, after so long a day, this valiant worker for God and for humanity should feel the shadows of that night in which no man can work descending on his path! But somehow it seems incongruous to think of Anderson as growing old. True, he has already reached the span of life which the Psalmist describes as the sum of existence, but the Doctor is among those children of genius who preserve a young lamb's heart among the full-grown flock. William Anderson is one among a thousand. It is impossible either to meet or listen to him without feeling we are in the presence of a leader of that small but consecrated band whom the world cannot tame.

T. N. B.

SELECTIONS,

CHIEFLY UNPUBLISHED,

FROM DR. ANDERSON'S WRITINGS.

IT has been deemed advisable to append a number of selections from Dr. Anderson's writings, published and unpublished. The latter of these labour, of course, under the disadvantage of not having received the author's final polish, and of not having been selected by himself. They must, therefore, have a certain fragmentary character—still they will be found interesting, characteristic, and useful.

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE PRACTICALLY CONTEMPLATED.

"Thou God seest me."—*Gen.* xvi. 13.

That God is everywhere present—that in the boundless immensity of his nature He pervades the universe, sustaining and regulating all things which He has made—is a doctrine which, how incomprehensible soever by our limited faculties, is yet so much of the nature of a first principle, that he who doubts its truth cannot with propriety be regarded as believing in the divine existence. And yet how few have their hearts impressed with it! The great majority feel towards

the Lord as if He were a God afar off—afar off, so that He cannot see them nor hear them—afar off, so that He cannot punish nor help them: or, as if there were only certain places and times when and where his Godhead is present. Observe, therefore, brethren, in what the seeking of God will primarily consist. It will consist in gaining impressions of his presence—in having the spiritual senses quickened, so that with the eye of faith we may see him, with the ear of faith hear him, and with the sensibility of faith feel the touch of his hand and the breathing of his spirit. Moses had so disciplined his mind as to have this abiding conviction of God being present with him; “he endured as seeing Him who is invisible;” and David’s impressions were equally vivid when, as if with a tremulous sensation of what he describes, he thus expresses himself—“Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand on me.”

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I observe, particularly, that when the belief in God’s continual presence has taken possession of a man’s heart, it is the best of safe-guards against the commission of sin. It is of great advantage that we frequent the company of pious and venerable men, before whom we may not speak a light or foolish word, and, much less, do anything which has even the appearance of evil. But how shall the control of the presence of a mortal like ourselves be compared in its efficacy with a sense of the presence of the Almighty! In proportion as they, into whose company we are admitted, rise in respectability, does our

care increase in conducting ourselves inoffensively; how infinitely, then, does not God transcend in reverence the most venerable of men! That which we might say and do without offence or reproof before them may appear polluted and perverse in the light of the presence of the Holy One of Israel.

And when we are cautious of giving offence in proportion to the manner in which we have been befriended—and need to be befriended yet more—whom of our benefactors shall we compare with the Lord? On the favour of which of them are we so dependent for future blessings? When we think of the presence of God, it is to meet with Him who has done all for us that ever has been done, and must do all that ever shall be done, if our destiny be one of happiness—so that such wariness of offending as might afford good evidence of gratitude towards a fellow-creature, and of prudence in securing his goodwill, may, on account of its negligence, be indicative of ingratitude towards the Father of Mercies, and of reckless folly in not cultivating with greater care the favour of Him whose smile is Life and whose frown is Death.—But what, I ask again, is any presence of man? Can *he* witness our thoughts? All the time that our conduct is externally fair and commendable our hearts are free to indulge in all darkness and wickedness of imagination and device without his presence reaching them with rebuke. It is only when we have realised—when faith has made visible and palpable the presence of the Searcher of hearts, who, through the veil of this flesh, can look as through the

clearest crystal, and see the movement and working of every inclination and desire, that our morals are brought to the test. Yea, He needs not look through: He is present in every chamber of the soul. Oh, it is an easy judgment to stand before man; but to stand before God!—to be scrutinised by that eye which seeth where man's cannot penetrate—to have our thoughts seen as the features of our faces are seen—this is our trial. And what avails it though man should acquit, if God condemn?

I reiterate the question, What is the presence of man? Even although our hearts were open to his view equally with our countenances, how small a portion of life it is which passes under his observation? The public, as it is called, sees little of us—even of those who are its prominent characters: and many are they, applauded of the public, who are condemned of their acquaintance, who see a little more of them: and many are they, applauded of their general acquaintance, who are condemned of their own households, who see a little more of them still. But though they had passed through all these trials successfully, is not half the life of the majority of men yet unaccounted for? Has not the private conduct of thousands, when accident or the confession of an awakened conscience afterwards revealed it, astounded their most intimate friends for its enormous wickedness? How many must there be equally wicked who escape undetected! What knows man oftentimes of the vile books which his friend reads, of the vile letters which he writes, of his vile intrigues, of his wild wanderings by night, and of

his practices when travelling from home—not to speak of the wild passions which he cherishes in his heart? What a day that Judgment-day will be—to make friends, who at present impose so dexterously on one another, recoil from one another in astonishment and mutual abhorrence, when every secret thing is brought to light! It is a wretched rule—it is the hypocrite's, whose hope perisheth, when the only object of a man is to appear faultless in the sight of his fellow-mortals.

And it is not till, in the exercise of that faith which feels and lives "as seeing Him who is invisible," you have realised above, and around, and within you, the presence of Him whose bright eyes are on you, not only, as at present, when in this house set apart for his worship, and in the market-place, and in the social meeting with acquaintance, and in the domestic circle, but in the most retired secrecy;—who, when the door has been softly shut and securely barred, and all the rest are hushed asleep, is still by your side to see what you will do, what book you will read, what kind of a letter you will write, or, if you have a companion, who that companion is, what is your whispered conversation, what are your plottings, what all your unlawful deeds: "yea, the darkness hideth not from Him, but the night shineth as the day:" when the candle has been extinguished, and you have stretched yourself on your bed, there you lie prostrate before Him, all the meditations, and devices, and longings—the envyings, the revenge, the lust of your heart, exposed and patent to his sight, as is the countenance of a man to his neighbour under the shining of the sun;—it is not, I

say, till you have made the fear of this all-present, all-seeing, all-searching God the rule of your life, that you have any rule which shall avail you for Eternity ; yea, which, even for the present world, will secure your respectability.

I hasten to observe further, what is perhaps of much greater importance, that the doctrine of God's Omnipresence, when properly improved, is a sovereign remedy for the heart under all the ills and dangers of life. Does it thunder on land ? Does the tempest rage at sea ? Do the winds breathe pestilence ? Is the night robber said to be on watch ?—How composed is the saint who knows that God is by his side, to shield him from the thunder-bolt, to pilot the ship, to be his physician when sick, and his guardian against the attack of the assassin—all, if it be for his advantage that his life be prolonged on this earth ! When the tongue of detraction has poisoned his character, and his former friends avoid him on the street as some unclean and infectious thing, wherein can it much affect him, since he is not deserted of God, who knows his innocence, associates with him by day, and accompanies him home to converse with him by night ?

Your child has crossed the seas, and sojourns in a far and inhospitable land, out of sight, and beyond the reach of your kindness ; but why so anxious and disconsolate ? Is not that God who is present with yourself, at the same moment present with him ; and being both present with God, are you not in a very satisfactory sense present with one another, having a com-

mon all-powerful Friend to whom you may commend one another for guidance and protection? When an hour for prayer has been arranged at which both may meet at the same throne, the Omnipresence of God is the sweetest of consolations for separated friends.

But *your* child, you say, has died: if this make the case different, it differs for the better. That God who is present with yourself is present with the spirit of your child in heaven, and with the dust of his body in the grave, preserving all in security. You were weeping as if your child had been lost to you: faithless one! feel how the doctrine of the divine omnipresence has recovered him, and brought him near to you. You must not, you need not, pray for your deceased child, that that God who is equally present with him, as with you, may bless him; unless it be for the hastening of his resurrection, and the transformation and resurrection of us all, saying, "Lord Jesus, come quickly:" but this you can do—when you are communing with God on earth, you can express to Him, in what confidence you rest satisfied, that in heaven, in the bosom of his Son, He cherishes the spirit of one whom you loved, yea whom you still love, with such warmth and tenderness.

When the time of your own death shall arrive, and you must bid farewell, at that otherwise grim and dreadful gate, to all those kind friends who have hitherto helped you on your pilgrimage, and these endeared ones who have been so affectionately helped by you—O, consolation! to think that the presence of God will enter with you, and accompany you

through the gloomy passage, without leaving those friends from whom you have been separated—accompanying you, without deserting them !

GOD A SUN.

“God is a Sun.”—*Psalm lxxxiv. 11.*

If there was any case of ancient idolatry, for the folly and guilt of which we might be allowed to make extenuating apologies, it was that of the worship of the Sun. How resplendent is its glory, and how munificent are the blessings which it dispenses !

Modern science has demonstrated that its grandeur and importance are now much greater than they were supposed to be when the words of our text were indited. That circumstance, in respect of which, perhaps, above all others, the sun displays an emblem of God, was unknown to the Psalmist. It was the notion of his age that, instead of the earth revolving round the sun, it was the sun which revolved round the earth. Even from this erroneous conception, diminishing as it did from the glory of the sun, he drew for himself and friends an impressive lesson of devotion, as we find him, in admiration of the excellency and bounty of the Creator's work, as displayed in the heavenly firmament, thus exclaim and sing, “In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

The office of the Spirit of inspiration is not to rectify men's science, but, dealing with them according to their own views, to rectify their moral affections. And if, on the foundation of an erroneous physical philosophy, David yet sung so rapturously the praises of the Creator and Governor of the sun, how enhanced with admiration he would have been had he known of the sun what we know : that, more than a million of times larger in immensity than this earth, he sits in the midst of the planetary system, controlling all the subject worlds with his imperial power, so that they circle round his throne and do him obeisance—even the impetuous comet—with the most submissive reverence ; and yet controlling them thus to do him homage, as if it were only for their own advantage that they should keep within the light and gladdening warmth of his countenance, and not wander away into regions of darkness and wintry desolation.

How like the blessed God !—like Him in immensity, like Him in sovereign power, like Him in the exercise of that power for the advantage of those who are subject to Him, like Him in that it is only those who revolve within the sphere of his influence that can enjoy happiness. Glorious and beneficent sun ! But the sun is no God of ours. The object of our adoration and confidence is the God of the sun—that Eternal One to whom the sun is but as a sunbeam, and from the glance of whose eye it sparkled into being—that God who made *our souls*, made them so much more glorious than the sun, after the image of his own Godhead. O, degradation of man ! that so

many of the human family should have prostrated themselves in worship before the inanimate mass of matter, when each of them has within himself a spirit whose glories immeasurably outshine those of the natural luminary. And yet there was some grandeur in the idolatry of the sun-worshippers of Persia and Peru, compared with the debasement of thousands among ourselves, whose god is the paper rag of the mammonist or the bottle of the drunkard. Who are they with gods so mean as these—and there are others whose worship is yet more impure—that they should affect to pity and scorn the worshippers of the radiant, glorious sun?

Brethren, what or who is your God? What is his name, and what is his memorial? Is it Jehovah the *living* God, to whom your souls gravitate, and around whom they circle as the planets gravitate towards the sun and circle around him, obeying his empire, submitting to his impulses, and finding all their order, their joy, their preservation within the sphere of his attraction? There is nothing in the physical universe which can be compared to the man who lives without the acknowledgment of God. The most eccentric comet still confesses the sun's dominion, and is saved from being lost in the regions of darkness and desolation. But the soul which has withdrawn itself from being under the control and influence of its Creator is like some fabled star which has quitted its orbit, and, as it wanders through dreary space, is ever in danger of collision with others which have forsaken allegiance like itself, or which shoots away, and falls and sinks

down the bottomless abyss of the darkness for ever and for ever.

Such once were all of us. But, blessed be God, he sent his Son to save that which was lost. He hath recovered some of us already, and is willing and anxious to recover all, so that they may revolve in the original orbit of dependence on Himself as the source and centre of all-sustaining and joyful influences. O ye of astronomical genius, behold the Son of God, as the repairer of the moral firmament, laying hold of one wandering star after another, and replacing it in its orbit to circle in harmony around the Sun of the Throne of the Eternal Father! Thought of wretchedness—the case of those who, as outcasts from the moral system of the universe, are whirling, whirling, deeper and deeper and onward, into the abyss of ungodliness! O sinner, into what a region of chaotic darkness thou hast fallen, every day more dark and cold and desolate, the farther thy remove from God—depend on it, it will be the gulf of fire at last. In proportion, how full of gladness the thought of the condition of those who, recovered by Christ, are coursing in harmony, in safety, and sunshine round God as their Sun—the Centre of all their attraction, the Regulator of all their movements!

As already indicated, such reflections, however, had no place in the mind of the Psalmist. He was not so far advanced in physical science as to be acquainted with the earth being dependent to such an extent on the central sun, and it must have been other and subordinate considerations in which he found the aptness of

his similitude. These, no doubt, were the sun's enlivening and directing light, and its cherishing, fructifying heat; and it is still, in meditating on these two qualities, and likening them to the bounty of God, that we will obtain our best lessons of devotion. The other requires more abstraction of mind; is altogether lost on the unlearned; and, even by those who are scientifically instructed, is not so vividly apprehended. Even Newton, I am persuaded, would have relished a discourse on the sun as an emblem of God in its light-giving and heat-giving properties, more than one on its gravitation and attractive property. Dr. Chalmers has remarked that Natural Theology has not gained so much as might be supposed by the discoveries of philosophy. Not only has no attribute of the Deity been discovered which was formerly unknown, but the lessons of nature were taught of old with nearly as much impressiveness as at the present day.

First, then, the Sun is both philosophically and popularly characterised for his *light-giving property*. Reflect how cheerless a habitation this world would be without the light of the sun. Imagine a condition of perpetual night. Grant that we had the twinkling of the stars and such lamp-light as the moon fitfully affords—the latter of which, however, entirely, and the former of which, to a considerable extent, we could not have without the sun's reflected bounty,—and grant, further, that we enjoyed the benefit of all these minor sources of light with which civilisation and the arts have favoured us—to which civilisation and accomplishments in the arts, however, it is equally

evident, as in the former case, that we could not have attained without that light of the sun under which the cultivation has proceeded;—but grant that, independently of that beneficent luminary, we might have been possessed of them all—still, how gloomy this world would have been without his irradiation! Even one year without the sun—what a weariness and heartlessness it would be! And you whose eyes are sealed in perpetual blindness, be ye also thankful; for it is the cheerful sun which enables us to be merry and make sport for you.

The sun extinguished! Imagine our melancholy lot. The daisied meadow, the primrose bank, the branching oak, the waving corn field, the plumage of birds, the mountain surveyed from the plain, the plain surveyed from the mountain, the wide sea and the heaving of its billows, the architecture of the palace, the evening sky of summer, and the sports of children on the green, all either not existing or never seen. How dungeon-like, how sepulchral! The sun extinguished! How, then, could the husbandman plough his field, or the architect build his house, or the traveller prosecute his journey, or the mariner his voyage? Amid the darkness, what universal fear! Every sound would have an alarm in it of some imagined danger; nor would a benighted people know where they should flee. "More than they that watch for the morning" was the comparison by which a sacred writer would signify the intenseness of his waiting expectation. When the sun has risen, what beauty he discloses all around to

the traveller who was ignorant that he was in the midst of such scenes of grandeur and loveliness, when he plodded wearily along during the darkness; and though the storm should continue to rage, yet the seaman will feel as if all were safe under the light of the rising sun.

Secondly, it is perhaps his *life-giving, cherishing, fructifying heat* by which the sun is principally endeared to the world. Without him, all would be the desolation and death of perpetual frost. Much, even now this wintry season, are we indebted to the manner in which he mitigates the cold; but we could not think patiently of our earthly lot were this partial bestowment of his favour all that we should enjoy. We bear with winter only in expectation of a change of season, when he will revisit us with a warmer smile. As he approaches in spring, think how animated nature will be quickened out of its torpor; how greenly the grass will spring up; how the naked trees will bud and spread out their foliage; and as in summer he draws nearer, how the roses will blow and exhale their fragrance; how the corn fields will wave with their crops and the orchards display their fruits. All nature will revive and sing under the inspiration of his warmth; and the sick man, too, will leave his weary bed, to which winter confined him, and walk forth over the green fields to unite in the universal gladness. Beneficent Sun! What a friend thou art! Who does not love thee? And tell them, O Sun, how much thou art astonished and grieved that there should be men who neglect—yea, hold in aversion—the

God that made thee, and sent thee forth on thy mission of love to our world ; that it is enough to provoke thee to turn thy face away, but that the command of the Lord is sovereign. Shine on, and try them if haply they may repent.

This introduces me to the contemplation of God as the Sun of his people in respect of their enlightenment. Here I observe, that there is nothing beautiful—nothing great and sublime—to be seen in the world, except when it is contemplated in the light of God's creative power and providential goodness. There is the lily ! What truly beautiful can that man see in it, how philosophically soever he may descant on its structure and habits, who sees no evidence in it of a designing and bountiful cause ? and, after all his vain botanizing, concludes with degrading it as a thing of the merest chance, conceiving of the lovely flower as if it were some bastard foundling, nobody knowing whence it came ? No ; it is not till you have admitted the light of the Godhead to shine upon it and surveyed it as His flower—decked by *His* hand, with an attire richer than Solomon's—that you can ever appreciate the lily's beauty. So of all the other objects of nature : your taste must be rude and inadequate to the appreciation of the grandeur of the mountain, till you have surveyed it as the architecture of God, or of the glory of the gleaming lightnings—still you have marked them as the arrows of his power, and the stars as the gems of his diadem.

Especially, brethren, what a sight of degradation and wretchedness is the human family, from which

otherwise a reflective and sensitive mind might turn away sickened and disgusted, at one time weeping in hopelessness of the relief of its miseries, and at another, misanthropically enraged at the sight or rehearsal of its abominations and crimes. But place the family in the light of God's throne; call it His family, for which He has paternal purposes of mercy, and immediately human nature shines forth in dignity and grandeur, and you bless your species, and rejoice for yourself. For a man who does not acknowledge God, it is impossible to be heartily philanthropic. Such a one does not see what *man* is. He has no conception of his worth and importance. It is not a sufficient illustration of his ignorance to say that he knows as little of him as an artist would learn were he to enter a sculpture gallery at midnight and only *feel over* the statue of Apollo. He knows less than this, and will form a less adequate idea of him. But let in the light! Again, I say, let the light of the Godhead shine on man. Survey him in the light of his Father's countenance: think of him as divinely born; then you will see dignity in him, importance in him, and hope for him, and find reasons wherefore you should love him and work for him. What need there is, brethren, in these distressing days, of a vision of mankind under this cheering light? That amid this groaning of creation, we may be saved from pronouncing on men that he is all a lie*—that

* Psalm cxvi. 11.—*I said, in my haste, all humanity is a deception. In the midst of his afflictions he was tempted to condemn man as a piece of vain workmanship.*

his case is hopeless, and that it is useless to care about him; let us look on ourselves, let us look on one another, let us look on our neighbours, let us look abroad over all humanity in the light of their being God's offspring—it will prevent our despair and our cruel negligence, and animate us in labours of beneficence.

This leads me further to observe, that God is the Sun of his people in respect of the practical direction which the light He sheds gives them for the conduct of their lives. That man for whom the Divine countenance does not irradiate creation can understand neither his own constitution and its wants nor the constitution and claims of his neighbours, and must, consequently, be ignorant of the whole of his duty, giving neither himself nor others the treatment which is requisite for their happiness. Now, there are two degrees of illumination with which the disclosure of God irradiates his works, in the lowest of which there is some guidance for the man's conduct. Even such disclosures as nature and reason make of his existence almost uniformly produce the conviction of accountability to his government for a life of justice and benevolence. Any guidance, however, which is thus obtained is like that of a foggy day. It is through the Bible alone that we enjoy anything like sunlight. The Book is a transcript of the mind of God. There He has *set His image* as in a tabernacle; there He shines, and in the light of his character as displayed there, we have a clear revelation what are his designs and desires;

what destiny He has appointed us; and what are the requisite qualifications for its enjoyment.

Who or what, then, O man, is that Sun, in the light of which thou pursuest thy life-journey? Thou art a benighted being, if the God of the Bible shine not on thy soul. And what darkness will be too gloomy for thy punishment in the day of retribution, if in contempt of that light, because thy heart *is* so worldly, or in hatred of it, because thy heart is so unclean, thou shouldst shut the Book, or refuse to open it, lest the glory of the Lord should shine on thee and expose thy vileness! Blessed they who rejoice in the sacred illumination, and who, going forth with the Book open, and flashing its light all around, make choice of the objects of their pursuits only as they appear valuable in the light of God's countenance.

THE LORD A SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—*Psalms* xxiii. 1.

There is one other relation at least, viz., that of a Father, which God is represented as bearing to his people, more interesting and abundant in happy influence than is that of a Shepherd. Nevertheless, to a pastoral people—such as the Jews, to a great extent, were—the image must have been one of very warm endearment. David's conception of it must have been peculiarly lively: "And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth." Here was a shepherd,

type of the Good Shepherd as he was, who ventured his life in defence of his sheep; and great must have been his own Shepherd's care and affection when he himself came to be numbered as one of a flock.

As inhabitants of a city, and chiefly conversant with affairs of manufacture and merchandise, we are incapable of apprehending to the full extent the beauty and force of the similitude, but, by a little reflection, we may all appreciate it in a considerable measure.

Imagine, then, a human being, lonely and solitary in respect of intercourse with man the live-long day, and day after day in succession, wandering on the hillside with none but his sheep to keep him company, with no other occupation but to guide and protect them—how strong must be the affection with which his heart comes to be attached to them! He distinguishes them individually by their forms, their countenances, their bleatings, and other peculiarities; he knows the histories of them all; he knows such of them as are diseased, and ministers to their cares; he is specially careful with those that are with young, and tender in the cherishing of their lambs—particularly the *deserted*. He wards them off from the precipice, the morass, and from where serpents lurk and poisons grow; he lifts them out of pits into which they may fall, and extricates them from the thorn-brake; and far he will journey o'er the hills in quest of the wanderer. He selects for them the richest pasture; at the sultry noon he guides them to refreshing brooks; when the wind blows chill he

guides them to the shelter of the vale, and at night secures them in the fold. Fearlessly he braves the dangers of the snow-storm that he may place them in safety; all his ingenuity is exerted in scaring the fox which would make them its prey, and he endangers his life in repelling the wolf. And deep is the affection of the kind shepherd's heart when these nurslings of his care may die, or when, being sold to the stranger, they are driven away bleating from the superintendence of his affection.

If such be the solicitude and tenderness of a human shepherd, what must be the strength in which they subsist in the bosom of the Shepherd of Israel, whose memorial is love? And of this love the resources for the blessing of his flock are inexhaustible. His are the grass and streams of a thousand hills, and by the word of his power He could create and replenish a thousand more; His the command of the showers to refresh the pastures; His the government of the sun to restrain its sultry heat; His the control of the wind to temper its blast; and His the direction of the snow to regulate its falling. The fox, by its artifice, may elude the vigilance of an earthly shepherd, or a troop of wolves may destroy himself, leaving the flock all scattered and a prey, but what guile shall surprise Him who slumbers not nor sleeps, or what violence prevail against Him whose arrows are the lightnings? Well might David say that, since Jehovah was his Shepherd, he would not want. As one of the sheep of his fold he was warranted to calculate that all the wisdom and power of his Shepherd would be employed

and exerted for his advantage ; and that Shepherd was the all-sufficient God—the Lord of Hosts.

David's Shepherd is our Shepherd—David's God is our God—let David's confidence be ours also. To trust in God—to have fears prevented or dispelled by reliance on his care and mercy—is a principal commandment. Happiness is our duty ; misery is our sin, inasmuch as it must proceed from dishonouring views of the divine character and unbelieving discredit of the assurances of his word. Ah ! my hearers, were I to inquire if your consciences are ever disturbed by a sense of sin, it would be but a slight trial—no trial, indeed, at all : the test is, if, when overtaken by adversity, or when the clouds have gathered threateningly around you, your sorrows be soothed, and your apprehensions allayed, by confiding meditations on the guardian care and overruling providence of God. Many of the most depraved and profligate can tell us of the manner in which they have trembled under a consciousness of guiltiness ; but how few are they who honour the Lord by rejoicing in Him as their gracious Shepherd ! And yet, can less than this be required as a test of the genuineness of his professions of piety ? Is there no sin—no insulting of God, when the heart yields Him nothing but its suspicions and terrors ? Be done with this dark unbelief ; it at once robs yourselves of comfort and God of his praise. We have other duties, it is true, besides that one of being of a cheerful heart, through reliance on the Divine care ; but unless such cheerfulness be entertained no other duty can be well performed. It is only from

a heart which has some persuasion of God's friendship for it that any acceptable service can ever proceed.

The gods of heathenism are pictured as delighting in the terror of their worshippers; but our God rejects the services of slaves, and will accept of the obedience only of sons and daughters. We love Him because we know and are persuaded that He loves us, is the master-principle of all Christian obedience. Review those Psalms, and you will see that trust in God is the chief characteristic of David's morality. Convenient ethics! some may mockingly exclaim, when their own cheerless bosoms evince that to feel joyously towards the God that made them is of all virtues the most difficult of acquisition. How easy it is to say, with a benevolent heart, "Be ye warmed and filled," compared with saying, with a devout heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Our faith says both; and it says the former with more humanity from being inspired by the piety of the latter.

ON LOVING GOD.

"I love the Lord."—*Psalm cxvi. 1.*

In what does the saint's love of God positively consist? I reply, in the first place, that, in its purest form, it consists in an admiration and esteem of his excellence—that which we formerly met with, in treating of the Love of Christ, under the name of the Love of Moral Approbation: when, independently of any thought of the relation which He bears to ourselves, we disinterestedly rejoice in the perfection of his character. Even when his natural and intellectual

attributes, as they are theologically distinguished, are viewed apart from his moral excellences, there is a satisfaction experienced in the survey which is akin to love. When the heart grows sick at the sight of the misery and mortality which blight and desolate the happiest scenes of which this earth can boast, how refreshing it is to rise to the contemplation of that Immortal, Eternal One, shining in the undisturbed and serene glory of his infinite felicity! The happiness of God! The vision of it might assuage the beholder's own sorrows. And when disappointed and mortified at seeing the failure of the schemes and enterprises of weak and impoverished men, how soul-satisfying it is to turn to the survey of the might and prowess of Him whose will no difficulties can obstruct, and whose resources no expenditure exhausts! Nor less, when baffled philosophy gives up the investigation with humbled confessions of ignorance, is there much solacing influence, for a thoughtful and inquiring mind, in the reflection, that the mystery is not inscrutable, that it is not a matter of utter and absolute darkness, but that there is One whose wisdom comprehends it perfectly. From the manner in which these attributes gratify what, I suppose, should be characterised as the taste of the mind, we feel a pleasedness in surveying them which is nearly allied to love. But the producing of that affection in its genuine spirit is claimed as the prerogative of those perfections which are contradistinguished as moral. To their consideration, therefore, let us now address ourselves.

All God's moral perfections make him an object of

love. Even an unconverted man might, for a time at least, forget how he himself is endangered by the attribute, and bless God for his *Justice*, both on account of the relief which it affords, when viewed in contrast with the iniquity of men, and the assurance which it gives, that that iniquity shall be fully avenged.

What a scene of cruelty and wrong this broad earth exhibits! perpetrated by kings and nobles, and legislators, and judges—with their soldiers, their attorneys, their bailiffs, their jailors and executioners; perpetrated by priests abetting the wrongs which others inflict, and adding a multitude themselves; perpetrated by merchants when they buy, and again when they sell; perpetrated by professed friends, as well as by avowed foes; by those of your own religious sect or political faction, as well as by those of the opposing one; by masters, and, not seldom, by servants; by husbands, and, not seldom, by wives; by children, and, not seldom, by parents; mutually by brothers, and, not less, mutually by spiteful sisters; perpetrated by those who say they fear God, as well as by those who blaspheme him:—these the perpetrators, inflicting the wrongs—of bruises and wounds; of lacerated feelings; of insult and shame; of cold suspicion and cruel jealousy; of broken vows for breaking the heart; of connubial unfaithfulness; of perjured violation of maiden honour; of a parent mocked, or neglected in old age; of one child sent forth into the world with the bastard's brand, and of another crushed in spirit by a father's severity or avarice; wrongs of the preference of the unworthy for place and honours; of slander and reproach; of

excommunication from the church; of envious and malicious criticism; of oppressive labour and diminished hire; of unfaithful service and betraying of trust; of bankruptcy, whether fraudulent, or produced by reckless speculation, or personal or domestic prodigality; of evasions and violated engagements; of advantages taken of promises made in ignorance or mistake, or over-excited generosity; of deceitful bargains; of swindling and theft; of extortion; of exorbitant fees; of advantage taken of necessity; of grinding usury; of advantage taken of the forms of law to delay or defeat justice, whether by the principal or his agent; of advantage taken of iniquitous laws; of the enacting of such laws; of the refusal to abrogate them; of the refusal to enact righteous laws; of the consequent poverty, hunger, nakedness, ignorance, slavery, expatriation, imprisonment and death.

ON PLEASING GOD.*

"He pleased God."—*Hebrews xi. 5.*

What, brethren, about ourselves, about ourselves individually? Each of us by himself, how does he feel when, withdrawing to meditate on his own character and conduct, he thus inquires, "Can my Creator be deriving any pleasure from *me*? He made me that he might obtain delight in me. Am I answering his design? Is there anything about me—if anything, *how much*—which will yield him complacency, when, looking at me, he says, "How well the work of my hands move! how beautifully it feels! how beautifully

* Preached in John Street Church, Glasgow, in May, 1871.

it speaks! how beautiful are its actions! It is a beautiful creation; I am its God; my divinity is glorified in it?" You walk forth at night and reflect how the steadfast stars, and the circling planets, and the faithful moon must all be affording gratification to their Creator. Can He be deriving any gratification from *you*? And when in summer you roam through the fields, amid the blooming flowers and warbling birds and sportive lambs, all a gratification to their God when he beholds them, do *you* increase the gratification when you present yourself among them? Ah me, there are many bad men who, when they betake themselves to these fields, it is enough to make the Creator turn away from looking at his own sweet flowers, because they are there with their loathsomeness polluting the scene. And methinks when some ungodly astronomer is engaged in his survey, it is enough to make the Creator turn away from looking at his own bright star, that he may have no communion with the reprobate. Brethren, is each of us such a person that God may take delight in looking at him, when He communes with Himself complacently, and says "I am that man's Creator?"

I have already vindicated the claims of the flesh to a portion of respect, but it must be content with its subordinate place and not usurp the dominion. It is mental beauty in the observation of which the Creator especially delights. Observe here, first, that He has properly no sympathy with material beauty. He himself is purely spiritual—all thought; and He waits for the delight of seeing his children *thinking*

like Himself. Observe, secondly, that He gains delight and glory for Himself in material beauty out of other objects—out of the stars and the flowers—and He turns to man for a display of beauty of mind. Think, thirdly, with what disappointment, yea, disgust and anger, He must be affected when, in turning from the contemplation of his stars and flowers for the enjoyment of this higher delight, He beholds those powers of intellect with which he had endowed the soul of man either submerged in the sensualities of the flesh or all-engrossed by schemings and calculations for securing *bits of metal* or *paper rags*. My God! What a revulsion of mind it must occasion the Eternal One when—turning from the contemplation of His shining and circling stars, that He may be gratified with the sight of a still higher order of beauty in the shining and circling of thought in the intelligent soul of man—his eye lights upon a worldling with his whole mind engrossed in scraping among dust for the bits of metal, or turning up dunghills in quest of the rags! Can any more favourable representation than this be given of the character of multitudes who yet claim that we should treat them with deference and respect, just because they have been successful in securing a few hundreds or thousands of the metal-bits and rags, when they are utterly destitute of all mental accomplishment? It is difficult enough for men of ingenuous mind to bear it; but what must it be in the sight of that God who made the men with the design that He should find delight in them, and be glorified in them by a display of mental beauty? Ah! worldling, who

hast so materialised thy soul into a bit of dull copper, when the Creator made it for a display of ethereal thought, how nigh thou must be to cursing!

“WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?”

Matthew xx. 6.

I advance to press the remonstrance of our text on the unconverted: “Why stand ye here idle?” I must assist you to answer the question; for in the present state of your mind you have not sufficient self-discernment and knowledge of your interests for the task. I begin with negatives. First of all, then, your idleness does not arise from your having no need of that wealth which spiritual industry secures. Besotted as you are with the intoxication of worldliness, carnality and sin of various names, we who have been restored to our senses see you to be a most pitiable object, blind and naked and famishing and haggard, as you stagger on through this world into the gulf of a woful eternity. But besides *our* seeing it, you yourself are not entirely unconscious of your misery. You do not feel *at ease*. It is impossible you can. So has the Creator formed your heart that nothing but a sense of his friendship can fill it; and notwithstanding all the manner in which your sensibilities are benumbed, so long as you are a living rational man you must have a degree of sensation of the awful craving void of a heart without God, and occasional presentiments—the less defined perhaps the more distressing—of a wretched futurity, since it is every day getting worse with you. O, what need there is, miserable man,

miserable though you were a king, that you should be aroused out of your slothfulness to work for your life, and to have yourself clothed with raiment in which you may present yourself before the King of Eternity, to dwell in his courts! Otherwise your exclusion is certain into that outer darkness. Where else can it be? Your own common sense must tell you that with such a heart you cannot go heavenward—where, then, oh where?

Second, the reason of your idleness cannot be, either that you have no opportunity to work, or that it would be vain for you to begin now, since the day has declined so far, and the night is so near. Notwithstanding all your past provocations in slighting his calls and invitations, the voice of God's mercy is as importunate as ever that you haste and enter his vineyard, with the assurance that, entering even at the eleventh hour, you will receive the heavenly hire.

Third, the reason of your idleness cannot rationally be, that there is yet plenty of time—that you need not be in a hurry—that you are young, with many hours for amusing yourself before the eleventh, which we have just allowed to be sufficiently timous for submitting to the labour for salvation. *Yet many hours for amusing yourself!* Who assures you of that, young man? The eleventh hour may have struck, and the hand may be nearing the twelfth on that dial which God set up at your birth for the measurement of your appointed time: this hour thy soul may be required of thee. Say not, that in resistance of many such appeals

addressed to you heretofore you have taken your chance scathlessly, and will take it again. Your chance of what?—of being shut out for ever from the kingdom of God, and doomed to the everlasting darkness! Though the chances were ten millions to one in your favour that you shall escape to-day and be in time for work to-morrow, who that is sane would put his hand into the lottery bag, at the risk of drawing the blank, yea the black one. There's the bag, young man. You are fond of gambling: try your fortune. O God! he has drawn the black.

Fourth, you who have better *luck* and are spared, your excuse for persistent reckless idleness would not be reasonable, should you plead that you are not qualified, and, through inveterate habits, in sin and companionship unescapable, which you cannot shake off, and various circumstances, are disabled for such spiritual work. *That* I not only admit but contend you are in your own unaided strength, and I wish you were more sensible of your moral imbecility. But equally I maintain that help waits your application for it. It is a first principle of the Gospel that the effectual aid of the Holy Spirit is provided for every humble petitioner: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Inquire among your Christian friends, and they will assure you that there is no other promise of the faithfulness of which they have had more ample experience.

Seeing, then, that it is not because you have no

need to work, nor because you have no opportunity for working, nor because it is too late to begin, nor because it is too soon, nor because you are unable, that you are found so idle in respect of spiritual husbandry, there remain only the two following positive reasons for it:—first, that you are so busy with other work that you have no time for this. Well, what other work, I ask, may that be? It cannot be merely the providing of your daily bread in competence, for that leaves abundance of time for the spiritual industry; yea, both of the works may to a considerable extent be conducted simultaneously. He that weaves the woollen web may, by pious reflections, be adorning the robe of righteousness; he that ploughs the clayey field may be sowing seed which will bear fruit in the heavenly Paradiſe; and he who, deep down in the darkness, digs for iron, may be excavating gold from the mine of heavenly wisdom.

What, then, I persist in asking, is that other work which leaves you no time for the spiritual work? It must be working in the foul lust of covetousness for more wealth than you need; or engaging yourself with amusements to excess; or engrossing your attentions with literature and science; or burdening yourself with office—whether from vanity and ambition or genuine public spirit makes little difference in this question, since the disproportionate care excludes attention to the one thing needful. O, would you but think of it seriously for one minute—would you but express it in words, so that your own

ears should hear it—would you but write it down on a sheet of paper, so that your own eyes might see it—that your money-gathering; that your police board, missionary, and Sabbath-school committee attendance; that your study of Latin, and French, and practising music; that your writing of sermons and your scientific investigations; that your visiting, and feasting, and dancing, and all your other merry-making leave you no time for making any preparation for Eternity—would you but thus deal honestly, and wisely, and mercifully by yourself, in informing yourself of your life-conduct, would you not feel as if you were a maniac? Yea, you *are* a maniac, suffering from a frightful moral derangement! The Scripture says of the repentant prodigal, “When he came to himself,” signifying that heretofore he had been out of his judgment.

The second positive reason for your idleness is, that you do not relish the work but have a strong dislike of it. Although all those other occupations left you time for it, you would not take advantage of the opportunity. The Bible is a book which sets you a yawning whenever you begin to read it—prayer, if the habit of it, learned at your father or mother’s knee, be not quite given up, is the most grievous of penances, in its strictest observance—the Sabbath is a slavish imposition on your liberty—the church is a prison; those pleadings for contributions to the poor, and missions, and Sabbath classes are a great nuisance; Christ! cannot ministers study science, and tell you something about geology? and as for that prospect

of a holy heaven with which they so idly attempt to allure you, you deprecate nothing more except the prospect of a fiery hell.

Sir, when you say there is only one prospect which you deprecate more than to be locked *in*, to be tasked with the psalm-singing of a holy heaven, viz., to be locked up, to suffer the woes of that prison of anguish and despair, your argument halts, and is belied by your conduct. You should represent the heavenly prospect as the worse of the two, since you have plainly made election of the other. Ah! why will you die? What more of the happiness of this world are you getting than the heaven-lovers and heaven-seekers of your own class? Many of you are getting far less. All of you are getting less. Many of a lower class are getting much more. It is only they who have first sought and made themselves sure of the heavenly kingdom as an inheritance that enjoy the comforts of this world heartily, as the enjoyments of a pilgrimage on their way to the celestial city. O, if you would think of it seriously for but one half minute—that would suffice, and then say you must change your life. Say it; you will not feel the change so difficult as you think. God will help you, his Son will help you, his Spirit will help you. It is He who is pleading within your conscience even now to say it. Say it, then, and he will give you ample grace to keep that saying which He himself has influenced.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO GLASGOW IN 1849.*

"Worthy is the Lamb."—*Revelation* v. 12.

"And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that *there is* none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king."—*1 Sam.* x. 24.

This day, brethren, the Cross of Christ is to be erected among us with special prominence and solemnity; but although any discourse which was not characterised by a magnifying of that Cross's excellence would be culpably deficient, yet is there no virtue which it would be incongruous to introduce into the scene pointing to the Cross as its inspiration? Again, when our text is the loyal shout of the multitude of the redeemed celebrating the praise of the King of kings, it would not be unsuitable for our sacramental solemnity, held in whatever circumstances, to refer either by way of parallel or contrast to the loyalty which is due to an earthly sovereign; but especially at present, when we anticipate so nearly the visit of Her Majesty, not only will it not be inappropriate that I should make a few observations on the state of mind with which we should receive her, but it would indicate a want of faithfulness and seasonableness of teaching did I not embrace the opportunity. Nevertheless, I admit that it would be somewhat profane did I engage a large proportion of our time with this subject, and I shall therefore make little more of it than an introduction to the main subject of discourse.

My general admonition, then, is that we evince the

* The sermon of which this is an extract was preached in John Street Church, Glasgow, on August 12, 1849.

piety of our loyalty and its superiority to that of the promiscuous multitude by raising our shout of salutation with thanksgiving in our hearts to God for the gift of a sovereign so noble and gracious.

There are two respects in which it is our duty to have our hearts occupied with such pious thanksgiving. First, when we regard her as being the Head of our civil government, and the type or genius, as it were, of British justice. It is but small thanks, indeed, which we owe to men, and especially to those who at present hold the administration of power, pertinaciously retaining as they do a thousand demonstrated abuses and corruptions—lavishing the wealth of an impoverished people so profusely on the sons and dependants of an idle, luxurious, and, in many cases, profligate aristocracy; conspiring, as I have frequently denounced them and denounce them again, traitorously conspiring to sell over the faith and liberties of this country into the power of the heaven-doomed apostacy of the Man of Sin; still more, especially, we owe them but small thanks in our character of conscientious Dissenters, not only perpetuating as they do, but extending the power of our malicious adversaries; small thanks to them, I say. They greatly mar our loyalty, and cool that ardour with which we salute Her Majesty, since they prevent her being the type of a much purer justice than that which she symbolises, and present her with a step-mother's aspect to tens of thousands of the holiest of her subjects.

And yet thanks be to God for her. When from the contention with man who refuses us our rights,

and towards whom it is not only lawful but dutiful we should feel indignation, we turn our faces to the throne of God, on whom we have claim for nothing, from whom we had reason to expect avenging judgment on account of our sins, but yet from whom we have received such abundance of mercy, what a stilling it is of the angry emotions of the spirit! Let us look round on all the world beside, brethren, and learn to be thankful for our British lot. Not to speak of the misery of the savage tribes of Africa, or the down-trodden nations of Asia, where despotism holds riot; look round on what they call Christendom—on all the other nations of Europe, without exception; look at France, look at Portugal and Spain, look at Austria, Prussia, and Russia; think of the policy of their governments, and what is the state of the liberty of their peoples; and then think of home; think of that justice of which the Queen of Britain is the emblem.

See that jewel in her crown which Knox of Scotland and Cranmer of England were commissioned of God to place there, when they wrought our emancipation from Popish darkness and thralldom—that emblazons her most beautifully of all. O that she may preserve it, notwithstanding all the treachery with which she is surrounded to rob her crown of it, and replace it with the adder's stone of the man of sin! Next, behold the jewel which Cromwell was divinely commissioned to place there—the long abused, but now at length vindicated Cromwell—vindicated as being at once the noblest and wisest of patriots, and one of the sincerest and most sanctified of saints. It was not George of

Brunswick, though thank God for him; neither was it William of Orange, though God be thanked for him fervidly; it was Oliver Cromwell who founded the dynasty of Victoria. O that there were honest men to tell her who are the foregoing nobles and princes to whom under God she is indebted for that crown which makes her so beloved at home, and so renowned and powerful throughout the whole earth, that it is Knox, and Cranmer, and Cromwell—that they are the master-fashioners of its glory! But whether she knows it or not, whether she respects their memory or not, there she is with that crown—with all that is just and free in the legislation of Scotland and England gathered up into it; and, contemplating her as the personification of this justice, next to God I render her the loyalty of my heart, and bless God devoutly for the munificent gift.

You will observe, brethren, that on these principles, whoever he may be that wears the British crown, provided he observe its law, is entitled to our loyal respect, even although his personal character should be disreputable. In that event, however, the pulse of loyalty must beat languidly at the best, and is in danger of an entire cessation. It requires more discrimination and sense of duty than the majority possess to preserve respect for the official character, when the personal is offensive.

I therefore observe, in the second place, that our thanksgivings are due to God, that in our Queen we have an object which strongly attracts our moral esteem by her personal virtues. Though it be *much* when considered by itself, yet comparatively it is little

that her own sentiments are known to be liberal, and that it has been with a free and unconstrained heart she has given her legislative voice for the many measures in the progress of liberty by which her reign has been characterised. This, I say, is a small matter compared with that private and domestic purity and propriety of conduct by which she is characterised. Who doubts that the peace of our land is, under God, to be ascribed largely to that reverence and respect which the Queen's virtue has always commanded for her name, even in the heat of rudest and wildest agitation? And who shall estimate that amount of salutary influence which her example has breathed into the morals of the aristocracy? Let us bless God that our duty is now so easy—that it is more a pleasure than a task. And here I would be wanting in the discharge of my vocation did I omit to summon you to thanksgiving for the character of him with whom God has blessed Her Majesty as her Consort. It is not the least of our national blessings. Let us, therefore, be prepared to shout their welcome, with hearts confessing the munificence of the gift of God.

Brethren, a great one is at hand, to delight our hearts with the vision of her royal dignity and grace; but a greater is already here. Lord Jesus, show Thyself to us by faith! We do not despise the pomp of our earthly Sovereign, but we desire to behold Thee, more glorious far—our Queen's Master, for Thou art King of kings—yea, as anointed of Thy Father, the Bestower on us of our Queen, in all her

excellence; for "by Thee kings reign, and princes decree justice."

Whatever questioning there may have been with some of the propriety of the foregoing remarks for our sacramental solemnity, we are surely all right now. "Surely all right now!" Ah, me! I had rather that there should be a greater number of us either of an ill-instructed or affected spirituality, complaining of what they call the politics of our discourse hitherto, than that there should be so great a number who would relish proceeding in such a strain, and feel coldly when we make the change of proceeding to celebrate the praise of the Lamb of God. How nauseous to the worldling, and not less to the formalist, that phrase—the Lamb of God! O how bold you are! how manly! how sick of such soft and effeminate sentimentalism! Well, you shall have your wish: our faith has in reserve the Lion of the tribe of Judah for all despisers of the Lamb that has been slain.

THE DEATH OF DR. CHALMERS.*

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."—*Psalms* xxvii. 13.

How great reason I have for felicitating myself, that though the circumstances were sometimes tempting in the course of the controversy which raged on the subject of Church and State alliance, I never uttered a sentiment of disrespect against his honoured name which I have this day cause to regret. And you are my witnesses, brethren, that, next to that of Matthew

* Preached in John Street Church, Glasgow, in May, 1847.

Henry, the name of Chalmers has been that which this pulpit has most delighted to honour.

Little do many of our religious youth know how much, under God, they are indebted to him. When he first made his appearance in Glasgow, it was as if an angel had visited it. Some of us recollect what was the general state of preaching before that time—solid, and Scriptural, and argumentative enough; but cold, and dry, and formal, with little application to the every-day life and feelings of men, and still less accommodation to the advanced literature and science of the age. All this was rectified by his sanctified genius: the mocking of infidelity was quashed, and Christianity lifted up its head in triumph, and with heart greatly enlarged for her evangelical enterprise. The students of Theology were of all others those who profited most. What a liberalising and evangelising of our views we underwent! I speak not *theologically*—I trust many of us were converted to God before that time, but *professionally* it was a signal regeneration. In this sense I, for one, became as changed a person as if I had been created anew. I neither say nor think that I am possessed of any great excellence, but whatever good is in me is mainly ascribable to the awakening of my powers in these memorable days. Hundreds of us were so awakened, and the influence has been transmitted to many hundreds more, till all Scotland has participated in the benefit.

In his death there is no mystery of providence; the mystery lies in those being cut down who have done but a little of their work. He had wrought long, and

wrought well, and finished his work, and it was time that the Lord should give his servant rest. For these two things I rejoice, that he was not left to impair our veneration for him by any of the weaknesses or the foolish sayings and doings of senility and dotage, and that he died suddenly. A sudden death to a well-prepared saint is one of the greatest of mercies. And his was like the translation of Enoch or Elias.

"ALL THINGS."

Romans viii. 32.

Shall He not freely give us all things? The Apostle's inference is large, but the premises fully sanction it; the superstructure is magnificent, but the foundation will bear that *all things* be built on it. Yea, brethren, he might have drawn the conclusion from premises stated less forcibly, and built the superstructure on a foundation neither so deep nor so broad. And I call your special attention to this point. God's fatherly, unpurchased, unsolicited, spontaneous love waits for opportunities to bless his children. Let that paternal love of God be a first principle of our faith—his waiting for opportunities to bless his children, *i.e.*, ourselves—all of us—each of us—you and me. Our sin and rebellion against his government closed the opportunity. It made it unfit for him as a holy Governor to manifest his love; but still his paternal mercy waited for the opportunity being re-opened. Well, suppose it had been some other one who had provided for us the Ransom, so that the legal obstacle was removed, his paternal love would have hastened to

take advantage of the opportunity to lavish its affections on his children; and even in that case the Apostle could have argued, since matters are adjusted in respect of the government, we may well calculate on all requisite blessings being freely bestowed by fatherly affection and beneficence. How much stronger is the argument as he has placed and enforced it! He refers to the Ransom, by which the government was vindicated in bestowing pardon on the rebel, as being of the Father's providing, and then appeals if, after that, we can doubt his willingness to bestow anything that is good.

There are especially two principles involved in this appeal: the first is, that God having shown his love by giving us the greatest possible gift, we would act most unreasonably in suspecting that He might grudge the bestowment of any other. Behold, then, brethren, that Gift! It was his own Son, in whom from eternity he delighted as the brightness of his glory—in whom he beheld the image of himself—with whom he held communion when there was as yet no created intelligence—without whom the universe would have been a solitude for his Godhead. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was *with* God." It was this Son whom God spared not when our exigency of misery needed the gift, and there was no other help—*spared* Him not, but gave him forth from his bosom, and down from his throne, unto this world encompassed with the conditions of our wretched humanity in its most wretched form of indigence and sorrow—spared him not, but delivered him up to that death of agony

and shame that through his sacrifice for sin the sinful might be saved.

That Cross of the Son of God! What affliction is there of which you may not well say that it must be a mercy since it comes from the same hand which gave me that Cross? What benefit is there which you need of which you can say that it is greater than the Cross, and that therefore the bounty is possibly not so generous as to bestow it? Rather let the argument with thy doubting heart be, "Everything is little compared with the Cross, and having received the greatest gift, I cannot question the willingness to confer on me the smaller. That Cross I shall make my master-demonstration to suppress the rising doubts occasioned by all unfavourable appearances, and to strengthen my heart in confidence that *all things* good for me shall be freely vouchsafed."

Such is the first principle involved in the Apostle's appeal—arguing that the bounty which gave the greater gift must be willing to give the smaller. But the other principle involved is perhaps still stronger and more persuasive—it is the principle of the Divine *consistency*. God gave the gift of his Son just that he might have the opportunity of bestowing other gifts. So long as our rebellion was unexpiated, good government forbade that we should be treated with tenderness. The gift of Christ was designed to remove the obstacle, so that the paternal bounty of God might have free egress in flowing forth, as at first, on his children; and he who doubts the outflowing of that paternal loving-kindness virtually imputes to the Lord

the greatest inconsistency of having, at unspeakable cost, humanly speaking, yea, Divinely speaking—the Scripture contains the *spared not*—imputes, I say, unto the Lord the great inconsistency of having, at unspeakable cost, opened up for himself a way by which he might come forth with the bestowment of his bounty, yet taking no advantage of it, and so making the death of his Son a vain expenditure of humiliation and suffering. Brethren, when the Apostle accuses a certain party, who endeavour to gain salvation by their own works, as guilty of representing Christ as having died in vain, let us beware lest we fall into the same condemnation, though in a different way—viz., by refusing to draw from that death consolation and hope. Self-confidence, when Christ is presented of his Father as the only confidence, is bad; but there is worse—despair of mercy. Despair of mercy! doubting of God's fatherly loving-kindness, when that Cross is so closely pressed upon thine eye to assure thee of love!

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

"Jesus loved Martha, and her sister and Lazarus."—*John xi. 5.*

Mark that here is the evil to be guarded against—that though no believer can question or doubt the mercy which at present occupies the heart of the Redeemer, yet is there a danger that the more we contemplate the splendour of his crown, our confidence should become weaker in the familiarity of his attentions: not because we think so unworthily of him as to fear that in his exaltation he will despise the companions of his lowliness; but because we are ready to

conceive of him as if his *nature* were somehow changed—that is the exact idea—as if his nature were somehow changed; as if he had lost his human feelings, so as to make it impossible for him to sympathise with men as he once sympathised, and that we can only expect from him a kind of stately, king-like favour, much to be prized, no doubt, but rather of a general nature, and wanting in those special attentions and sympathising tendernesses which all sensitive hearts so much require. Such is the evil and misconception which it is my present object to prevent or remedy.

Observe, therefore, that Christ is the same to-day that he was yesterday; the same in heaven that he was on earth—the unchanged and unchangeable. If we wish to know how Christ feels at present, let us review how he felt eighteen hundred years ago. He sits on his throne, frowning on all Pharisees of the present day with the same feeling of indignation with which his soul was moved against the heartless pretenders of the generation of old. “That fox,” was his denunciation of Herod; and think ye that Christ is partial, or that he has lost his moral sensibility, and that he can contemplate with coolness and indifference the blood-shedding perpetrated by certain Continental monarchs which the demon of despotism has let loose on the world.* “That fox!” There is a rich sound of gospel, brethren, in these words of our Lord. They contain assurances for us, that there is indignation in heaven, burning hot against injustice

* Preached in John Street Church, Glasgow, in 1851.

and oppression, and waiting its time for avenging the cause of liberty, and redressing the wrongs of an abused and injured world.

Our more pleasant study, however, is to review the *merciful* acting of Christ when he was here in his humiliation state, that we may learn what he now is on high in his state of glory. Let the widowed and childless mother, therefore, reflect that Christ has not changed from what he was when he took compassion on the widow of Nain; let the bereaved father reflect that he continues possessed of the same heart with which he entered the house of Jairus; let those who are pained with disease reflect that, though in the altered circumstances his wisdom does not lead him to act in the same manner in which he showed mercy to the palsied, and fevered, and leprous, and impotent of former times, yet is his sympathy for affliction unabated from what it was when virtue went forth from him to staunch the bloody issue; or when he rebuked the fever, and it was quenched; or when he said to the sick of the palsy, "Take up thy bed and walk;" or said to the leper, "Go, shew thyself to the priest, that thou art clean." Let the blind, who dwell in darkness, reflect that they have in him who now reigns in the land of light a friend, if possible more sympathetic than he was when he summoned Bartimeus to his presence to have his eyes gladdened with the shining of the sun. Let the *poor* reflect that no change has passed over the heart of him who had compassion on the hungry multitude, and spread a table for them of such abundance in the desert. He has

not yet forgotten, even after two thousand years of celestial glory have rolled over him, what were his own sensations when he was tried with hunger in the wilderness. The raptures of Paradise have not effaced the remembrance of it so as to make him cease to be a High Priest who may sympathise with poverty.

But O, especially, let the distressed conscience reflect that at this hour he is as easily moved by the tears of penitence as when he pronounced his blessing on the Magdalene. And you who are distressed about a perverse son or naughty daughter, whence this faltering of heart in prayer for your child's reformation? as if Christ had changed, and could no longer sympathise, as he did of old, with a parent's sorrow, when he ejected the demon and gave the father back his son, sound and in a right mind.

THE MISSIONARY PLEA, ONE OF JUSTICE.

After arguing that Justice demands our labours and contributions for the Missionary Cause (1) on behalf of GOD, and (2) on behalf of CHRIST, Dr. Anderson proceeds to show that it demands also our co-operation on behalf of the HOLY GHOST. He says:—When some may say that this is very formal pleading, by the rule of systematic theology, my reply is, that I would it were also common-place, instead of its sounding so strangely in the ears of many when they are called on to be *just* in acknowledging the claims of the Church's Great Advocate. What benefactor is treated so unjustly as he? What has he not done for us? Is

there any sense of pardon, any sense of acceptance with God, any peace of conscience, any nobleness of spirit, any warmth of charity, any fortitude in prospect of death, any hope in prospect of eternity, any joy for the recovery of a prodigal child, any consolation over the death of a friend, which has not been communicated by the Comforter?

And communicated how? Christ's was the work of Humiliation and Suffering, and is now the work of active Superintendence; in either case, under the commission and bestowment of the mercy of his Father. All this demands our warmest acknowledgment, in faithful service rendered to both. But, without instituting profane comparisons, I appeal, if the work of the Holy Ghost be not one of wondrous, merciful *self-denial*? By what other term shall any one adequately characterize it? *Condescension* falls far short of the requirements of the case.

When in eternity He took part in the counsel, and entered into the mutual covenant of the sacred Three, for the Redemption of Man—when by His overshadowing power He effected the incarnation of the Redeemer (Luke i. 35)—when He inspired with wisdom, endowed with miraculous power, and sustained in purity His human nature, communing with it so intimately and so sympathetically (Isaiah xlii. 1; John iii. 34; Acts x. 38; Heb. ix. 14)—when He reanimated Him, and raised Him from the dead (Rom viii. 11)—when He inspired the apostles with the wisdom which qualified them to be their Master's Heralds in proclaiming his law to the world (John xx. 22, 23)

—when, on Pentecost-day, He poured out his gifts with such profusion, and so largely for an age afterwards, for the establishment and consolidation of the Church—all this, and more of a like kind; was work for which, undoubtedly, our acknowledgments of justice as well as gratitude are due. Nevertheless, it was work in which He not only beneficently engaged, but complacently delighted, and, more especially, that part of it in which He communed with the mind and heart of our Lord's humanity.

But think of his work *now*, on *our* hearts—hearts so ignorant, for enlightening them; hearts so dull, for quickening them; hearts so unclean, for purifying them; hearts so perverse, for rectifying them; hearts so carnal, for spiritualising them; hearts so sour and bitter, for sweetening them with charity; hearts so fretful, for soothing them with contentment; and hearts so desponding, for animating them with hope; and, notwithstanding all our provocation in neglecting, quenching, and resisting his admonitions, incitements, and strivings, ever renewing, unweariedly, his labour of love. What is self-denial if this be not it in its highest degree of manifestation, in union with that of Him who gave forth his Son from his bosom and down from his throne into the midst of the misery of this world, that the rebellious might be saved, and that of Him who having received the commission of mercy, hastened to execute it? (Heb. x. 7.)

How, then, shall a quickened, comforted, ennobled—once debased and despairing—sinner evince that he is animated by a sense of justice towards the Holy

Ghost, in making Him a return for his great salvation? How, but by *pleasing* him? And how *that*, but by delivering himself up to Him to be employed and used as an agent, in the cleansing out of this polluted earth, that it may be made a Temple in which he may complacently dwell? (1 Cor. vi. 19.) What an offensive scene this world, with its mass of abominations of impiety and immorality, must present to the sight of the Holy Ghost, when yet it was originally assigned to Him as a Temple of peculiarly favourite abode! And after all he has done for yourself, how expectantly He must wait for an acknowledgment of his benefits by your helping him to recover it—yes, *helping* him, according to the expression of his own word (Judges v. 23), in the way I have already indicated—delivering yourself up to Him as an agent, whom He may employ for the world's regeneration; or, if you cannot be a missionary yourself, equipping a substitute, or, in concert with Christian brethren, equipping many such—a great army of them, whom He may conduct to the conquest.

Dr. Anderson next enforces with great earnestness the claims of missions on the *Church* of Christ; and after showing that justice demands our contributions in the name of the *missionaries*, and in the name of the *heathen* themselves, concludes as follows:—

I have been looking forward with some solicitude to the manner in which I should conclude this protracted argument. I hoped I might do it with a felicitation of the churches. But I find that faithfulness will not permit me. I commenced with an accusation of the

unfaithful, the majority yet of professors, and with an appeal to them I must close. What would the state of the world have been, had we all acted like you? Sixty years ago there were "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty," on which the Sun of Righteousness now shines with enlivening and humanizing light; and whence thousands of immortal spirits have been exhaled by Him up to his empyrean glory. Nothing, not an iota of it, would have been effected, had all of us done like you. Oh, *You!* sacramentalized communicants, as you are, I would not like to be one of you. I am sure I would not die hopefully.

Nay: I may not conclude thus. I turn to *you*, brethren, who are faithful. Instead of making the want, on the part of others, of doing their proportion of the work, an apology for relaxing our efforts, let us, on the contrary, draw from it an argument for increasing them, that the cause may have some compensation for their unfaithfulness, in our augmented zeal. Let the Divine gratification be our first and chief concern, and the happiness and salvation of men the next. But we cannot afford to dispense with the encouragement of any motive with which God's word would have us animated. Let us, therefore, study the promised Reward of Grace—the principality of ten cities—till our ambition be inflamed. Yea, there is the superadded eleventh. None of us envies his neighbour's proffered honours; but if he disdainfully reject them, let us eagerly appropriate them to ourselves.

CHRIST A MASTER.

Christ, as our Master, is entitled to, and demands of us, absolute, universal obedience—such as is commensurate with our entire being, and the whole economy of our lives. Subjection to Him in the works of the hands, the words of the lips, and the cherished meditations of the heart; subjection to Him, not only this Sabbath-day, but to-morrow, and all the days of the week; subjection to Him, not only at the stated hours of devotion, but when you go forth to the employments of the day; subjection to Him, in the management of your business as a merchant, or in the management of your estate as a landlord, or the management of your farm as a husbandman, or in your visits as a physician, or your consultations as a lawyer, or as a citizen in your voting, and all your political conduct; subjection to Him, in your *love*; consulting Him whom you may woo, or whose wooing you may encourage—His law is very express on the subject (2 Cor. vi. 14); subjection to Him, as a husband or wife, for which relation he has legislated with most especial concern (Ephes. v. 22-33; Coloss. iii. 18, 19); subjection to Him, as a child, in the treatment of your parent, man or woman though you may be with a family of your own; and, not less, subjection to Him, as a parent, in treating your child with tenderness, even though a prodigal (Ephes. vi. 1-4; Coloss. iii. 20, 21; Luke xv. 20); subjection to Him, in your conduct as a servant, and equally as a master (Ephes. v. 5-9; Coloss. iii. 22-25, and iv. 1); subjection to Him, in your studies, and reading, and amusements,

in your eating and drinking (1 Cor. x. 31) and dressing of yourself (1 Tim. ii. 9); in one sentence, subjection to Him, as being commanded by Him, or as having asked and received his permission, in "whatsoever ye do in word or deed" (Coloss. iii. 17).

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

The Christian is eminently a man of Hope. In him the principles of our constitution have full play. Unbelievers have no scope for the exercise and gratification of this noblest faculty of our nature; but the field of the Christian is boundless. If he is happy now, he hopes to be happier; if rich now, that he will yet be richer; if honoured now, that he will yet be advanced to higher place. And no adversity, howsoever heavy, howsoever protracted, howsoever remediless, according to the calculations of other men, can quench this man's assurance. Like the father of the faithful, whose son he is, he hopes against hope. The tyranny of kings, the rage of the mob, the inclemency of the seasons, dismay not nor perplex him. Still he hopes: nothing, but his own sin darkens him; but he throws off its incubus by a renewed faith in his Master and again it is sunshine for him. And at no time is his hope brighter than when he is just dying, when the persecutor's flames are enshrouding him, or when pestilence freezes his blood.

• Come, worldling, and look at thine own death-bed. Come, see thyself dying. The occurrence is so certain, and must be so near, that it can be no difficulty for thine imagination, which so easily

fancies so many vanities, to realise the scene. Spare us a minute of its imaginings for what so nearly concerns thee. Well, it is that dark and stormy night, and we are assembled in the chamber of death—of thine own death, remember—*there* is the bed, and it is thyself who liest on it. Come and see; it is thyself dying. There is the termination of all thy hopes—hopes of wealth, hopes of pleasure, hopes of love, hopes of honour—*that* is the end of them all for ever. Art thou not ashamed of thyself for having managed matters so wretchedly that this is the result? and especially, when turning to that other bed where lies that Christian neighbour once so despised for his weakness of mind, but now rejoicing in hope more triumphantly than ever. O, what thou wouldest give to be transferred from thine own bed to his! Well, it is within thy power. There are a few days yet, I trust, for thee, before thou shalt die, for learning the Christian's Hope. Haste thee, and save thyself from the shame of having managed so ill as to die a hopeless man.

The believer is not only a man of lively hopes, but his hope is venerable on account of the greatness and worth of the objects which it contemplates. For what does he hope? All that the worldling hopes for, which is truly valuable, he hopes for too, and, as we shall presently see, with a far better foundation for what he expects. But he has a thousand hopes additional in which his neighbour has no part. He hopes that though he die he shall live again. He hopes for the immediate translation of his spirit at

death into the bosom of his Redeemer. He hopes for the resurrection of his body in beauty, power, and glory. He hopes for the inheritance of a heavenly country, and for reunion there with his deceased children and Christian friends, when he and they, close by the throne of the Eternal Father, shall together contemplate his glory, enjoy his smile, and celebrate his praise. Here there is something to the purpose.

It is not worth while to live with no other hope but that of the worldling. Think of it calmly—to toil and sweat for 70 years like a beast of burden, through such a world as this, and at last to be buried in a grave without a hope beyond! Is such an existence worth having? I wonder how some of you can contrive to live. Had I no other hope than yours, I think I would fling myself down and die for very vexation, complaining that I had been born in vain. Besides its unsatisfactoriness, is not such a life the vainest and most contemptible thing which it is possible to imagine? But a believer's life, with its hopes and aims—*there* is dignity, *there* is something to be admired! It is the embryo of an existence, which is to be developed amid the glory of that land where the Godhead shines in the full manifestation of his love.

“EVERY ONE OF YOU.”

Mark carefully, brethren, that it follows from the preceding illustration that no man can attain to the love of God who does not appropriate the tidings of the Gospel to *himself*. It is astonishing that any

person should be found disputing this, and arguing that the faith which generates love consists, in the first instance at least, merely in believing that God is mercifully disposed to mankind *generally*—yea not so much as that, but only to a small proportion of them; so that it is only a *peradventure* that he is mercifully disposed to *yourself*; yea, a *likelihood*—if the proportion which those who ultimately perish bears to those who are saved be the rule of calculation—a *strong* likelihood (your chance of salvation being so small) that he has resolved to leave you to the frightful consequences of your guilt, unpitied and unprovided for with means of deliverance. Did any man ever acquire love for God on such principles? Not one throughout the whole history of the Church.

All converted men, whatever might be their professed dogmatical creed, proceeded, at the hour of their conversion, in the faith that the merciful invitations and assurances of the gospel were addressed to *themselves* with as much individuality of application—each man being persuaded of it for himself—as if they had in their own persons constituted the whole of that *world* which was saluted with mercy. The fact of the case is as plain as its metaphysics, or rather, I should say, its common sense—that though you were to assure me that God was willing to save unnumbered thousands, it would not move me to love Him, if you left me to suspect that he might entertain no goodwill towards myself; and I would not be satisfied—indeed I would not—with your telling me that it was *possible* He had provided means of salvation for me among the rest.

Whatever may be the idiosyncrasy of your heart, mine is not of such a structure that its love could be evoked by such a *perhaps*. No; nor even would a gospel which went the length of preaching a *probability* of merciful intention, if it stopt short at this, leaving such a dreadful possibility of unpitying anger, satisfy my demand.

You behoved to give me absolute *certainty*. You! Who are a Council of ten thousand of you, either to give it or refuse it? Whatever use I may make of it, I have received it from the Lord; and such as he gave it to myself I proclaim it to my brethren: *God, having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away EVERY ONE OF YOU from his iniquities.* (Acts iii. 26.) *Every one of you!* was the soul-winning proclamation of Pentecost. (Acts ii. 38.) And catching its strain, that heaven-commissioned guide of Pilgrims went on his way proclaiming *Every one of you!* and was blest with apostolical success. "I shut out never a one of you," he cried, "for I am commanded by my Lord to deal with you *one by one*, by this word of his salvation."*

SEEING JESUS.

Stand aside, O man, for a little, and if it be possible for any one to act the part of a disinterested spectator, behold yet another work of Him who is wondrous in mercy. See, One has arrived amid the desolation, on a mission of recovery! Through

* Bunyan's Sermon to Jerusalem Sinners—his favourite and, according to his own testimony, his most fruitful discourse.

his pilgrimage of poverty and persecution, see the incarnate Redeemer wend his weary way, burdened with the world's guilt, till, having arrived at the Cross, he expires under its load ! Watch, and see him rise from the grave, and ascend to a seat of royal power, by the right hand of the Majesty of heaven ! See what gifts he dispenses abroad, which he has gained for the rebellious ; and how he employs these afflictions, which you lately deplored, for securing the most salutary ends in the moral improvement of his saints ! And hear with what words of encouragement he salutes them, promising that he will speedily return for the complete redress of all their grievances ; when, in that kingdom which he is preparing for them, he will advance them to a condition even more glorious than that which, by their rebellion, they had forfeited !

Whose gift, I ask, is that Lamb of Sacrifice ? And of *whose* anointing is this king, so mighty to save ? Glory be to the SON of God ! But the more that his salvation is displayed, the higher let our admiration rise of his *Father*, who gave him. Greater love for the befriended objects of a merciful enterprise might be shown by a Father who surrenders his Son than that which is shown on the part of a Son who endures the suffering for them, inasmuch as the Son might be influenced more by filial respect to his Father's will than by compassion for those whom he delivers ; but, in the present instance, let there be no invidious comparison, in order to any profane preference. Let both be praised with equal fervour.

THE CLAIMS OF CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."—*Luke* xviii. 16.

In this sermon on children Dr. Anderson remarks that, *The education of children is both more agreeable and profitable to the teacher himself.* Passing over a number of considerations illustrative of this point, which will immediately present themselves to every reflective mind, I fix on one which, though not so obvious at first view as some others, is yet the most important of all. Not only is there usually much of the bitterness of debate and controversy in dealing with aged sinners, marring your enjoyment of the truth, but there is a temptation to compromise the faith by reducing the grandeur of its miracles and mysteries in accommodation to their prejudices and scepticism, a process which cannot fail of impairing your own belief, whereas among children you can breathe freely of all the wonders of Revelation. The more you display and magnify these wonders, the more are they charmed; and your own faith is cherished in the midst of their admiring sympathy.

And then, speak as affectionately and rapturously as you may of the love of the Redeemer—give the freest utterance to your admiration of Him—there is no danger to be apprehended from *them* that they will either suspect you of hypocrisy or mock at you for the weakness and effeminacy of your heart. Let the ministers of the gospel bear witness how the injury which not only their feelings but their faith sustains in debating points of doctrine before the congregation of full-grown men is all

repaired at the children's class—that happy asylum of warm devotion, and ingenuous unsophisticated belief. So important is this, that, independently of all other considerations of duty, it is the counsel of wisdom to that father whose sons and daughters have grown so tall that they think they have a right to doubt and be critical, to collect around him a Sabbath evening's little company of the children of others, and renew the feelings of those happy days when, his own children being infants, he roamed through Paradise with them—built for them the Ark—led them through the Red Sea—smote with his rod the rock at Horeb, and refreshed them with its water—disclosed to them the Holy Child in the manger—placed them in the arms of the Saviour of infants, when He cried “Suffer the little children to come unto Me”—took them to see the sight at the grave of Lazarus—conducted them to the Cross to weep with him for the Lamb of God—caused them to watch with him at the Sepulchre till the First day should dawn, to hail the Resurrection of the Conqueror of Death—and then led them out as far as Bethany to see his Ascension, and receive his benediction.

Let that man say who, he thinks, was the party that received the benediction most richly, in strengthened faith, and in a delighted and sanctified mind—the teacher, or the taught—the father, or the children. Yea, let there be no invidious comparison: felicitate, in a group, the Holy Family; though I had nearly preferred the parents to the richer profiting—the *parents*, I say; for the mother was always there;

not critical she, nor feared by her husband lest she should mock at his ardour, but rather increasing the excitement by her own fervent remark.

AN APPEAL FOR INSTANT DECISION.

“Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.”—*Mark* ix. 24.

There are those who are entirely devoid of the religious principle; who are living without God ; who, through the force of educational habits, or respect to the feelings of friends, or prudent regard to character and success in business, perhaps observe some of the forms of religion, attend the church, have their children baptised, and take seats at the communion table, but who all the time have not one serious thought of God, much less an affectionate one of Jesus Christ. In the whole management of their lives there is not one thing they ever do, just because God requires it, or because they are possessed of immortal souls, for whose well-being it is necessary to make provision. The existence of God, his government and law, a future state of rewards and punishments, salvation, eternity, furnish them with no motives of action. Their conduct would have been precisely what it is though they had never heard of such things. Or if they have been restrained from perpetrating certain crimes from some thought of God rising up in their minds, it has only been as when a child is alarmed in the dark by the fancies of a nursery tale. Regard to character, wealth, office, the feelings of a parent, the interests of children or of a political party, are motives which they can comprehend, and to which they are in some instances

sensitively alive ; but to regard God—to act because He commands and approves, to refrain because He prohibits and threatens, to be thankful to Him in the day of prosperity, or to have recourse to Him for help in the day of adversity—this is a state of mind of which they have no experience or even conception, and they wonder if it be true that there is any sensible man who takes thoughts of a God so seriously to heart as to be either controlled by his fear or animated by his love.

If there are any of this class present (and I wish it were uncharitable to suppose there are), I seriously ask them, What do they mean ? This I know with certainty, that if they have no design to change their manner of life, it cannot be because they are sufficiently happy already : for so has the Creator formed the capacity of the soul of man, that nothing but a sense of his own favour will fill it ; and without God there must be a craving void of the heart which makes it at least an uneasy, restless, dissatisfied life. Besides, so does God administer his providence, that He will not permit any man to be happy who lives in neglect of Him and despitefulness of his glory. What, then, do they mean ? It surely cannot be that there is any one present reduced intellectually and morally so low as to question the existence of a personal “living” God, or that his government makes a distinction betwixt virtue and vice, or that there is either any accountability or immortality for man.

Well, what do they mean ? It can only be because they are deluding themselves with fool’s day that they do not presently change their mode of

living—calculating on to-morrow which they may never see, or which, should they see it, will probably bring with it stronger apologies than ever for remaining a little longer the slaves of the world, and deferring the great work of salvation for eternity. Even though it were assured of a prolonged life, and of gaining repentance, faith, and acceptance at its close, how base it is that a soul made and sustained by God should reason after this manner: that to reverence and worship Him is a task so irksome and oppressive, and that it finds so many other objects for engaging it more pleasantly, that it will defer to as great a distance as possible the performance of the disagreeable duty—that it will not torment itself with religion before the time. O! think of that: to have a heart within thy bosom which feels towards its Creator that the worship of Him is a bondage. How near thou art to eternal ruin! What if thy soul be required of thee this night in such a state of despatch against thy Judge? Could any charity of friends imagine else of thee than that thou wert for ever lost? Haste thee, and repent! Even now lift up thy heart in holy resolution, that thou shalt be done with all this mad ungodliness. To delay even till the shades of evening have closed around, when you will have opportunity to take your resolution with greater deliberation, would be dangerous tampering with the claims of the divine law. As a general rule, deliberation is wise and dutiful; but it needs no deliberation for a man to resolve that he shall cease to defy and dishonour God. To deliberate here is another act of despite and defiance.

Is it possible there can be any one present saying to himself, "I must beware of rashness, and I will take time to think about it, before I *commit* myself and avow myself a servant of God." O, even now, renounce the servitude of the wicked one, and declare for God. Whatever may be the particulars of the creed which you will afterwards adopt, let this at least be presently fixed and determined, that henceforth you will be a religious man, fearing God and serving Him with a devout heart. What? Take time to deliberate till eleven or twelve of this night whether or not you will put an end to this rebellious controversy with your Creator and Judge! O, the long-suffering of God, that He should not presently avenge Himself on thee for thy halting! That long-suffering may be nearly exhausted. Say it at once to thyself, with the whole energy of thy heart, that henceforth God will have thee for a servant. Say it just now, and remind thyself when thou hast gone home, that thou hast vowed with a resolution so deep and strong that it can never be revoked; and instead of grudging that you should be pressed to do it so soon and so precipitately, let it be with a grateful heart you bless God that, after having provoked Him so long, He gives you an opportunity of being reconciled to Him. . . . Well, is it done? Is there one heart left which has not submitted to God? If there is, what a process of hardening that heart must at this moment be undergoing, as it refuses to confess the Lord, when all the rest of us around acknowledges Him adoringly. O that God may have mercy on that heart, and soften it too!

But I may not stop with my demand here. Besides at once giving up the controversy and submitting to God in a general way, who of you will crave time to deliberate whether or not you will surrender yourself to his Son? Crave time, if you feel you need it, for deciding on such questions as the proper mode of church government—the mode and subjects of baptism—the absolute or conditional nature of the Divine decrees—and the terms and nature of the millennial kingdom. Ask hours—yea, years—for determining on such matters, and they will not be refused you. But O, who dare give an hour's time to deliberate whether a man shall confess and receive the Anointed of the Father? Who of you wishes time to deliberate whether he shall answer for his sins himself or commend his cause to the Advocacy of the Church's High Priest? Not less promptly than thou confessest God, confess his Son, and, in dependence on the strengthening grace of God's Spirit, consecrate thyself to Them even now in the seat whereon thou sittest. Say it within thy heart—say it with energy—"God and his Son take the power of me for ever!" and for ever thou shalt be saved. You may go home and die to-night now, if the Lord will; and if it be his will, that death will be a favour, for He who wills it is now your Friend.

Christian brethren, whatever others may do, let us take advantage of this appeal to those who have hitherto been careless and unbelieving, for the renewing of our own covenant as we thus express ourselves, "Lord Jesus, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the

words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

DR. ANDERSON'S ADDRESS AT THE LAST COMMUNION
IN OLD JOHN STREET CHURCH, IN 1858.

After reading Psalm cxxxvii., and referring to the Jewish theocracy, to the devout Jew, and to Jerusalem as the metropolis of the kingdom, Dr. Anderson said—

Though the second coming of our Lord shall restore this state of matters as the universal rule, when all the kingdoms of the world shall be made one, and that one administered by Himself, when he appears with his many crowns, yet, at his first coming, the Jewish theocracy, by which even the spiritual kingdom of God was limited to one nation, was removed and abolished in order to the extension of that spiritual kingdom among all the nationalities of the world. Under the present dispensation there is no earthly territory which is peculiarly his kingdom—no earthly nation which is peculiarly his people—no earthly city which is peculiarly the capital of his empire, and no edifice of wood or stone which is peculiarly his palace, as was the temple of Jerusalem. His subjects are at present scattered among all the nations of the earth, under the domination of earthly princes; and the seat of his government is in the Heavens—that new Jerusalem which, when the kingdom comes, will descend from heaven; but until the descent of which there shall be no visible temple of God on earth—no place—no building more sacred than another.

There may be much, however, that is *sacred*

connected with a building which makes the leaving of it or the destroying of it a sad and solemn event, though there be no sacredness in itself. And when this pulpit has been used these seven and thirty years, never for an end of self-glorification, you will excuse me, brethren, I am sure, as I am about to bid it farewell for ever, when I make my first reflection on my own history. Very few now remain to remember the events, and the rest of you can have had them reported but imperfectly. How sorely tried my youth was (I am not saying persecuted) by ecclesiastical power! But these walls furnished me with an asylum from the storm; and after the storm had blown over, they proved a home in which I was indulged, and cherished in a freedom of thought and a freedom of speech which would not have been tolerated, I am well persuaded, anywhere in all Scotland besides. How can I bid farewell to such hospitable walls without strong emotion—and yet, why speak of the walls? It has been your hearts, brethren, and the hearts of your fathers and mothers, and not less your mothers, who have gone before, that furnished the hospitality. My warmest thanks to you, and yet it has not been all generosity on your part. Towards our Lord I have much to confess of lack of zeal and ill-discharged duty. But towards you, brethren, in the case as between man and man, I call these walls to witness, and I have many witnesses besides, that in good proportion to the warmth of your love has been the abundance of my labours, and that we are at quits through the balancing of mutual obligations.

The important question now presses, what has been our profiting by all this long course of the bounty of a peculiarly gracious providence. My profiting intellectually has been great. Through the scope which your indulgence—yea, your cherishing—gave to that freedom of thought to which I have already referred, anything which I had of native constitutional power grew up in vigour, instead of being dwarfed, as I know it to have been in the cases of many brethren, by the fear of offending the prejudices, or the positive restrictions of narrow-minded sessions and churches. Spiritually my profiting has been greater. With a mind constituted for independency of thought, had there been any temptation to scepticism, or swerving from evangelical faith, it would have been restrained and checked by the piety of this church; but there was no such tendency, and my love for the Gospel and confidence in its power were cherished by witnessing its power as manifested among you.

Your profiting, brethren, has also been great. My review of these seven-and-thirty years rebukes me this day for the unqualified manner in which I have frequently taken up the lamentation, "Who hath believed our report?"—rebukes me at once for the discredit thereby done to the Spirit of God and the faithfulness of Christian brethren. No, indeed, it was not in vain that these walls were erected—not in vain for contributing a large quota to the assembly of the redeemed. When I think of the multitude of letters I have received, the innumerable conversations and death-bed testimonies to the advantages derived from

the services of this House of Prayer, and the exercises of that sanctuary of our church—the *vestry*; and when I read the memoirs of some eminent men containing their diaries of cases of conversion under their ministry, and triumphant death-beds as the result, I sometimes exclaim to myself, “Is that the whole or the best?” Had I kept a diary too, what a book it would have made!

Brethren, that roof is to be stripped off—these walls are to be overturned—these pillars are to be cast down—these pews are to be broken up—the vestry is to be desolated—this pulpit and that communion table are at least to be removed out of public view, but throughout Scotland—in England and Ireland—in America widely—in Australia also widely—in various parts of the Continent of Europe—in one heart—at least in Caffreland—Tiyo Soga’s—their pictures will continue clear in memory, to be contemplated at once with thankfulness to God and sadness because of their distance from their dear Jerusalem. But that is nothing compared with the multitude of those who will assemble under the Tree of Life on the banks of its river to glorify these old walls and the adjoining vestry as being the scene of their nativity, and the nursery of their spiritual training—when many of you, brethren, will be taken up with the new Love; and to that I will have no objections. She will be the *daughter*, in honouring whom you will be honouring the mother.

Brethren, reflect that our sorrow is caused by our prosperity. But for the prosperity of the old we would

not have been able to supplant it with the new. Let me therefore change the key for a song of hope. More comfortable accommodation for Sabbath! and O, these nursery rooms for youth, satisfying the greediest desire of the heart! A harmonised church! An active, intelligent, public-spirited management! A rarely-equalled overseership of Elders, and the two brother-colleagues in the Pastorship—the older fit for some work yet, the younger now fully approved to be able for it all himself. Was there ever a case more hopeful? And yet, “Except the Lord do build the house, the builders lose their pain.” But for His blessing all our expectations will be frustrated. When it is therefore with devout thanksgiving for the course of long experienced mercy that we depart from our Old Tabernacle, let it be with as devout a committing of our hope for its fulfilment to the Lord, that we wait for returning joyfully to the old site with the improved edifice.

THE LATE MR. JAMES ROBERTON, ELDER.*

At the close of a sermon preached in John Street Church, in November, 1868, from the words in John i. 47—“Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!”—on the occasion of the death of Mr. James Roberton, Dr. Anderson spoke as follows:—

I proceed to use the illustration of Nathanael's character for a commemorative illustration of the

* It may be mentioned that Mr. Roberton was the oldest member of John Street Session, and that this was the last funeral sermon preached by Dr. Anderson.

excellences of our friend, but I must do so with brevity. In the first instance, however, I remark, I have no knowledge of what were Nathanael's constitutional or natural properties, with which I may compare those of our friend. These constitutional properties, or those which are innate, those with which we are born, are of great consequence; and in this respect Mr. Robertson was highly gifted. Intellectually he was sharply perceptive of the state of any matter on which he was called to judge, and cautious in forming his opinion. In temperament he was ardent but not impulsive, not easily excited, seldom what you could call passionate; in sentiment he was warmly compassionate, largely charitable, and as devoid of selfishness as any one I ever knew. Though he was forward and firm in expressing his opinion, there was not in his character a shade of vanity. I finally observe here that he was warmly companionative; and though solid in his character, with nothing frivolous in his intercourse with his friends, he was not pretentiously grave, but enjoyed the innocent jokes of others, and was at times felicitous in making a humorous one himself.

Such he was constitutionally by nature, but it was all sanctified, and confirmed, and improved, and elevated by grace. This induces the comparison with Nathanael. So far as the matter of Israelitish prayerfulness is concerned, I have no opportunity for making the comparison very particular. But from what I know, not only from our friend's love of the house of prayer and its ordinances, but from his solemnly uttered sentiments in private conversation, I am well

persuaded that there must have been many scenes in his life of which the Lord might say the like of that which he said of Nathanael, "When thou wast under the fig-tree." And this I know for a certainty, that there are few men indeed whose religious opinions were so little taken up and professionally put on according to the common mode and popular course of Christian belief. He was very decidedly a Protestant in the exercise of private judgment. All he professed to believe he had studied and pondered, and was, from personal examination, convinced of its being the truth of God.

As for his *guilelessness* in social life, his integrity, his truthfulness, his universal honourableness of character, were I to begin to sketch it, I could not well proceed without just repeating what I have said of Nathanael—with the addition, however, remember, of that compassion and liberal charity in his attentions to the poor for which I did not find an opportunity, from anything the Scripture records, for celebrating the memory of Nathanael.

In evidence that I have rather underrated than over-estimated the excellences of the deceased, I might appeal, were they present, to all those who had dealings with him in business, to all whom he employed as workmen, to all with whom he was conjoined in municipal office, to all with whom he was associated in committees of various institutions of benevolence and education: as it is, I appeal to those who are present—to the brethren of the Session especially; but also to all who were accustomed to attend our church

meetings. What a *confidence* he was for his patriotic interest in its welfare and honour, the wisdom of his counsel, and his peace-making and peace-preserving brotherliness.

In conclusion, brethren, though for his children and more intimate acquaintance it is a time of pain, from the wrenching of the ties of a long-established friendship, yet is it less a time for sorrowing than for thanksgiving; there is little in it comparatively of the pain of *hopes cut off*, which in many cases are the chief im-bitterment of death. From failing strength and the increasing burden of old age, we had little more to expect from him. We have reaped the harvest of his excellence. He had long and faithfully served his generation. So that our principal feeling should be thanksgiving for the great profit and advantage which we have gained from him as an agent of the Lord for our help and blessing; at the same time thankful that we have been spared the affliction of witnessing those scenes of the imbecility of dotage which it is so painful to witness in one whom we once admired and respected. Nor is our reason for thanksgiving little, that we were saved the pain of witnessing in him the protracted troubles of a death-bed, when he so gently fell asleep, and entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God—to wait in secure and happy repose for the Resurrection of the Just.

DR. ANDERSON ON THE DEATH OF HIS
SECOND SON "WILLIE."

The following are two brief extracts from the Pastoral Letter of Dr. Anderson, addressed to John Street Church, on the death of his only surviving son, dated July 25, 1868:—

If my pastoral life, both public and private, has been pre-eminently characterised by one feature, it has been the manner in which I have endeavoured, with the help of the Great Comforter, to assuage the grief of bereaved parents. And nothing can be more legitimate than your expectation, if not your demand, that I give you some information of the manner in which my own experience may be bearing the test of my exhortation of others, or rather the manner in which my exhortation of others may be bearing the test of my own experience—if I feel, now that I myself am tried, that these exhortations were a suitable and effective medicine or cordial. Observe, then, that I never attempted to cure any of you of shedding of tears copiously, and sighing deeply, and uttering expressions of lamentation, provided they were not violent. On the contrary, I have not seldom rebuked the attempt to suppress such natural relief of the heart, when some might foolishly make the attempt, in fear of being thought weak-minded or deficient of faith. How foolish, indeed, when Jesus wept, not only in sympathy with others, but under the pressure of his own sorrows! It is not, therefore, with any feeling of making a humble confession, as if I were not following my own prescriptions, that I tell

my friends that I am deeply afflicted—always sad, and at times overwhelmed with great gushes of grief.

As for death-bed evidence, what could any one expect from a death-bed like his? Had it been one of ordinary pain and declining strength, I am persuaded we would have had from him a rich flow of Christian sentiment. But his disease was cerebral, after an attack of measles. There were seven days of it. The last four he was insensible and unconscious. The first two were a season of excruciating pain, when such exclamations as "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" were nearly as much as the short intervals of respite permitted. On the third there was an abatement of the agony, and we took advantage of the opportunity to signify to him that we thought he was dying, and that the Lord was about to take him to Himself. "Will He accept of me?" he said. The shade of doubt was immediately dispelled by the remonstrance, "William, can you doubt your brother Jesus?" To such questions as, "Will you not cry out joyfully, 'Worthy is the Lamb,' when you see Christ in his glory?" he answered *yes*, with emphasis. The farewell kiss of each of us, till we should meet again in heaven, he returned with as much impressment as his weakness could afford. But nature and his honesty must have their expression. In bidding his mother farewell, "I am sorry, sorry for you, mamma," he said; and then with great importunacy he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, and spare me to mamma, and make me good!"

Not long after the farewell scene he sunk into the comatose state of insensibility, out of which there were for the first day only a few momentary glimpses of consciousness, then he gradually declined, till he gently expired. But our assurance of his salvation rests but little on such evidence: it rests on the whole course of his life. If we are not permitted, without the misgiving of a doubt, to trust that his emancipated spirit has ascended to repose in peace and security, in the keeping of that Jesus whose name he cherished with affection, till the day of the manifestation of the sons of God—of whose salvation shall we be certain? I know not the other, either old or young.

RE-UNION OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS IN THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM.

"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope."—1 *Thess.* iv. 13.

There are a number of special intimations of the mutual recognition and renewal of friendly intercourse for which we contend. On the Mount of Transfiguration, where a representation was made in miniature of the heavenly kingdom, the disciples were taught to distinguish Moses and Elias. (Matt. xvii. 3).—The Apostle Paul expressed his hope that he would receive those who had been converted by his instrumentality as a "crown of rejoicing" at the coming of Christ, which necessarily implies that he and they shall recognise one another in that day. (1 *Thess.* ii. 19.)

The passage quoted at the commencement of this

discourse appears to be insufficiently interpreted, when it is understood as containing merely a remonstrance against any fear, on the part of the saints at Thessalonica, that their deceased friends had perished ; the full meaning of it is, that they were to beware of sorrowing as if those friends were for ever lost *to them*, which virtually they would have been, if saints who have been mutual friends on earth shall be unable to distinguish one another in the host of the redeemed. Even the rigid Dr. Macknight takes this view of the passage. And another, who is as little liable to the imputation of fancifulness, Dr. Paley, remarks on the parallel passage, Coloss. i. 28—"By this I understand St. Paul to express his hope and prayer that, at the general judgment of the world, he might present the fruits of his ministry, the converts whom he had made to his faith and religion, and might present them perfect in every good work ; and if this be rightly interpreted, then it affords a manifest and necessary inference, that the saints in a future life will meet and be known again to each other ; for how, without knowing his converts in their new and glorified state, could St. Paul desire or expect to present them at the last day ?"—There are a number of other passages which it is customary to adduce for the establishment of this point ;* but the truth is, that, without insisting on it with much speciality, the Scriptures assume it as one which all will naturally and necessarily infer, who receive the doctrines of Immortality and the Resurrection.

* See Matt. viii. 11, Luke xiii. 28, Luke xvi. 9, 2 Sam. xii. 23, Matt. xxv. 40.

Though there were nothing else, the saints could not communicate together on their earthly histories without being revealed to one another, as having been fellow-actors in the same scenes, or cognisant of one another's conduct and secrets. I therefore dismiss the subject as one which will not admit of a doubt.

We are now prepared for the few details of the fellowship in Immortality of which I recently spoke.

I remark, first of all, that to a great extent it shall be of a *family* nature. At least, I hope it will. It is at home the pleasures are sweetest by which we are attracted to one another, and the dangers most threatening which make us press to one another's sides. Its loves descend deepest into our natures, and take the widest possession of them. I speak, of course, of the home of piety, for the inmates of it alone are concerned in the communion of the Paradise of God. And I again appeal, brethren, to the best feelings of your hearts, if you will patiently endure any man when, affecting airs of philosophy, he will begin to say that all this peculiar interest in home is a feature of our present infant-like and imperfect condition, which will disappear when we have attained to the manhood of our nature. How abhorrent it is to a well-ordered mind to suppose that there shall ever come a time when a man shall be so divested of some of the principal ornaments of earthly virtue that he shall look on the person who, in the first scenes of his existence, was his father or mother, his brother or sister, his spouse or his child, with no feeling warmer than that with which he looks on any one who was entirely a

stranger! No, brethren, the Fifth commandment, with all the domestic virtues in its train, shall follow us into the kingdom, and continue a part of its holy and lovely administration.

I would willingly indulge my imagination here, but must content myself with selecting a very few cases for contemplation. How many parents there are who have almost entirely forgotten those of their children who died in infancy, and who, being inquired at about the number of their family, will, so unlike that sweet faithful child who so resolutely maintained "we are seven,"* give account only of those who live—the least worthy of being reckoned! Faithless father and mother that you are! Amid all your rapture, how ashamed you will be of your forgetfulness, when those neglected ones are restored to you, so beautiful and glorious; and especially when, under that angel-guidance, they hasten with such excitement to meet with those of whom they are told that, under the Creator, they were the authors of their existence! Nor will it be with little excitement that they hasten to meet *you*, their brothers and sisters, with whom they may associate and worship, as being more of their own nature than any others to be found in all the kingdom. The whole of you—brothers and sisters, as well as parents—meditate on them; the thought is most sanctifying; it endears the Redeemer with peculiar

* "But they are dead; those two are dead!

Their spirits are in heaven!"

'Twas throwing words away; for still

The little maid would have her will,

And said—"Nay, we are seven."—*Wordsworth.*

attraction to a tender heart ; and, remember, there are no hearts great which are not tender.

But I invite meditation especially to the meeting with that member of the family who was withdrawn from the circle in adult years, eager to learn how it afterwards fared with the rest. What a tale of interest the widow will have for her husband, when she presents him with their children, whom at his departure he committed so anxiously to her care—all safe through fears, and difficulties, and dangers ! Will there be many scenes, I wonder, of such entire salvation ?

I cannot surely be regarded by any one as enlarging illegitimately the scope of discourse, when, in endeavouring to communicate some conception of our fellowship in the kingdom of immortality with those who were *formerly* our *friends*, I notice the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and Apostles, whose memory is enshrined so sacredly in the hearts of all who love the Word of God. Our primogenitors, though the first to sin, were equally, we have reason for trusting, the first to believe. With what filial reverence they will be regarded as they walk forth amid their redeemed race ! and with what interest we will listen to their account of the original Paradise, of the particulars of the Temptation, and of all the circumstances of the first revelation of the Great Redeemer ! Abel will be there, most surely ; not in his blood claiming the sympathy of our tears, but with a crown of peculiar splendour, to be hailed with our congratulations. When the two opposed hosts expected, with so much concern, who should gain the first spirit as an earnest

of future victory, Abel decided it for heaven. Loud was the shout of angels then; and through all the ages of immortality, as the first-fruits of the Redeemer's conquest, he will continue an object of special interest to the saints. The Righteous Abel will be their title for his nobility. Seth and Enoch will supply our lack of traditions, and histories, and monuments of the Antediluvian age; and Noah will continue an impressive preacher of righteousness when he details the circumstances of the Deluge, and how securely he and his were preserved amid its desolation, as a seed for the renewal of our race, and in whom, as another Adam, our own ancestry is to be found.

Abraham, the father of the faithful! See how they crowd around him! And Isaac, the heir of promise! And patriarchal Jacob!—those old friends of the Christian's spirit, with whom we all feel as if we had been once acquainted. To see them! To converse with them! To be acknowledged by them as their children in the faith! To enjoy their hospitality, in whatever it may consist; for that there is hospitality there we may not question. (Luke xvi. 9.) And fraternal Joseph! Who of us does not feel as if he himself has a brother to meet with in Joseph! And Moses! the venerable lawgiver of Israel; his face now shining unveiled with increased splendour; yet with all his glory still so "meek," and free with his companionship for the lowliest among us. And Samuel! that favourite of our childhood. And Elijah! his holy countenance no more discomposed with the sight of idolatry, but so satisfied with us all for the fervour of

our worship. Lo! David, with his crown and harp! Sweet and triumphant are the Psalms which he has furnished the Church for her song as she advances through the wilderness; but it will be an instrument of richer string with which he will then lead the choir of the redeemed.

The Voice of one crying throughout Paradise! Re-joice, for the kingdom of God has come—its glory shines! And his raiment is of fine linen, and his food of the Tree of Life. And we shall sometimes be away with our friends to enjoy the eloquence of Peter, no longer, as on Pentecost-day, inculcating repentance, but exciting gratitude for the abounding felicity. And sometimes we shall be away to enjoy the divine philosophy of Paul, as he discourses on the attributes and ways of the Eternal One, who shall never, indeed, be fully comprehended, even in that land of light; but we shall always be progressing in the knowledge of his perfections. And not less shall we frequently visit at yonder beaming watch-tower, on the highest eminence of the new Jerusalem, where sit Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, and Daniel, and John, with all the rest of their brethren the Prophets, prophesying still, not any longer of captivities, and earthquakes, and bloody revolutions, and thrones set for judgment, but of advancing dispensations of glory for the saints.

Time fails me, brethren, to make mention of many of our old friends whom the Scriptures have introduced to us; but who are these so peculiarly fair, and especially she, who walks so queen-like at their head? It is the mother of our Lord! And these two

on each side, exulting in their daughter's honour, are our first mother and Sarah; and those that follow are Elizabeth, and Hannah, and Mary Magdalene, and the mother of David, and Rebecca, and Salome, and Ruth, and Rachel and Leah, and Mary Cleophas, and Mary the mother of Mark, and Joanna, and Susannah, and Priscilla, and Lydia, and Miriam, and Eunice and Lois, and she who is addressed in the Gospel as the Elect Lady. Holy and beautiful! They are on their way to visit the sisters at yonder bower, which has been erected in Paradise as a memorial of the cottage of Bethany. Thither the King often resorts. Let us join the company: all faithful ones are welcome.

Now, mocker! you who sneer at these sentimental fancies—let us hear what *kind* of Immortality *your* wisdom calculates on, and whom *you* expect for your companions. Let us hear. I knew it: you have no hope at all. Your dastardly wish is, that death may annihilate you; and it was a mere hypocritical affectation of feeling when, for the display of a little scholarship, you were lately telling us how touchingly Cicero discoursed about the Elder Cato's expectation of meeting with his son; and how beautifully Socrates, with the poison-bowl in his hand, expressed his hope of meeting with Homer and Ulysses. Or, is it because the prospect of meeting with heathens has not the disgust in it for you which is in the prospect of meeting with the saints of God? O, man! if I could tell you with what feelings of pity and scorn commingled I regard you!

Christian brethren, having attempted by these illustrations to put your reflections in a proper train, I must

leave you to pursue for yourselves the imagination of the felicity which we shall enjoy in fellowship with the noble company of martyrs—with the apostolic Reformers—with the authors of books which have edified us—with our missionary brethren who have died in savage lands when engaged in our work—with their converts of whom we have read, and whom we know by name, and in whom we feel the interest which parents feel for their children—with saints whose memoirs have made us familiar with them as if we had lived with them—with our fellow-church members—with all those fellow-christians with whom we personally associate in contending for the common faith, or with whom we correspond, or of whom we hear, so that we reckon them among our friends, when we are assured that they zealously maintain our principles. Face to face we shall yet see them all in the kingdom of God, and it is perhaps as well, both for them and us, that we do not personally meet till our characters be purified and perfected.

So extensive, brethren, does the heavenly communion grow as we meditate on it, that, even though no new friendships were contracted, the cultivation and cherishing of the old might appear sufficient to engross all our time for social intercourse—when yet, as made kings and priests to God, our other exercises, and duties, and enjoyments shall be so numerous. But, independently of many of these duties and exercises falling to be socially discharged, eternity is long, and will afford ample scope for every employment and every gratification.

In conclusion, I remark that consolatory, and, if properly conducted, very profitable though such meditations be, on the present happiness of departed friends, and re-union with them in the heavenly kingdom, yet is there some danger in indulging the prospect, against which there is need for warning. Are there not many for whom the principal, if not only, attraction of that kingdom is the company of their restored friends, and especially of their children? so that their meditations cherish rather a kind of idolatry than genuine piety.

The psalmist said of God, "There is none *upon earth* that I desire beside Thee," speaking, evidently, comparatively. This is a subject of familiar illustration. But Asaph said something before that, "Whom have I *in heaven* but Thee?" Ah, let the bereaved mother be admonished. If the vision of the child in heaven be more frequent, and more endeared to her heart than the vision of the child's Saviour—and much more, if the vision of the former so engross her heart as to exclude the vision of the latter altogether—I must assure her that such heavenly-mindedness will not promote that re-union on which her hope is fixed. Her first object of admiring contemplation in heaven must be *her own Saviour*; and her great hope must be meeting with *Him*, and seeing *Him as he is*, before any meditation on her deceased child's state and prospects be of a sanctifying character. I would speak tenderly when it is a bereaved mother's heart which is being dealt with; but would it be genuine tenderness if it wanted faithfulness? Hope first in Christ for yourself, to pardon and sanctify you; and

then hope, not for your child's salvation—whoever and whatever you are, that is secure—but that you will enjoy companionship with him in glory.

Now to the Son of God—who has made conquest of the kingdom for us, and who, by his presence and Spirit, unites and consummates its friendship—be ascribed the joyful praise of all the Redeemed Family, to the glory of the Everlasting Father! Amen!



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BY

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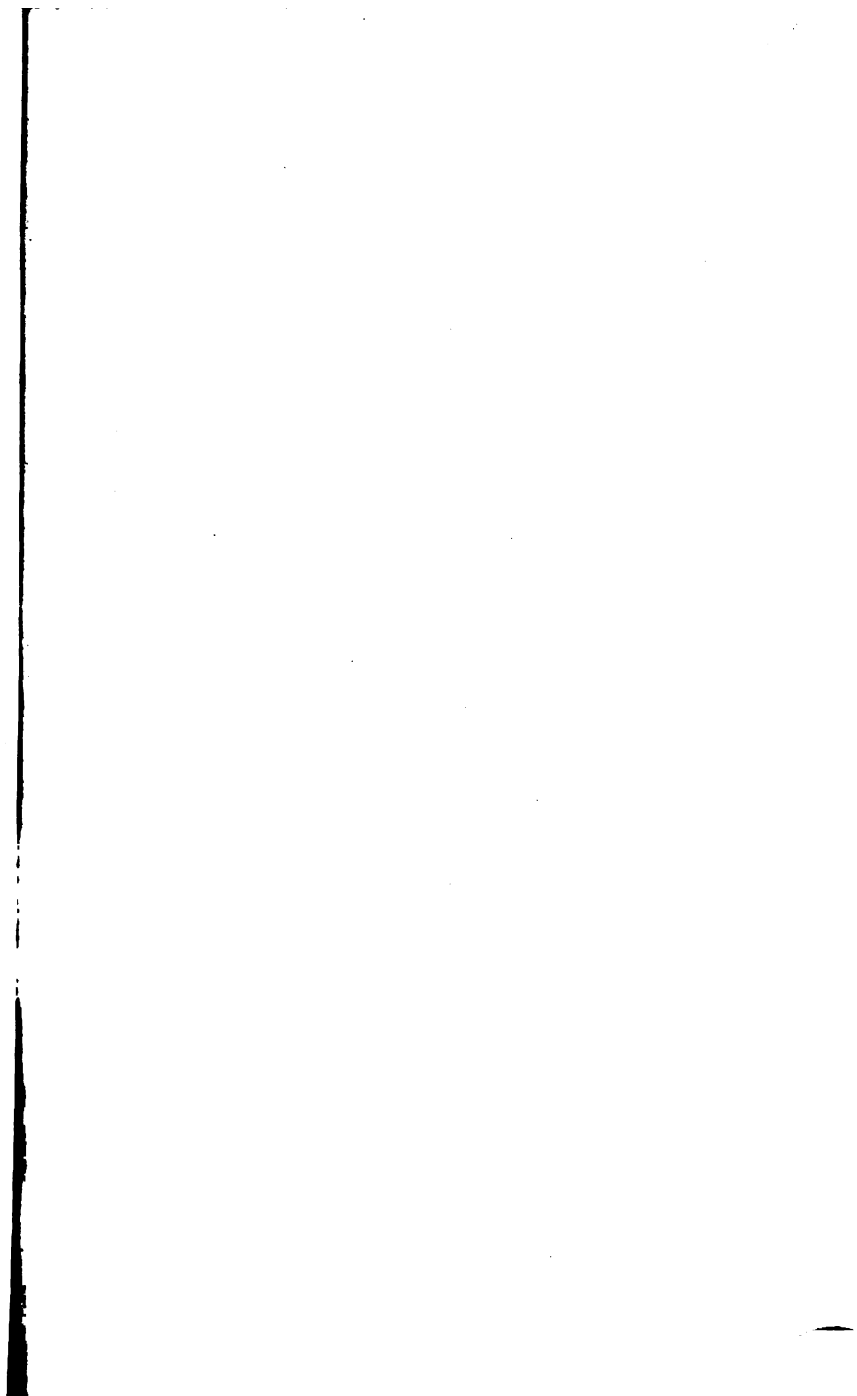
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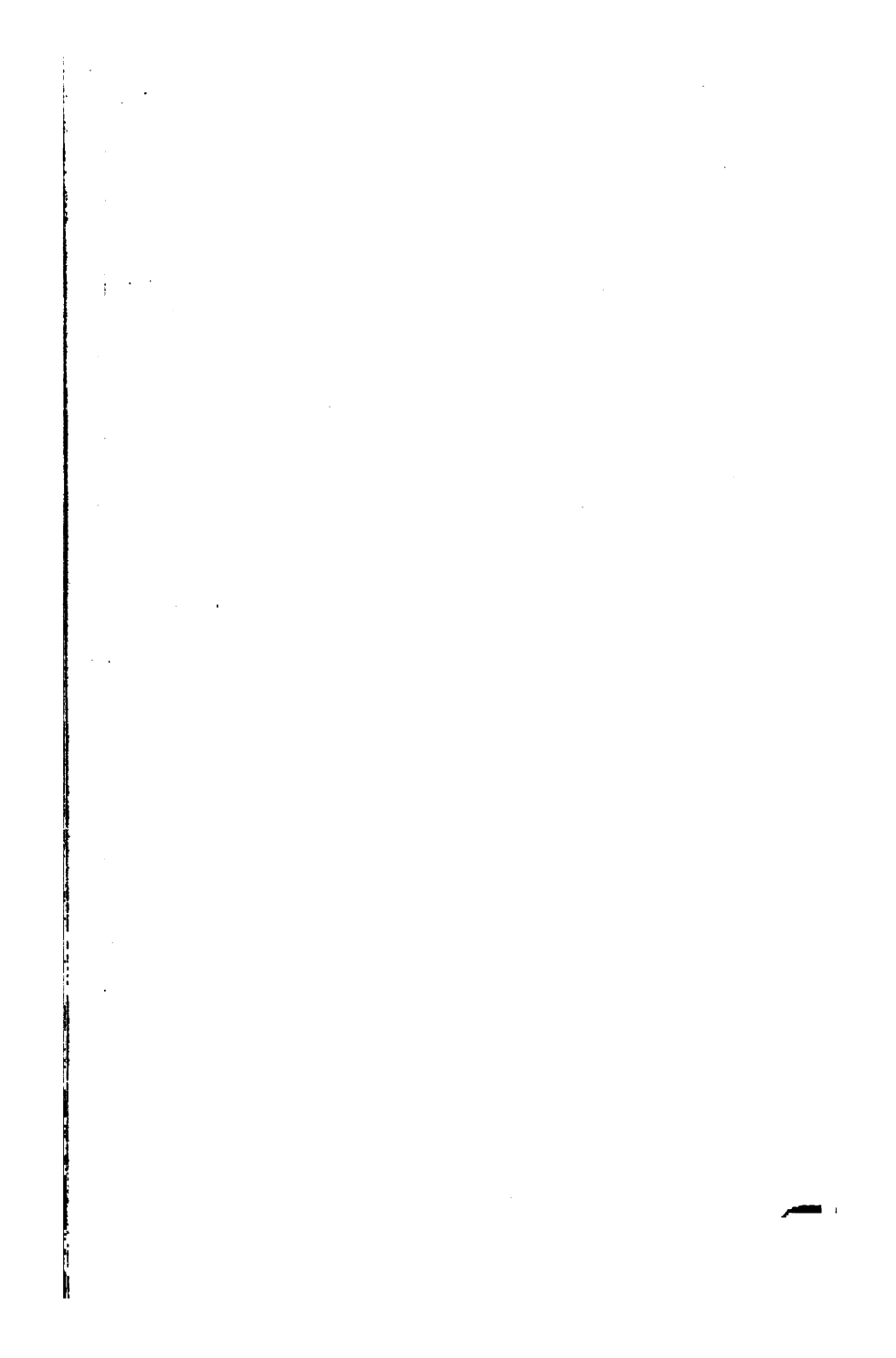
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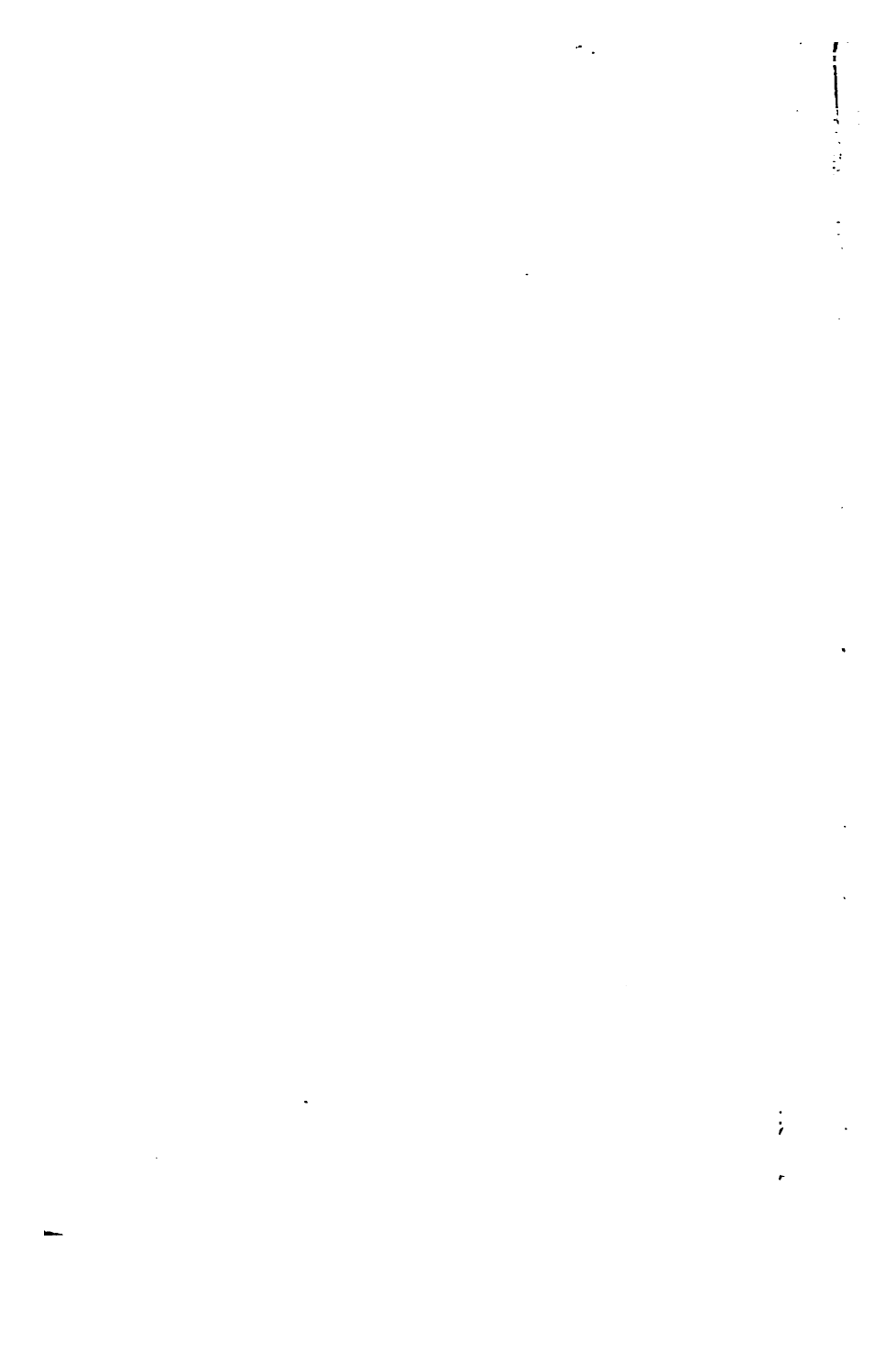
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